VOGUE

75¢
APR. 1

FASHION
AND BEAUTY
TO MAKE
THE MOST
OF YOUR
LOOKS

ITALIAN
VERVE
FASHION...
PEOPLE...
AND TALK

HAIR
COLOUR
HOW TO
HAVE IT
YOUR WAY

TRUMAN
CAPOTE
WRITES
ABOUT HIS
FRIENDS,
THE
AGNELLIS

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If you can't beat'em, join'em.

Any girl so darn sure of herself, she'd wrap her hair about her throat the way she would jewels or furs, you have to hate. Unless, of course, you're that sure of yourself, too.

If you're not, we can give you a little inside dope which you may be able to use to your advantage. That's not her own hair color. It's ours.

That's Clairol® Creme Toner* No. 9A Towhead® she's used on her pre-lightened hair. (And that's Clairol lip color and make-up just for blondes on her lips and skin.)

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delicate shades to choose from. Which is the reason a Creme Toner shade always seems to belong to the girl wearing it.

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APRIL 1, 1969

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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COVER: New rain-or-shine shine for the shirtdress—all slicked-up and snapped-up in shiny purple ciré cloth with a belted drawstring waist, white scarf at the throat. For the cover, David Bailey photographed it on Suzy Kendall, a honey-haired English muffin whose new movie is *The Gamblers.* Here, on another girl, the dress full length. By Ginori. Wear Dated dress of Monsanto Blue C Nylon (Avila fabric). About $50. Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Higbee's; Neiman-Marcus. Vera scarf. Suzy Kendall's coiffure: Michael of Michaeljohn . . . mouth dressed in shine with Fabergé's Chameleon Frosty lipstick.

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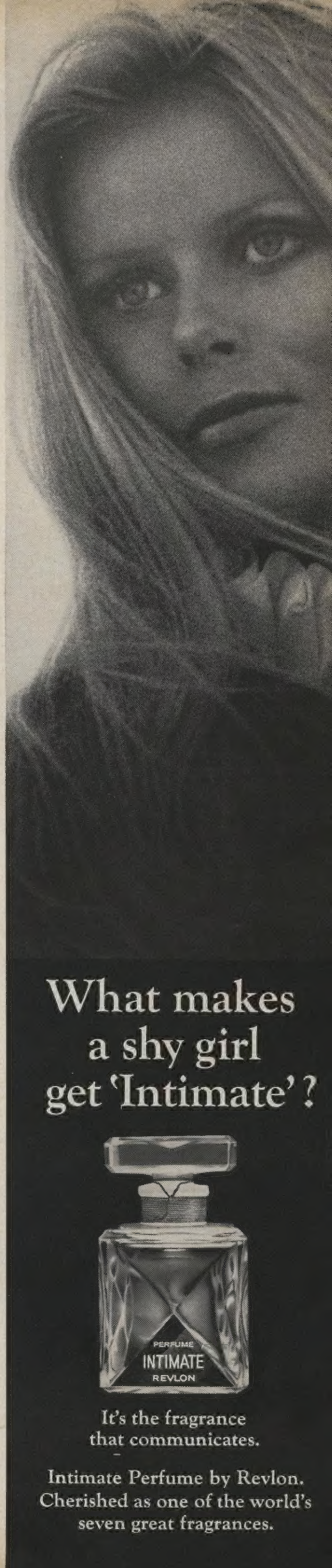
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J. HYDE CRAWFORD



THE COATDRESS IN PRINT:
BONWIT'S NEWS EXCLUSIVE FROM MILA SCHÖN

Slanting the news: our asymmetrical coatdress by the darling of the Italian couture, designed to travel with supreme composure in Qiana® nylon, the couture's favorite new fabric.

Apollo blue and white
belted in white calf,
from our magnificent
Mila Schön collection.
Designer Salon
New York

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Collage

NOT ONLY FASHION, BUT NOW A FABULOUS FRAGRANCE.

THE BLACK & WHITE CAMARADERIE

Happy fellowship. And the very best of Ban-Lon® pantsdressing. Short-short shirtdress and wide-leg pants in trellis-printed nylon jersey, $55. From our Sportdress Collections. And another good will gesture, "Black & White" Scotch whisky. Very light. The Scotch for people who know the difference.

"BLACK & WHITE" SCOTCH WHISKY

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*





New from 'Ultima' II:

The cream that's making history by night:

Translucent Wrinkle Creme

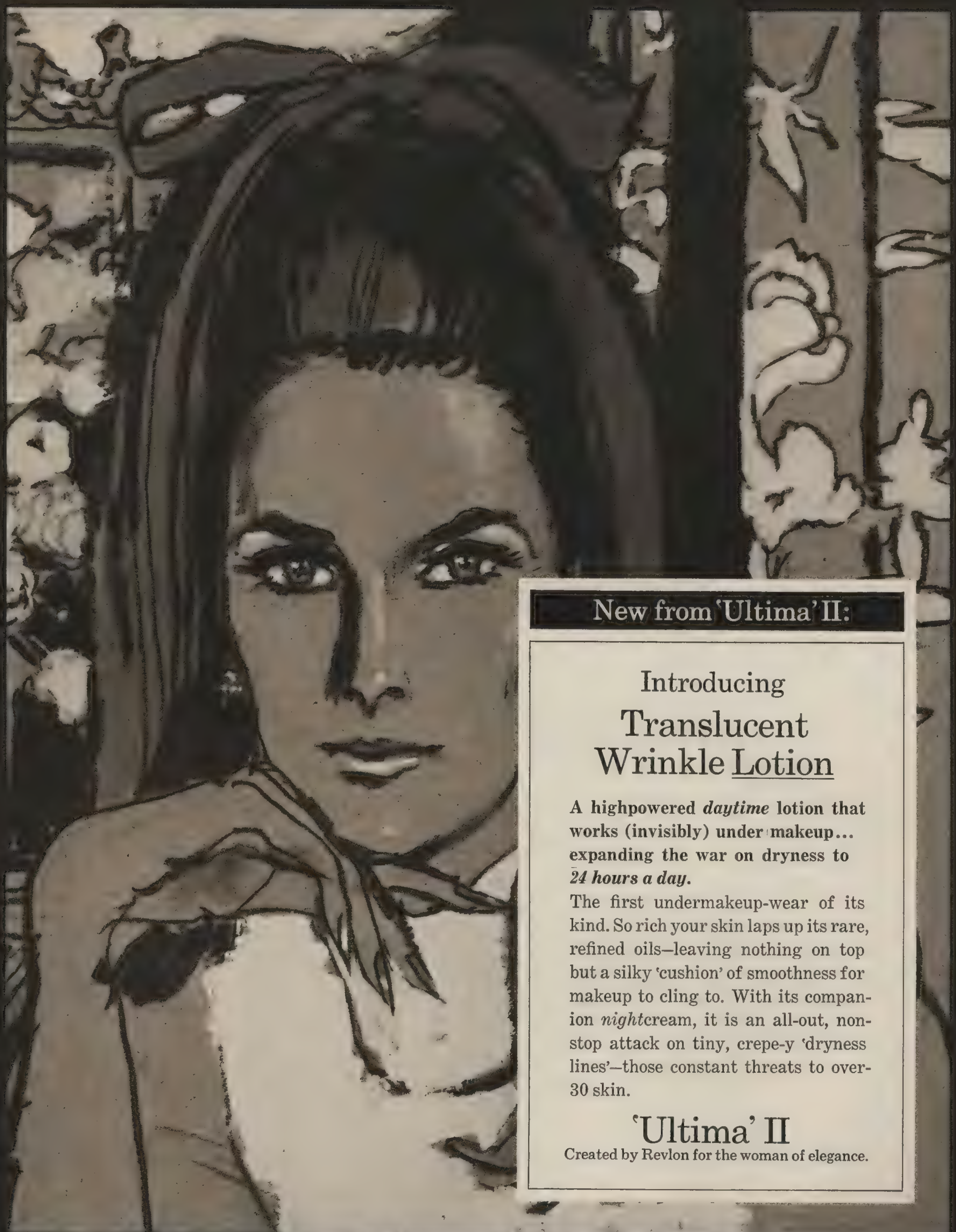
If this whole under-thirty thing has dented your ego, you should try this cream. The very first nightcream of its kind. *Translucent.* So clear it leaves nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine. And because it's highly *concentrated,* the littlest bit goes a *very* long way.

And its oils are staggeringly rich. Rich enough to tackle the toughest problems dryness can cause. Its name is *Translucent Wrinkle Creme.* (Need we say more?)

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

For the woman who lives in 'Ultima' II.



New from 'Ultima' II:

Introducing
Translucent Wrinkle Lotion

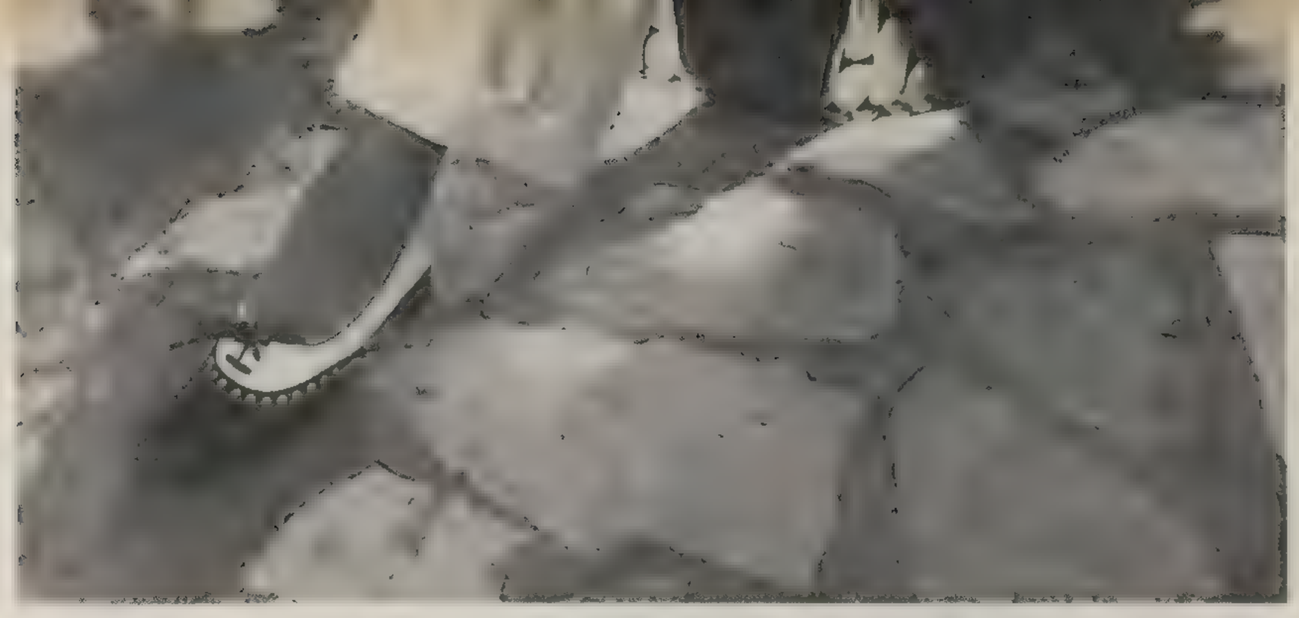
A highpowered *daytime* lotion that works (invisibly) under makeup... expanding the war on dryness to *24 hours a day*.

The first undermakeup-wear of its kind. So rich your skin laps up its rare, refined oils—leaving nothing on top but a silky 'cushion' of smoothness for makeup to cling to. With its companion *night*cream, it is an all-out, nonstop attack on tiny, crepe-y 'dryness lines'—those constant threats to over-30 skin.

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

there is only one scent in all the world. 'Ultima'. The fragrance with body and soul.



you should see the clothes I. Miller shoes make

Clothes designed exclusively for I. Miller by
Catherine Capriotti of the General Store, Beverly Hills.





Valentino here,

in perfect translation—
white polyester crepe dress
with black silk tussah jacket,
our superlative copy
of the original we chose
in Rome. Ours alone, 160.00
in Contempora, Third Floor
Lord & Taylor, New York

Phil Mazzurco



From the chic world of Cabot, this flattering, 2 piece Dacron® polyester tunic style pant suit is enhanced with clever beading detail on pockets and collar. In White, Celeste Blue, Black, Primrose Yellow, sizes 6 to 16, about $75, slightly higher west of the Rockies. At fine stores everywhere including **Best & Co.,** New York; **Jordan Marsh,** Boston; **Sandra Post,** Miami Beach and branches; **Stewart & Co.,** Baltimore; **Wm. Hengerer & Co.,** Buffalo; **Julius Garfinckle & Co.,** Washington, D.C. or write **Cabot Knitting Mills Inc.,** 1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.



Bring out the gypsy—

Ken Scott's newest Ban-Lon® dress designed in Italy for us alone. Flaming colors, in a tucked nylon jersey, 85.00 Sports Floor, Fifth, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street—and at all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

Leslie Fay's Diary:



Monday: *Traveled from the airport to the hotel by boat! (No cars in Venice. You take boats or walk.) These knits were terrific. They stayed as smooth as Alitalia all through the trip.*

Left: skimmer of double-knit Dacron® polyester, striped in toast, black, fog blue or navy on white. 8 to 18. About $36.

Right: cotton knit striped jacket over solid color A-line dress. Navy with red/white/navy or brown with brown/aqua/white. 8 to 18. About $40.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Romantic Venice, 1969.



Tuesday: *Here I am in Piazza San Marco, meeting place for everyone in Venice. The open-air cafes are so congenial and the architecture is out of this world. I wore a dress that stayed so fresh during the day I wore it for my dinner date, too.*
Princess-line polka-dot border print with shirt sleeves.
Dacron® polyester and cotton voile in yellow and white on gray, red and white on navy or white on brown. 8 to 18. About $33.
For store nearest you, write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, N.Y.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

Leslie Fay's Diary:



Wednesday: *I spent all day in The 800-year-old Doges' Palace. It's more than a museum. It's a visit to another world. Here I am on its famous Stairway of the Giants, wearing the crispest little dress I ever owned.*
Unmussable linen-type blend of rayon and flax frosted with white scrollwork. Yellow, pink or black. 8 to 18. About $33.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Fantastic Venice, 1969.



Thursday: *Lunched at the Casino on the Grand Canal.*
Imagine having fun and games in a 15th century palace
where Wagner wrote his greatest operas!
Am I glad I packed this pretty print!
Long, lean pullover with flip pleated skirt in crushless
Arnel® triacetate jersey. Tones of aqua or pink. 8 to 18. About $40.
For store nearest you, write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, N.Y.

ALITALIA
AIRLINES

Leslie Fay's Diary:



Friday: *I did some island-hopping. That's what Venice is: islands with bridges in between. Such a busy schedule all day including the boat trip to The Lido that I just hopped into this button-front treasure in 10 seconds flat. It didn't wilt but I did.* Cool shirtdress of Dacron® polyester and cotton voile. Green, blue, or yellow flower print. 6 to 16. About $33.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Unforgettable Venice, 1969.



Saturday: *I took a last look at glamorous Venice, wearing a mini-dress with matching pants. Great for getting in and out of gondolas, and for my continuing flight on Alitalia!*
White-banded dress over pants that widen at the hem. Linen-type blend of rayon and flax in green, yellow or blue. 6 to 16. About $46. For store nearest you, write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, N.Y.

ALITALIA AIRLINES



PARTY
PANTSDRESS...
a gypsy sweetheart
of a costume
in an indigo and cream
silk Provence print
with its vast
and exotic headscarf.
By Chester Weinberg
for our Galleries. $325.
JOSEPH
HORNE
CO. Pittsburgh

Kimberly®

Sugar and spice dotted knit in 100% Dacron® polyester. About $70. Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, Marshall Field & Co., I. Magnin



JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB.

Anne Fogarty does Naples

in Ban-Lon® dresses of Dacron®*

To native Italians and visitors alike,
Naples is the city of sun and song.
The legendary beauty of its gulf
is well matched by the richness
of Naples' monuments and art treasures.
The entire spectacle, watched over
by awesome Mt. Vesuvius.

1. Wrap dress with wide midriff. $70.
2. Sleeveless skimmer. $60. 3. Sleeved shirt dress. $70.
And the new Alitalia costume
designed by Mila Schön.
4. Dress and jacket costume. $110.

In white with red and white contrast trim only.
All dresses in a travel double knit Jacquard weave
of 100% Dacron® polyester. All 4 to 14.
At fine stores listed on page 111.
All prices slightly higher in the west.
Anne Fogarty Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.

* DU PONT'S REG. TM







Italy begins on
ALITALIA
AIRLINES

Anne Fogarty does Naples/Capri

in Ban-Lon® dresses

Capri, just 25 minutes from Naples
via modern hydrofoil service is perhaps
the most beautiful island in the world.
Its climate and charm have made
Capri an international favorite
with people of taste and sophistication.

1. Beaded and bare waistline gown.
White only. $110. Short dress $100.
2. Sleeveless dress with shirred bodice
and skirt. Black, white. $55.
3. Deep V front dress with elasticized waist.
Stone green, sunflower, black. $60.
4. Criss cross bodice gown.
Black, white. $85. Short dress. $75.

All dresses in miracle matte jersey.
All 4 to 14. At fine stores listed on page 111.
All prices slightly higher in the west.
Anne Fogarty Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.

Photos 1 & 4 taken in Naples. 2 & 3 taken in Capri.

2

3

4

Italy begins on
ALITALIA
AIRLINES


1


2

A DU PONT'S REG. TM

Anne Fogarty does Naples/Pompei in Dacron®

The city of Pompei, only 14 miles from Naples, was buried by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D. Painstakingly excavated, it reveals the intimate life and treasures of twenty centuries ago with astonishing clarity. Pompei is a moment in history, frozen in time.

1. Gypsy shirt dress with ruffled bodice and sleeves. In pink, blue, mint. $70.
2. Embroidered empire shirtwaist with set-in satin belt. Pink, blue. $80.
3. Shirt shift in cut-out embroidery with drawstring waistline. Pink, blue, mint. $70.

All dresses in a wrinkle-shed homespun organza of 100% Dacron® polyester. All 8 to 14.
At fine stores listed on page 111.
All prices slightly higher in the west.
Anne Fogarty Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.

Italy begins on Alitalia









Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

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24 West 40 Street, New York 10018



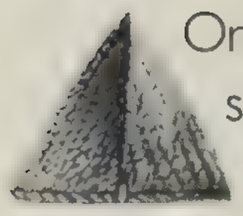
By Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat
Available at Bonwit Teller, all stores; I. Magnin, California.

Jacobson's Michigan



Kiki Hart's summer is an extravaganza in white embroidered daisies on a field of bright navy silk organza. 160.00

There is nothing quite as nice as having someone take care of you.



One of the nice things about wearing separates is... it's a more personalized way of dressing (which is why we made them our domain).

Yet most separates today are such boring replicas they only make you look like everyone else.

Not ours. We continue to create the kind of separates that suggest you're your own special girl.

One of our great secrets is the way we put them together.

We'll choose rich unusual textures, then relate them unexpectedly.

We do fresh quirky things with color. You might say we plan not to look too planned.

Here, for instance, we put together a fine "dry" pumice-toned covert with a creamy summery flannel and added a burst of silken lilac.

Surprise. You can't do <u>that</u> kind of mixing via computer.

Our tailoring, too, protests the commonplace. It takes us a long time.



A detail is momentous. We act as though the way a tiny buttonhole on a shirt cuff is finished could make or break your image.

In a sense, we believe it.

Evan-Picone

(There is nothing quite as nice)

Our separates are available at respected stores throughout the country. Evan-Picone, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018, Evan-Picone Canada, 24 Mount Royal, West Montreal.







MEXICOLOR PARTYPANTS BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA

Revlon looks south to the mouth.
And bright lips are back (where they belong!)

The 'Mexicolor Mouth'

Fashion says: Pale lips, no!
Spicy-bright lips, si!
Lips that pulse with positive color.
And brim with wet wet shine.
Acapulco Pink. A sunwashed, corally pink.
Tijuana Bronze. A brilliant blushing beige.
(The world's most 'upbeat' bronze.)
Cross the border to the brighter side of fashion.
Your lips are ripe for this dazzling change.



In 'Moon Drops' Lipstick. And Crystalline Nail Enamel.

Revlon

The makeover moisturizer.

'Moon Drops' Under Makeup Moisture Film. A tinted, flowing cream that smooths, evens, readies your skin for makeup. And corrects 'off-color' skintone, too. In *Teal* to unruddy reddish skin. *Rosetta* to peach up sallow skin. *Pinkbud* to brighten drabness. (And *Natural,* for a bloom of moisture only.)

'Moon Drops' Under Makeup Moisture Film invented by Revlon

How do your lashes 'grow'?

With 'Fabulash', the lash-lengthening mascara, invented by Revlon. Lets thin, timid lashes go to fantastic new lengths and still look natural. It won't cake, flake or look gloppy. Makes lashes fuller. Curvier. And measurably longer. You can see them 'grow' right before your eyes!

'Fabulash' by Revlon

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Tints for the knowing

If you've been looking out for your oil interests, you have probably discovered the tactful way Shulton's Corn Silk pressed powder blots up excess facial shine without muddying or ruddying. In fact, Corn Silk's cool, pearly-porcelain finish has been having such a success in its famous no-colour neutral, that Shulton has unveiled four no-colour colours for anyone who fancies a figment of pigment. Each of the four tints infers—rather than states—an affinity to skin undertones from palest cream to deep olive.

Watercolour exhibit

It should come as no surprise that the one-woman show in your looking glass is a consistent challenge and inspiration to those distinguished art majors at Max Factor. They have, in fact, just launched a beguiling bit of *trompe l'oeil* called Water Power Eye Shadow, which, in addition to praising your lids to a lavish degree, is great fun to use. Each cake of shadow is set in a compact, together with a mirror and a special brush, which you wet, apply to the shadow, and watercolour your eyelids. The more water you use, the sheerer the tint will be, so each of the six alluring shades offers infinite variety. The Factor experts assure us that this new art form is a non-streaker, nor does it dry up and nestle in the creases of your lids.

The Italian lesson

No matter how recent—or how remote—your classroom life may be, this is the shining moment to brush up on your Latin. Contemporary, not Catullus. Grace and gaiety, minimum requirements for modern Italian, are being conveyed by masters, in the wordless and world-embracing language of perfume. From Venice, there is Ca' D'Oro, warm, beckoning, ripe with promise, yet rich with the fantasy that is quintessentially Venetian. It's a potent potion and you might want to start out with the Acqua di Colonia, and work up to the perfume. Emilio Pucci has just put his flashingly brilliant Eau de Vivara in two- and four-ounce bottles, which we would lavish on chums if we could bear to give them away at all. . . . And while you're taking notes, take two endearingly scented ones from Capucci: the delicately disturbing message of Graffiti, and the sunny, armload-of-flowers waft that says Parce Que. Both are intensely Italian, although made in France.

(More Ready Beauty, page 48.)

BVLGARI
ROMA



Coty Originals creates Liquid Lid. The 24-hour eye shadow.

(For the girl who wishes there were 25 hours in every day.)

When a girl is as busy as you are, she doesn't have time to fiddle around repairing her eyeshadow.

That's why Coty Originals created Liquid Lid.

They're new sheer eyeshadows in meltingsoft colors. Eyeshadows that are nothing short of revolutionary.

Liquid Lid manages beautifully to do what no other eyeshadow can hope to do. It gives you a marvelous look of sheer color that is *also* long lasting. It does all that because it's a liquid.

And because it's a liquid, it won't do anything awful like smudge on you. Smear on you. Cake on you. Flake on you. Or fade, the way other sheer eyeshadows do.

You can choose what flatters you most from seven different little paint pots of color.

Each color comes with its own specially designed brush. A brush we might add, that makes Liquid Lid more than easy to apply.

Even a beginner can put it on perfectly.

You may never need to wear Liquid Lid for 24 hours straight. But isn't it nice to know you can?



Liquid Lid Eyeshadow
Another Coty Original

©COTY



THE NEW IMAGE OF ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA's air hostesses will soon be flying in new uniforms designed by the renowned fashion designer, Mila Schön. The complete ensemble–in a flattering Italian Green—consists of a two-piece wool suit in winter and summer weights, a dashing green woolen worsted cape, an attractive cabin frock, and a contrasting blue felt hat.Mila Schön will also design their leather shoes and calf-high boots which are manufactured by Magli of Bologna.

The uniforms, created in the Alta Moda Pronta workshop, will combine practicality and freedom of movement with contemporary fashion design.

The superb tailoring and unique colour of the new uniform gives those who fly ALITALIA a preview of the extensive modernization program the company is to launch in the near future. This new fashion image, together with the adoption of advanced technologies—an all-jet fleet, automatic reservation systems, mechanized air-terminal for freight —place ALITALIA among the world's leading airlines.

You've just traveled hundreds of miles, and you're dying for a dip
in the pool. But what to change into to wear to the pool?
Loungees has it all taken care of for you. They've made a whole
travelers' collection for times like this. Playsuits
with cover-up jackets, pants, jumpsuits and shifts, all with
Fortrel polyester and cotton or Fortrel polyester and rayon in voiles,
poplins and broadcloths. Wrinkle-resistant, bright and
easy fitting. To take you around a resort, or around the countryside.
You say you're not traveling? That's no excuse.
Buy some anyway, and maybe you'll get lucky. The Loungees
Travelers' Collection in sizes 6-16; from $16 to $19.
As shown or other colors available. For store nearest you, write
Loungees', 362 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001.

Loungees' Travelers Collection

(with Fortrel, the traveling girl's friend.)



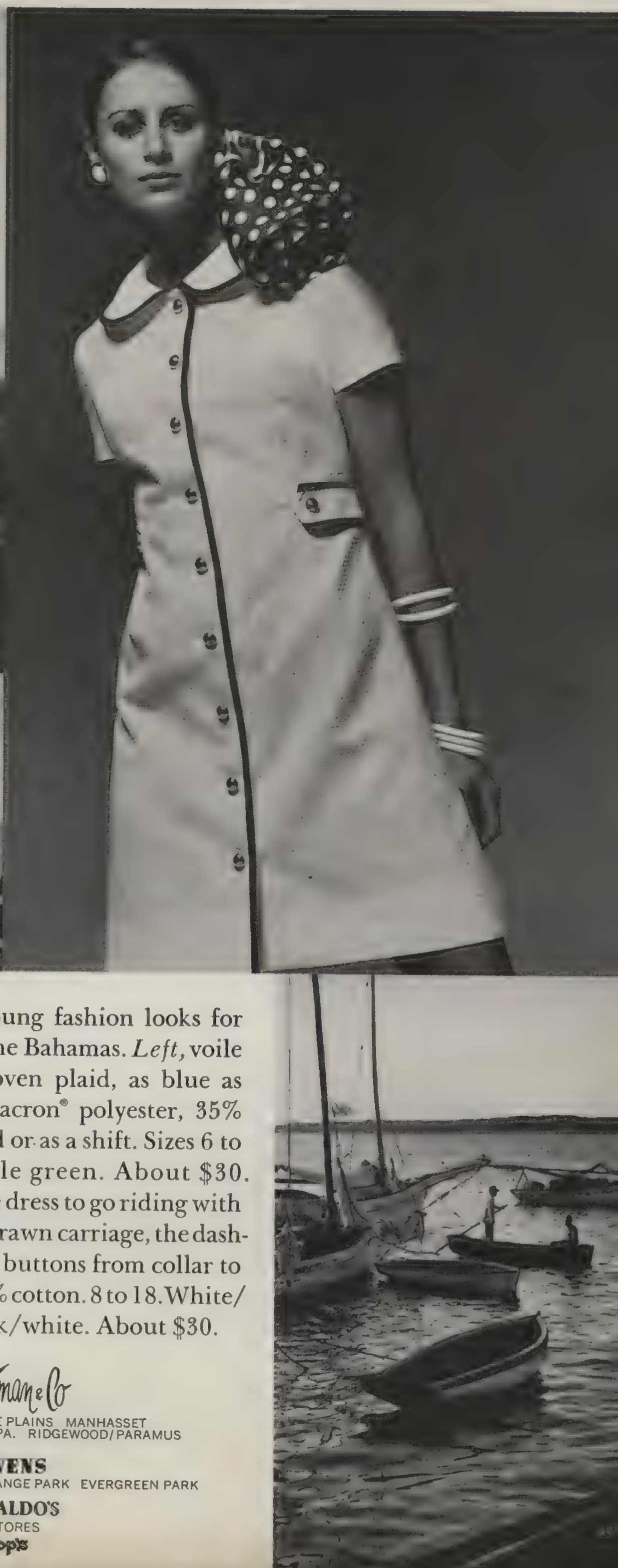
LEFT AND RIGHT: FORTREL POLYESTER AND COTTON; CENTER: FORTREL POLYESTER AND RAYON.

CELANESE FORTREL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

A BAHAMAS BOUTIQUE BY DAVID CRYSTAL





David Crystal's young fashion looks for holiday ways in the Bahamas. *Left,* voile shirtdress in crisp woven plaid, as blue as island waters, 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton. To wear belted or as a shift. Sizes 6 to 16. Blue, yellow, pale green. About $30. *Right,* important little dress to go riding with you in a jaunty horse-drawn carriage, the dashing piqué fashion that buttons from collar to hem, 50% Dacron®, 50% cotton. 8 to 18. White/navy, navy/white, pink/white. About $30.

B Altman & Co

FIFTH AVENUE WHITE PLAINS MANHASSET
SHORT HILLS ST. DAVIDS, PA. RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS

CHAS. A.
STEVENS

CHICAGO WINNETKA – LA GRANGE PARK EVERGREEN PARK

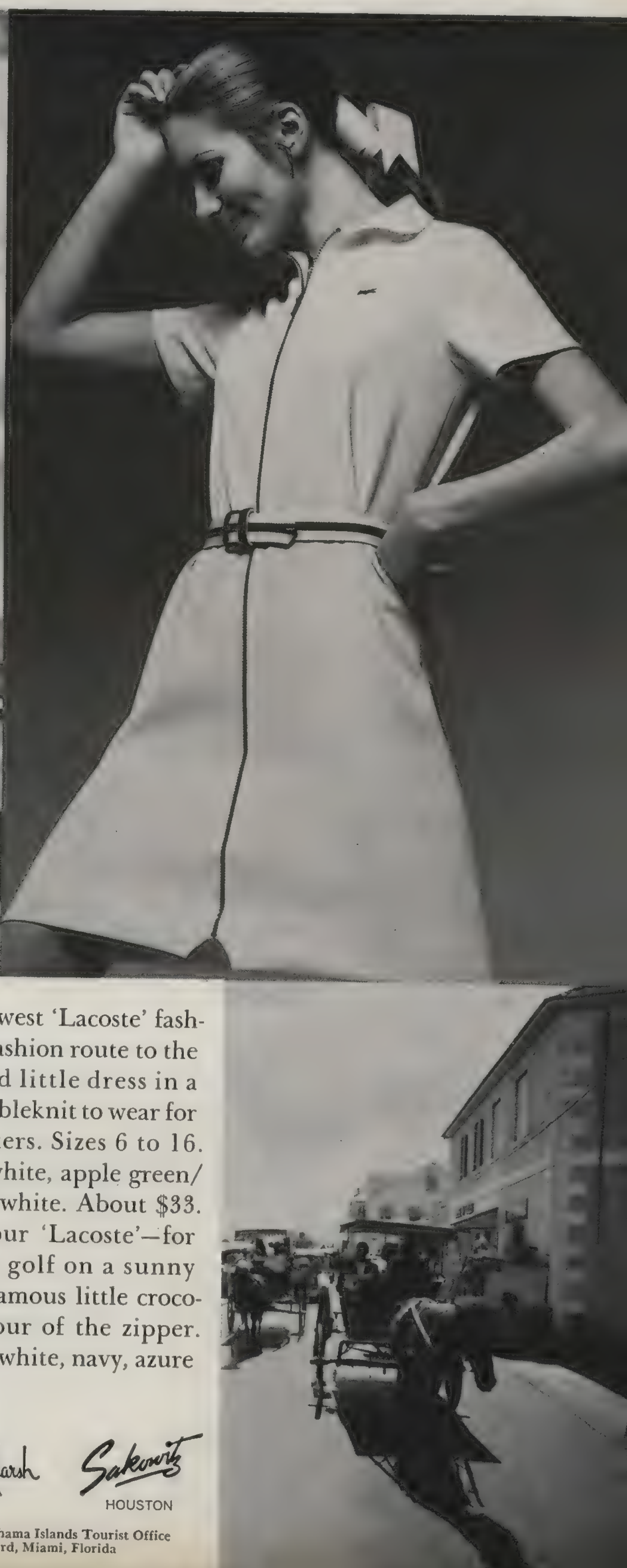
MONTALDO'S
ALL STORES

Doop's

Dacron® and Cotton Fashions in Island-Inspired Colours

A BAHAMAS BOUTIQUE BY DAVID CRYSTAL





David Crystal's newest 'Lacoste' fashions. *Left,* on a fashion route to the Bahamas, the striped little dress in a Dacron® polyester doubleknit to wear for sailing on island waters. Sizes 6 to 16. Toast/white, peony/white, apple green/white, sapphire blue/white. About $33. *Right,* the solid colour 'Lacoste'—for beach sauntering or golf on a sunny Bahamas links. The famous little crocodile matches the colour of the zipper. Sizes 8 to 18. Mimosa, white, navy, azure blue. About $33.

Harzfeld's
Petticoat Lane®
Kansas City, Mo.

Jordan Marsh
FLORIDA

Sakowitz
HOUSTON

For Bahamas Information write: Bahama Islands Tourist Office
100 South Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida

Dacron® Fashions in Island-Inspired Colours

A BAHAMAS BOUTIQUE BY DAVID CRYSTAL





David Crystal's exotic little prints for palm tree settings in the beautiful Bahamas. The silhouettes—shirtdress, the fabrics delicious Ban-Lon® screen prints of Du Pont nylon. Flower patterns inspired by tropical Bahamian gardens. *Left,* slender dress with border trim. Sizes 8 to 18. Pink, turquoise. About $40. *Right,* the long-sleeved version in a button step-in. Bordered collar, cuffs, tabs and skirt. Sizes 6 to 16. Green, hot pink. About $40.

HUDSON'S
DETROIT

DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM®
MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL ROCHESTER

HIGBEE'S
CLEVELAND

Prices may vary slightly in certain cities. All dresses available at additional stores.
See column listing immediately following these pages.

Ban-Lon® Fashions of DuPont nylon in Island-Inspired Colours

David Crystal's Bahamas Boutique, pages 42 to 47, also at these fine stores.

Abington, Va. .....Maxine's
Aiken, S.C....Julia's Dress Shop
Akron, Ohio .....Birnbaum's
Albuquerque, N. Mex....Arden's
Alexandria, La. .....Gus Kaplan
Altadena, Calif. .....Polly's
Americus, Ga...A. Cohen & Sons
Amherst, N.Y. .....Jenss
Anchorage, Alaska .....
Welch's Fourth Ave.
Anderson, S.C...The Vogue Shop
Ann Arbor, Mich. .....Hutzel's
Appleton, Wis. .....Bee Frank
Asbury Park, N.J..Dainty Apparel
Asheville, N.C. ....John Carroll
Ashland, Ky. ...The Delmar Shop
Ashland, Ohio .....
Casual Shop Forecast, Inc.
Athens, Ohio .....Logan's
Atlanta, Ga. .....Leon Frohsin
Augusta, Ga.....Punch-Mulherin
Bainbridge Island, Wash. .....
Genii Boutique
Baltimore, Md.....Miller Bros.
Bay City, Mich. .....
Mary K. Dress Studio, Inc.
Belle Meade, Tenn. .....Grace's
Bellingham, Wash..Robert Burns
Bennington, Vt...Vogue & Vanity
Berkeley, Calif. ....Sather Gate
Beverly, Mass. ....Lorraine Roy
Binghampton, N.Y. ....Drazen's
Birmingham, Mich. .....
Bloomfield Fashion Shop
Blaine, Wash. .....
Bette J's Style Shop
Bloomington, Ill...Paul Anderson
Boise, Idaho .....Carroll's
Boston, Mass. ...The Gray Shop
Bozeman, Mont.....Angionette's
Bristol, Tenn. .....
The New Fashion Shop
Buffalo, N.Y. .....Mabel Danahy
Burlington, Iowa .....Elkund's
Butler, Pa...The Vogue of Butler
Butte, Mont. .....Maggie-Ann's
Caldwell, Idaho.The Clothes Tree
Cambridge, Mass. .....
Gertrude Singer
Cape Cod, Mass. .....
The Puritan Clothing Co.
Carmel, Calif. ..Cinderella Shop
Casper, Wyo. .....Blakey & Co.
Cedar Falls, Iowa .....Braley's
Chambersburg, Pa. .....
The Little Shop
Charlottesville, Va. .....
Hazel Eastham
Chehalis, Wash.....Bartel's
Cheyenne, Wyo. .....
National Furs & Fashion
Chico, Calif. .....M. Oser & Co.
Chillocothe, Ohio...Helen Tudor
Cincinnati, Ohio H & S. Pogue Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va. .....Broida's
Clayton, Mo. .....Leppert-Roos
Clearwater, Fla. .....Zack's
Clinton, Mass. ...Redwood Shop
Colorado Springs, Colo. .....
Gray Rose
Columbia, S.C. ...Lisbeth Wolfe
Concord, N.H. ...Solomon's Inc.
Corona Del Mar, Calif..O'Brien's
Culpepper, Va. .....Jayne's
Cumberland, Md. .....Peskin's
Danvers, Mass. ....Lorraine Roy
Darien, Conn.....Inez
Daytona Beach, Fla. ..Sussman's
Decatur, Ill. ....Van Law Carol's
Decatur, Ill. .....
Williams Fashion Shop
De Kalb, Ill.....Eileen's
Delray Beach, Fla. ..Nini Raynor
DuBois, Pa.....Leonardson's
Dubuque, Iowa .....Zuckie's
Dyersburg, Tenn. .Schlesinger's
Elgin, Ill. .....The Boutique
Euclid, Ohio .....Gornik's
Fairbanks, Alaska .....
Rosita's Boutique
Fairmont, Minn. .....Georgia's
Fargo, N. D. .....Shotwell's
Ferndale, Wash. .....
Bette J's Style Shop
Findlay, Ohio .....Gairs
Florence, S. C. .....
The Nettie Elizabeth Shoppe
Fort Myers, Fla. ....Elsa's, Inc.
Fredericksburg, Va..Haber & Co.
Frederick, Md. .....Haber & Co.
Fremont, Ohio .....
Schmidt Hat and Gift Shop
Fresno, Calif. .....Mona Lisa
Galesburg, Ill. ...Fred Schubach
Gastonia, N. C. .....
Matthews-Belk Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. .....
Four Seasons
Glendale, Calif. .....Judd's
Glens Falls, N.Y. ...The Fashion
Gloucester, Mass. .....Adasko's
Goleta, Calif.....Tevis-Togs
Grand Rapids, Mich. .....
Alice Jane Dows
Granville, Ohio .....
Phoebe's Custom Apparel
Greenville, S.C. .....
Halfacre-Osborne

Greenwich, Conn. .....Ginny
Greer, S.C. ....Elsie D. Fleming
Guilford, Conn. ....Fred Phipps
Hagerstown, Md. ....Haber & Co.
Hanover, N.H. ..Town & Country
Harrisonburg, Va. .....
Jimmie's Dress Shop
Hartford, Conn. .....
Stackpoole Moore Tryon
Harwich Port, Mass. .....
House of Morgan
Hazelton, Pa. .....Catherine's
Helena, Mont. ..J. M. McDonald
Hibbing, Minn. .....
Nides Fashion Shoppe
Hickory, N.C. .....Katie's
Hudson, Mass. ...Redwood Shop
Huntington, W. Va. .....
Brown's Apparel
Hyannis, Mass. .....
The Puritan Clothing Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. .....
The Wm. H. Block Co.
Iowa City, Iowa .....
Frankel's Fashions
Ironwood, Mich. .....Eva Wurl
Jackson, Miss...Frances Pepper
Jackson, Tenn. .....
J. L. Rosenbloom Sons & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla. .....Boluns
Jacksonville, Ill..Bernice Newell
Jamestown, N. Y. ...Nord's, Inc.
Johnstown, Pa. .....Brett's
Kent, Conn. .....The Barn Shop
Killeen, Texas .....Clytie's
Klamath Falls, Ore. .....
The Fashion Villa
Knoxville, Tenn. .....
Peggy Cain Fashions
Lake City, Fla. .....
Bruce Clothing Co.
Lake Forest, Ill. .....
Lake Forest Sports Shop
Laguna Beach, Calif. .....
Beach & Blvd.
Lansing, Mich....The Style Shop
Laredo, Texas .....Polly Adams
Las Cruces, New Mexico .....
The Georgess Shop
Las Vegas, Nevada .....Fanny's
Laurel, Miss. ....Naomi McRae
Lexington, Ky. .....Meyers
Lima, Ohio .....Abrahams
Lock Haven, Pa. ....Grossman's
Long Meadow, Mass. .....
The Ivy Shop
Lumberton, N. C. .....
The Fashion Bar
Lynchburg, Va. .....Storks, Inc.
Lynnfield, Mass. ...Lorraine Roy
Macon, Ga. .....Stephens
Madison, Wis...MacNeil & Moore
Manhattan, Kan. ...Woodward's
Mankato, Minn. .....Pierce's
Marblehead, Mass. .Lorraine Roy
Marietta, Ohio .....Bonhams
Martinsburg, W. Va. .....
M. Cohen & Son
Marysville, Calif. .....Bradley's
Mayfair, Wis...MacNeil & Moore
Medford, Ore. ..Jean Hart,, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn. ..Cathryn Young
Menlo Park, Calif. ..Surrey Shop
Milburn, N.J. ..Morris's Apparel
Milwaukee, Wis. .....
MacNeil & Moore
Minot, N. D.....Bader's
Monroe, La. .....
Bella Davidson Scherck, Inc.
Montclair, N. J. .....Frederick's
Montgomery, Ala. ....Alex Rice
Morgantown, W. Va. .....Finn's
Mount Airy, N. C. ....Harrison's
Napa, Calif. .....Rosee
Naples, Fla. .....Elsa's, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn. .....Grace's
Nashua, N. H. .....Avards
New Haven, Conn. ..Fred Phipps
New London, N. H. .....
Solomon's Inc.
Newport, R. I. .....Garzo
Newton, Mass. ....The Ivy Shop
Norfolk, Va. ..Sarah Cohen, Inc.
Norristown, Pa. .....Feder's
North Hollywood, Calif. .....
Rathbun's
Ocala, Fla. .....
Blocker's Dress Shop Inc.
Oconomowoc, Wis. .....
Snyders Fine Clothes
Odessa, Texas .....
L'Allegro Fashions
Oklahoma City, Okla....Jerome's
Orangeburg, S. C. .....
The Maude L. Bryant Dress Shop
Orinda, Calif. .....Jack Hughes
Painted Post, N.Y..Mary Kirkland
Park Ridge, Ill. ..The Park Shop
Pawhuska, Okla. .....Lowry's
Peoria, Ill. .....
Lee Broms Furs-Fashions
Phoenix, Ariz. .....Goldwaters
Pikesville, Md. ..The 1114 Shop
Plainfield, N. J. .....Tepper's
Port Angeles, Wash. .....
Hankin's Fashion Center
Portland, Ore. .....
Charles F. Berg, Inc.

Potomac, Md..Perlhoff Potomac
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. .....
The Mannequin Shop
Quincy, Ill. .....
Roderick P. Miller, Inc.
Punta Gorda, Fla. ..Elsa's, Inc.
Raleigh, N. C. .....Ellisberg's
Rockingham, N. C. .....
Long's of Rockingham, Inc.
Redding, Calif. .....
Turners House of Fashion
Renton, Wash. ...Queens Closet
Richardson, Texas .....
County Duchess
Richmond, Ind. ....Palais Royal
Ridgewood, N. J. ...Jenny Banta
Ridgway, Pa. .....Linnea's
Roanoke, Va. .....Horne's
Rochester, N. Y. .....
The Lita Shop, Inc.
Rome, Ga. .....Essermans
Roswell, N. Mex. ....Elizabeth's
Sacramento, Calif. ....De Milles
Saginaw, Mich..The White House
St. Cloud, Minn. .....
The Vogue Fashion Shop
St. Joseph, Mich. ...Blake's Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla. .....
Slimer's Resort Wear
Salem, Mass. .....Adasko's
Salem, Ore. .....Kay's
Salem, Va. .....The Balmoral
Salisbury, N. C. .....
Purcell's-Richard Dobkin
Salt Lake City, Utah .....
Arthur Frank & Co.
San Anselmo, Calif...Kaufman's
San Diego, Calif...Huneck's Inc.
San Luis Obispo, Calif. .....
Sinsheimer Bros.
Santa Clara, Calif. .....
Marcus of Stevens Creek
Santa Cruz, Calif. .....
Towntry Fashions
Santa Monica, Calif. .....
Sandy's Fashions
Sarasota, Fla. ..Town & Country
Savannah, Ga. .....Fine's
Schenectady, N. Y..The Imperial
Scranton, Pa. .....Dolitzky's
Seaside, Ore. .....Kay-Lynns
Seattle, Wash. .....
Littler's Fifth Ave.
Sheboygan, Wis....Friede's, Inc.
Sheridan, Wyo. ....Angionette's
Short Hills, N. J. .....Tepper's
Simsbury, Conn. ...The Calliope
Smithtown, L. I., N. Y. .....
Marie Heasley
South Hill, Va. ...Martha's Shop
Southern Pines, N. C..Franjean's
Spartanburg, S. C. .....
Aug. W. Smith Co.
Spokane, Wash. ...Hannah Kohn
Spring Lake, N. J....Frederick's
Stamford, Conn. .....
Ethel Allan Inc.
Staunton, Va. ..Schwarzschild's
Stroudsburg, Pa. .....
Frances Burrows
Summit, N. J. .....Miss Nellie
Syracuse, N. Y. .....
E. W. Edwards & Son
Tampa, Fla. ..Wolf Brothers Inc.
Terre Haute, Ind. .....Pearce's
Tucson, Ariz. .....Sil-Vana's
Tulsa, Okla. .....Dorothy's
Tucsaloosa, Ala. .....Park Shop
Union, S. C. .....
Wilburn Dry Goods Co.
Vallejo, Calif. .....Rosee Inc.
Warren, Ohio .....
Hartzell's-Rose & Sons
Washington, D. C....Haber & Co.
Washington, Pa. ..Hal Lewis Inc.
Waterloo, Iowa .....
Braley's Fashion Center
Watsonville, Calif. .....
Towntry Fashions
Waukesha, Wis. ...Annette Ross
Waynesburg, Pa. .....
Jo Ann's Village Casuals
Webster Groves, Mo. .....
The Station Store Inc.
Western Springs, Ill. .....
Myree Fashions
Westfield, N. J. .....Jane Smith
Westport, Conn. .....Kay Walsh
Wheeling, W. Va. .....
Hal Lewis, Inc.
Whitefish Bay, Wis. .....
MacNeil & Moore
Wichita Falls, Texas .....Elwyn
Wilkinsburg, Pa. .....Merle's
Williamsport, Pa. .....
Lynn-Hayes Inc.
Williamstown, Mass. .....
Vogue & Vanity
Winchester, Va. .....
The Margaret L. Hodgson Shop
Woodstock, Vt. .....
Town & Country Shops
Wooster, Ohio .....
Beulah Bechtel Shop
Worcester, Mass...The Ivy Shop
Youngstown, Ohio .....
Hartzell's-Rose & Sons
Zanesville, Ohio ..Orpha Flowers

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Skin and tonic

You can stop right now, groping about in the refrigerator to find a space for your face freshener (if you're like us, you feel the tightening and brightening twice as sharply if the stuff slaps on at maximum chill). Ultima II has a splendid surprise for all in new Icy Toning Mist. What we have here is a proper toner for rinsing cleansing cream off the face and throat, for helping to keep the pores petite, and for spanking colour into wan cheeks. The big stir is that this prize package keeps its *own* cool, right there in a special aerosol container. All we do is shake it, spray it on a cotton pad, and swab away. It feels as if it had been freshly frosted. Another lovable aspect of Icy Toning Mist is that it has been formulated two ways: one for dry and normal skins, one for oily.

Foam sweet foam

There are certain acute forms of the miseries that are curable only by a trip to Europe or a wristful of emeralds, but for dealing with a minor-league doldrum, the speediest solace is something that smells glorious and/or makes you feel more inviting. With Nina Ricci's new Crème Parfumée just appearing on the market, however, it would be madness to wait until you feel down before trying it. Imagine clouds of whipped-up cream, released by the merest pressure of a push button and spectacularly scented with Capricci, Coeur-Joie or the ineffable L'Air du Temps. The cream fluffs on all over your body, leaving a silken surface wherever it settles, and its fragrance—whichever of the three—has a lingering cling to your skin. All of this is about as inviting as one can get.

Word of mouth

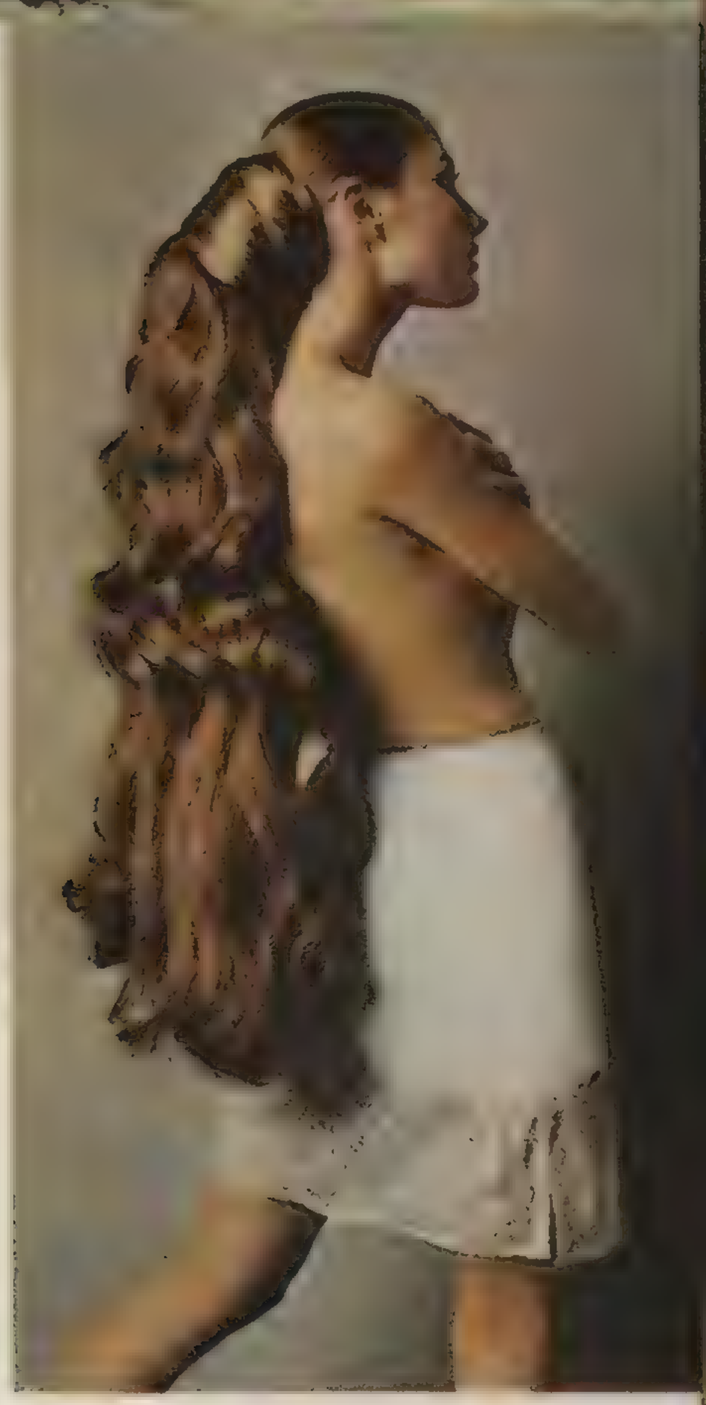
A warm, gossipy Mediterranean wind has just drifted in, reminding us that Italian sunshine seems bolder, Italian fruits more fragrant, and Italian *gelati* more *deliziosi* than any other ice cream in the world. The source of this breeze turned out to be the newly arrived mound of lipsticks from Princess Marcella Borghese. She calls them Italian Ices and they look good enough to nibble. The colours are distractingly sweet and tantalizing, and it appears unimaginable that one would carry less than three at all times. The formula, which is new, provides a creamy coverage with just enough shimmer to set off a barrage of "*bellissima's*."

(More Ready Beauty, page 36.)











You have only one body. Doesn't it deserve Bali Lingerie?

You're a woman. If you feel beautiful, you look beautiful. And feeling beautiful is what Bali is all about.

Try on a Bali slip, chemise, or petticoat. The colors are rich and warm. The fabrics are luxurious, like creamy satin and flowing chiffon. The details are elegant, like the finest imported lace and hand-detailed embroidery. And because it's Bali, it really fits.

The Bali concept has always been the ultimate in quality, design, and comfort, with an emphasis on perfect fit. Try on a Bali, any Bali. You'll see why nobody deserves one more than you.

The Bali Company, Inc., 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Bali



Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1969. Pants Suit by Rikki for Sport Trio. © 1969 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.



The Mykonos Look

(They'll think you married Croesus)

This is the Greek Islands year.
(As if you didn't know.) And
Helena Rubinstein has the face fashion for it.
Marvelous cool-lucre elegance. Rich,
but unbrazen. You get it with our new
Illumination® Make-Up.

In fantastically clear, unadulterated colors.

From that most vivifying sunwashed
Greek Island: Mykonos.

Sorceress eyes: bold sweeps of
Aegean Blue. Golden Lime. Earthy Brown.
And the Alabaster White of Greek statues.

Tawny skin: like a sunlit sea shimmer.

Roseate lips: like wild pink island flowers.

It's the newest look in aeons. Makes you
look the way you feel after a splash
in the Aegean.



From the complete Mykonos collection
consider this eyeconoclastic trio: Fluid Eyeliner.
Creme Eye Shadow. Brush Wand Mascara.

Illumination Make-Up
Helena Rubinstein

The perfume of romance
in its most romantic form!

L'Air du Temps
Crème Parfumée
à la Push-Button



Now you can wear perfume in the most romantic way—
all over. Push a button and the fragrance of romance
clouds around you in poofs of gossamer soft creme. Poof!
Lavish it on after your bath or whenever your skin feels the urge
to be pampered. Poof! L'Air du Temps Crème Parfumée
à la Push-Button. Poof! Poof! Poof!
NINA RICCI Paris · New York



This elegant fox-trimmed Italian knit is available at fine shops everywhere or write Coltalia Imports Corp. Dept. V, 500 Seventh Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

BAN-LON® KNITS BY VALLEY SET

Anne Haly sets the mood for summer with a trio of easy to care for Ban-Lon® dresses designed to take one through every occasion. Left, sleeveless dress detailed with a mini-turtle is softly belted at the waist. $40. Center, a softened silhouette has gentle cowl neckline. $36. Right, the cosmopolitan shirt-dress hails the return of nifty pleats. $50. Each dress in gold, skipper blue, raspberry or vanilla. All available in sizes 8 to 18.

Prices slightly higher in the West.



WOODWARD & LOTHROP—Washington, D.C. • **JORDAN MARSH**—Florida • **L. S. AYRES**—Indianapolis, Indiana



J. L. HUDSON—Detroit, Michigan • **SAKOWITZ**—Houston, Texas • For additional stores see page 56.

valley set
Ban-Lon®
knits of Dacron®
VALLEY SET, A DIVISION OF AMERICAN GOLFER
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Ban-Lon® Knits by Valley Set
shown on pages 54 and 55
are available at fine stores below.

ALABAMA
Margot's . . . . . Mountain Brook
CONNECTICUT
Jo Davis . . . . . Bridgeport
Fairfield Dept. Store . . . . . Fairfield
Polly Marsh . . . . . Greenwich
Cherida's . . . . . New Canaan
DELAWARE
Griffith & Griffith . . . . . Dover
FLORIDA
Nina's . . . . . Boca Raton
Kerns . . . . . Ft. Lauderdale
Rosenblum's . . . . . Jacksonville
Hollands . . . . . Panama City
B. Stevens Inc. . . . . Pompano Beach
Lu-Sair Inc. . . . . Orlando
Montgomery-Roberts . . . . . Sarasota
Dorothy's Fashions . . . . . St. Petersburg
Ruth's . . . . . St. Petersburg
Carnaby Street East . . . . . Tequesta
Virginia Melvin Sportswear . . . West Palm Beach
Eve Proctors . . . . . Winter Park
GEORGIA
Matthews . . . . . Columbus
Leopold Adler . . . . . Savannah
ILLINOIS
Lucille Fillmore's . . . . . Berwyn
Paul Anderson . . . . . Bloomington
Blakely's . . . . . La Salle
Helen Montgomery . . . . . Mattoon
Esther Kirk Inc. . . . . Streator
Nellas . . . . . Wheaton
INDIANA
The King's Shop . . . . . Bloomington
The La Mode Shop . . . . . Kokomo
Tussey's . . . . . Muncie
Meis Bros. . . . . Terre Haute
Jo's Shop . . . . . Winchester
MASSACHUSETTS
The Salt Box . . . . . Amherst
C. Crawford Hollidge . . . . . Boston
Albert Steiger . . . . . Springfield
MICHIGAN
Sams Bros. . . . . Bay City
Jean Blackburn . . . . . Dearborn
Priehs . . . . . Mt. Clemens
The Clothes Closet . . . . . Oxford
MISSISSIPPI
Martha Seward's . . . . . Yazoo City
MISSOURI
Winning's . . . . . Hanibal
C. Gordon Price . . . . . Jefferson City
Sallers 107 Shop . . . . . Kirkwood
NEBRASKA
Topp's . . . . . Omaha
NEW JERSEY
Lillian Albus . . . . . Haddonfield
Joy Shop . . . . . Lincroft
W. H. Wooley . . . . . Long Branch
Morris Stores . . . . . Metuchen
Flora . . . . . Red Bank
Greens Smart Shop . . . . . Oradell
Brooks of Summit . . . . . Summit
NEW YORK
W. E. Walsh & Sons . . . . . Albany
Alexander's . . . . . Batavia
Drazen's . . . . . Binghamton
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson . . . Buffalo
Mr. Jacques Inc. . . . . New York
Luckey, Platt & Co. . . . . Poughkeepsie
B. Forman . . . . . Rochester
Jane Engle . . . . . Scarsdale
Musler's . . . . . Schenectady
D. Price . . . . . Utica
NORTH CAROLINA
Julia Mullinax . . . . . Asheville
Sellars . . . . . Burlington
Marion Davis Co. . . . . Charlotte
The Fashion . . . . . Durham
Fowler Simmons Dept. Store . . . Elizabethtown
Davis Sisters . . . . . Forest City
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THE POINT OF AGE

By Anthony West

There can be little doubt that the traditional feelings about death and dying which we were all brought up to accept are either undergoing a profound modification or are about to do so. This is not because we live in the space age or in the shadow of thermonuclear war, but because there has been an essential change in one of the conditions of human life. Two hundred years ago it was the young who filled the graveyards of the world and, although a few lucky individuals lived to ripe old ages, a premature death was the common lot. But a change in this state of affairs, which had been normal throughout the history of the species, and which is the normal animal condition, was even then beginning to affect the more advanced communities in western and northern Europe. In each successive decade a few more of their people lived to be sixty years of age. Since then this local tendency has become worldwide, and today most people in the technologically advanced and prosperous countries who get beyond that point, live on into their late seventies if they are men, and into their early eighties if they are women. Since 1900 the experience of old age has replaced a premature death as the common lot wherever Westernized societies exist.

This astonishing reversal of an established norm has to be subversive of traditional certainties based upon it. When most people are cut down in their prime or before it, with their ambitions and hopes unrealized, death is clearly a blow and a deprivation. In such circumstances the question of the quality of survival scarcely arises. But when death comes in the fullness of time, as it now most often does, to men and women who are running down physically and who are well aware that their good years lie behind them, questions of quality pose themselves almost automatically: survival as what, and for what?

The hazards of clinging to life at any price are in the main due to the fact that man is an animal and, as such, the product of a purely mechanical evolutionary process that takes no account of human values. This process is very widely misunderstood because the genius who first gave a coherent account of its mechanisms had an unhappy knack for inventing memorable but wholly misleading phrases such as "natural selection," "the struggle for existence," and "the survival of the fittest." These predispose us to think of the process as a series of contests between individuals for the best food and the best mates, and lead us on to imagine that selection must take place when the winners in the second type of contest, watched enviously from a safe distance by their defeated rivals, do what has to be done to ensure the transmission of their merits to an improved posterity. We assume that it has been working for our improvement since the beginning of time, fitting us for the life we live as human beings by weeding out the physical types we think of as inferior and selecting for survival those we find admirable.

This is not the way things happen in nature. Though the reproductive cycles of the great many species do produce dramatic clashes between individuals, these are marginal and incidental to the main business in which the units of survival are types, and in which survival is a matter of keeping populations in being. Selection is not a matter of choosing good types and rejecting bad ones. It is the purely accidental consequence of putting the entire population through a coarse sieve consisting of the whole range of conditions that can arise over the long run in its environment. The only question at issue at any given time is whether the representatives of the various types making up the population can fulfill their rôle in the breeding cycle of the species under the prevailing conditions. Any type that can't meet this simple test vanishes from the population. The population itself will disappear if the combined efforts of its types fail to replace the losses inflicted on it. What this means is that the process that has made man what he is physically is selective only in so far as it has a tendency to eliminate those of his hereditary defects that have an adverse effect upon his efficiency in the matters of breeding and raising his young to the age of self-sufficiency. The individual who lives to be old is not only outliving his biological utility to the species, he is also outliving his adaptations to the environment.

The dangers of doing things become apparent if one thinks of the human body as one of those machines that get their operating instructions from a magnetic tape and of the genes that transmit man's biological inheritance from one generation to the next as signals on the tape. Evolution has edited the first part of the tape with the result that the machine is given clear-cut and, on the whole, reasonable instructions about what it is to do while it is functioning productively. But as the tape unwinds, the

(Continued on page 67)



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TOWLE

The Point of Age

(Continued from page 56)

instructions—particularly those concerned with internal housekeeping—become wilder and wilder and are more and more liable to become garbled by accumulations of chemical and radiation damage, the accidents that give rise to mutations. Roughly speaking, the longer the tape remains in use the greater the chance that it will come up with sets of instructions that are bizarre, or lethal, or both. Some of these are very odd indeed, and one grisly set orders the body to go through the whole pattern of childhood development in reverse.

In a five- or six-year period the victim passes backwards through adolescence, childhood, and infancy, to end beyond babyhood. In the last couple of years of this recession the seventy- or eighty-year-old baby will be sleeping for nineteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and his attempts to communicate with others will be limited to mummetings, groanings, and increasingly frequent calls for mama. In its last stage this living relic of a person will be under a sheet, diapered, fed through an artificial umbilical cord, its eyes tightly shut, its knees and elbows bent and drawn in, its spine curved in a semicircle, and its chin drawn down upon its chest.

With skilled medical care and devoted nursing such a foetus without a future may be kept, at a cost approaching a hundred dollars a day, alive for anything from three months to a year. It is an extremely disquieting experience to visit one of the large institutions in which a wing or a floor is given up to the care of men and women in the later stages of this long drawn-out death. It is disquieting not because the victims are suffering, but because—as people—they are no longer there. In their presence, or rather in the presence of their remains, one is forced to become aware that life is not something valuable in itself, and that its quality is all important. The lives that one sees being preserved under these sheets are not worth anything.

Grisly as the patterns of arteriosclerotic and senile dementia described above are, however, they are not the most disturbing modes of disintegration that the old are called upon increasingly often to endure. In many cases, the break-up of the body reaches an advanced stage before the mind is affected seriously or at all. The dying person is then very painfully aware that his damaged body is failing him, and that it is in effect a trap from which he can not escape. Such a situation makes enormous demands for courage, patience, and self control on the person who finds himself in it; and makes even greater demands on his friends and relatives.

It is the unhappy truth that comparatively few people on either side of the fence are able to meet these demands. As a result we have what may be called a dying-house culture, a development of the last fifty years, in which the old are sent away from home to die among strangers in nursing homes. The common rationalization for sending the old away is that they need professional care that they can not be given at home, but it appears to be the case that most of them are disposed of because their relatives can not stand the emotional strain of supporting them through an ordeal which has death as an inevitable outcome.

Few people will be ready to admit this, but the most striking thing about the American nursing home is the enormous number of lonely and abandoned persons it contains. Though it is hard to credit, there is a common pattern of relative behaviour that follows the commitment of an old person to an in-

(Continued on page 90)



City graphics: black and white plaid costume for lunching somewhere chic; later, with jacket off and midriff bare, showing up for cocktails. By The Sidneys for Tina S, 85.00. The Young Idea, Cleveland and Akron, Ohio





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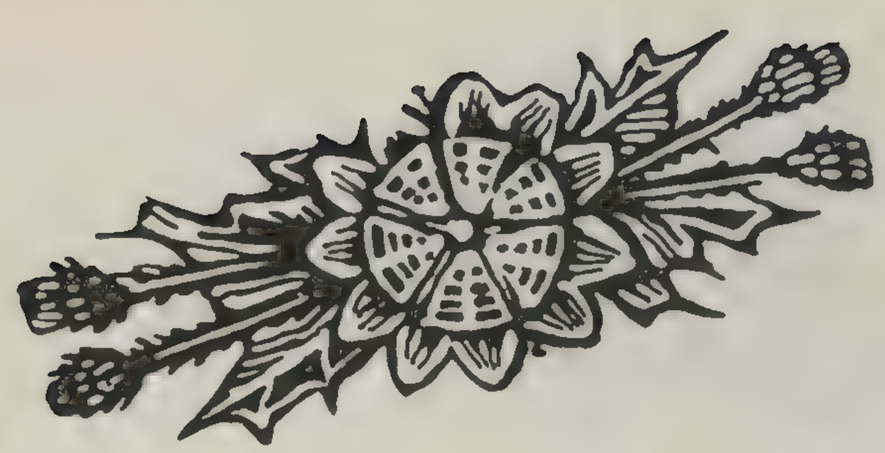
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The Point of Age

(Continued from page 67)

stitution or nursing home: The relatives will bring the old person to the home to settle him in, and they will promise to come back on the following day to see that all is well with him. They do not do so; and, even though members of the staff may later warn them that their kinsman is dying of emotional starvation, they never come back to see him again. Though this pattern is common, it is not usual. In the normal course of events the old are abandoned after four or five months and before a year has gone by. The usual pretexts for the abandonment are that the old people do not really want to be bothered with visitors, that they no longer recognize people, or that the relatives themselves find the visits too upsetting. A very frequently adopted manoeuvre is to take the grandchildren on the visits as a preliminary to abandoning the visits on the ground that they are bad for the children.

All this is discouraging enough, but while it is intensely disturbing to realize that large numbers of these abandoned people have been so damaged by their experience that they have become convinced that life is no longer worth living and are quietly dying of sadness, it is even more distressing to realize why most of them have been condemned to such a desolate end. The depressing truth is that in most cases where the deciding factor has not been paranoia it has been a leaky bladder. The young can take almost anything from the old but incontinence—which dissolves all the bonds of natural affection in very short order indeed. It says a great deal about human nature that this should be so, but what it says is not particularly reassuring.

A redeeming feature in this otherwise stark and depressing picture is that death, given the chance, tends to be kind to the old. In the normal course of events an old person can expect to die, as most of us still do, with little pain and distress after a ten-day illness. The trouble is that the nursing and medical professions are wedded to a tradition formed in the days when death was the enemy of the young. Both doctors and nurses are trained to look on it as their duty to save patients who are savable regardless of what they are being saved for. The quality of the life being saved is not a matter with which they are concerned.

The result of this policy can be seen in an exaggerated form in the case of old people who are trapped in the recessive pattern of senile dementia. They often catch pneumonia, a disease that kills the old painlessly and quickly and was known until lately as the old man's friend. But as soon as they show symptoms of the complaint the doctors and nurses caring for them automatically take the steps that will cure the complaint. Since an effective cure for pneumonia was developed about fifteen years ago, these steps are almost invariably effective. The result is that senile dementia patients more and more frequently endure to the end.

The point at issue was crisply expressed by an old gentleman in a New London hospital not very long ago. He was visited one morning by the young doctor who had just saved him from pneumonia in order to renew the losing battle with cancer that had put him on the operating table for major surgery twice in the previous eight months. The doctor expected to be thanked, but his patient only said: "Well, young man, you've proved your point. Next time I hope you'll let me go in peace."

Another, equally pointed, remark was made by the English

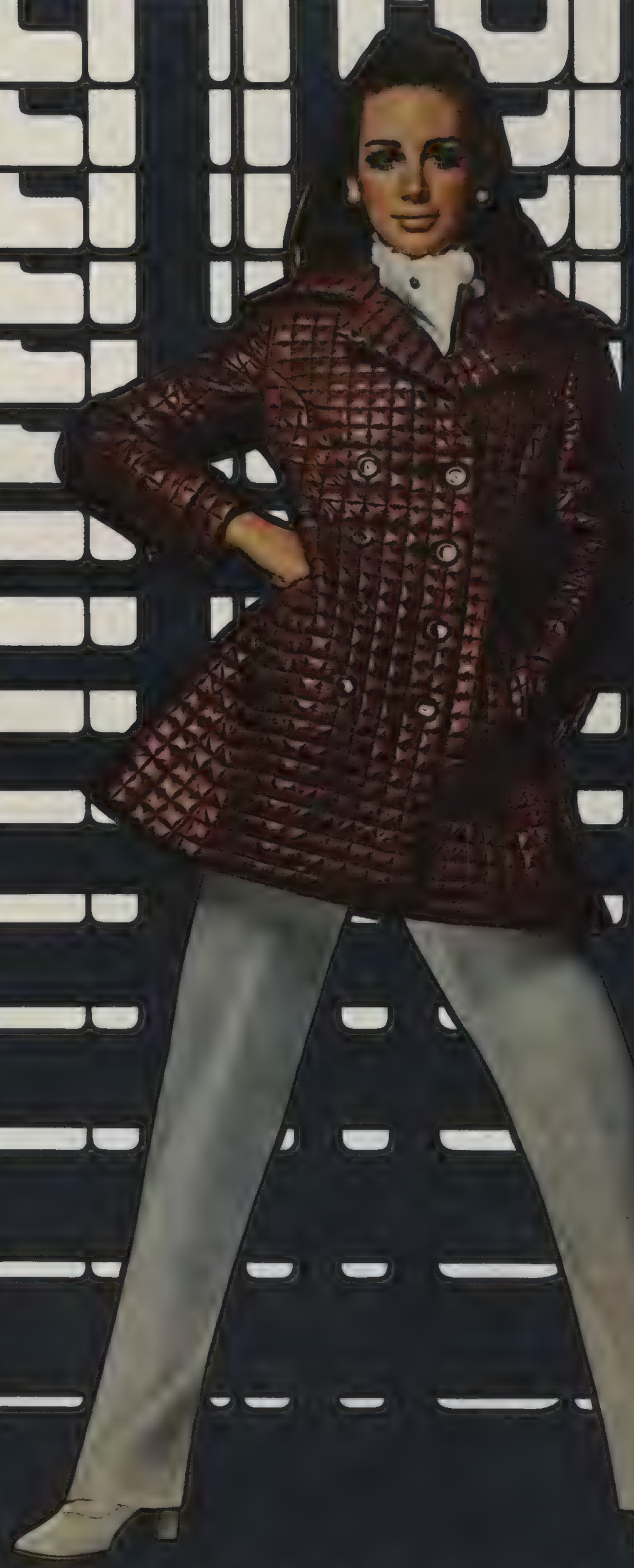
(Continued on page 110)

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

April 1

When in Rome, meet a morphologist

Meet the morphologist. Alberto de' Rossi, for instance, who didn't coin the word but as an intuitive, simpatico makeup man never puts pigment to face without serious consideration of the form and structure involved . . . any one person's particular morphology being the sum of all the parts of the body—the total appearance. The cardinal rule: find what Alberto de' Rossi calls the harmony of one's morphology. "You must always find what is best for *you* . . . once you have found that harmony—with your coiffure, too, of course, and your neck—your allure—keep it always and then go, gently, towards what your physique permits of what is fashionable." In other words, know the basic structure of you, what you must do by way of makeup and clothes that give your look balance and proportion. Only then are you free to experiment. More wise words: when he "does" a face, he wants to know about dress, coiffure, setting—the whole morphology of an occasion, you might say. The reasoning being that if you're going to a christening, you don't want to look the way you would if you were going to a ball. We can't argue with that or any other De' Rossi-isms. . . .

An apple for Eve

If apples ever grow with cream-coloured skins, it will be because they are trying to look like Eve of Roma, whose complexion is firm and toothsome and apparently as poreless as the very best apples. When you listen (we were frankly spellbound) to Eve, it all sounds so easy. . . . "The great skin begins with cleanliness," she said. "I am a maniac about the scrubbed skin. If you will think a minute, the big change in faces came with postwar Italian films, in which women were completely natural looking. They *had* to have magnificent skins. I found that they cleansed and cleansed their faces—many times a day—and then used soap to rinse off the cream. Soap and a complexion brush and even a big rough towel are the basis of my skin care. My soap is made of cream and it doesn't lather, so it is wonderfully gentle." As for creams, the word from Eve's palazzo on the Via Veneto is bland. "I am for very bland. My products and my system and my thought is light. Lightness in everything. I don't like to kill the flies with the cannon." A further word: you might try night-creaming under makeup during the day, like Eve does, instead of rising from a soggy pillow every morning. What about the whole woman? Inside the Eve of Roma salon, a massage begins at the feet and goes straight up to the hair. When you get to that plateau, a trichologist (that's a hair-treater) examines the hair under a microscope to see what shape it's in or isn't in, then prescribes a treatment, like, say, ultraviolet or infrared rays—a sort of face-lift for the hair. And E of R considers streaks the ultimate flattery. Ashy, smoky streaks without a trace of yellow or silver. "We bleach them, blue them, ash them; do them so they are soft—like an aureole to the face—so they marry well with the other hairs." Now that's what we call a happy marriage. . . .

Footnotes, hairlines

Salons hard by the Via Veneto are firm believers in the beautiful foot, the ravishing mane of hair. For the former, Filippo recommends exercise. A good one: pick up ping-pong balls with your toes. At the Eve of Roma salon every beauty treatment begins with a thorough-going foot massage that is a pretty close thing to bliss according to massag-ees. As for the locksmiths: Alba e Francesca say that linseed water is a great bet as a setting lotion and hair renewer. At Filippo, many shades of chestnut and blond are blended together to produce one gloriosa mane. Sergio di Alexandre di Roma, who coiffed Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto for this issue, has a whole stable of treatments for damaged or deficient hair—like refined whale oil for dry hair and lemon and grapefruit shampoo for oily hair. All that grandeur is still Rome. . . . (More Beauty Checkout, page 98.)

© The Cotton Company

Eve of Roma, photographed in her Rome apartment.

"If a woman could afford just one cosmetic, I would tell her to make it my Roman Glow." —*Eve of Roma*

"Your skin should look ten years younger than you are," says Eve of Roma. And when *she* talks, beautiful women all over the world listen.

"I *hate* no-color complexions. Skin should have a live, radiant look. The lustrous look of youth. That is why I invented Roman Glow. It makes your skin seem to glow from within. It makes you look as if you were *always* deeply, happily in love."

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Today, you can buy all of Eve of Roma's marvelous skin preparations and cosmetics right here in America. They are being imported from Italy, and sold in carefully chosen stores such as Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field, Rich's, and J. W. Robinson.





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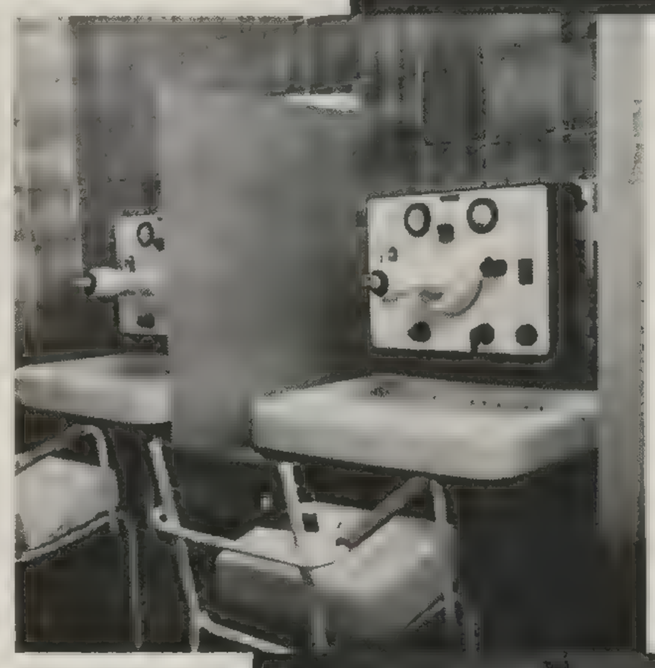
SANGER-HARRIS .....*Dallas*

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

April 1

"All things to all people": the span and the spa of a hotel in Ischia







In Ischia at Lacco Ameno, there stands one of the most luxurious hotels in the world, the Regina Isabella. See, *left,* its terrace and beach, licked by the Gulf of Naples. . . . Separate from the hotel. but reachable from it through interior corridors, is a thermal establishment sought out by the Beautiful and the Great. the hale and the halt and the pale. Those with maladies of bone, muscle, and respiratory tract come here. So do people with no more disturbing a problem than the shedding of a few pounds, or the toning of skin and spirits. For here are some of the famous, radioactive mineral waters of Ischia, about which read more, page 215. But the handsomely-tiled thermal baths next door are only half of the point of the Regina Isabella, which is known for its exquisite versatility as a leisure-cum-pleasure-cum-health place. "The only spa I know of," said one long hooked on its charms, "where you can sun and swim all day, then go to the thermal baths in the late afternoon." . . . Among the fascinations of the spa are the inhalation rooms (detail shown here, *left*), where noses and throats get treated to vaporized ambrosias, vended by little nasal tubes. "Marvellous for the sinuses." Special inhalation rooms are reserved for heavy smokers—where, presumably, smoke is smoked out of the system. . . . In the underwater massage quarters—one of their deep, deep tubs is pictured, *left*—attendants hose you front and back, and you tingle pleasantly to extraordinary pressure that would not be bearable out of water. . . . Physiotherapy rooms, *lower left,* are where to find the exercise paraphernalia. . . . And doctors and nurses and trained therapists are there to make sure your enthusiasm for taking the waters does not get out of hand. They caution you neither to swim nor sun until six hours after "treatment"—and to rest completely, without fail, at least one hour after same. This is the reason why swimmers often go to the baths late in the day, whereas beach-shunners tend to make their appointments in the morning. . . . Many Regina Isabella guests never (Continued on page 102)





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Beauty Checkout

(Continued from page 98)

see any of these rooms, nor, for that matter, any part of the thermal establishment. The Regina is a luxe resort hotel with its own delights, good food, good boating, surrounding enchantments, and such a feeling for the amenities that inner black curtains are drawn in the guest rooms to keep the brilliant Ischian sun out of late sleepers' eyes.

One highly-charged New York business woman went there recently to dejangle—and to take advantage of the spa facilities for dispatching several nasty little pounds, which had arrived without invitation.

She charted her own schedule, as everyone does at the hotel and it went this way.

Vegetable broth for breakfast (she'd brought that from New York where she and her doctor had plotted out a 10-day diet for her Ischian cure).

11 A.M. to the beach, swimming and lazing in a handy grotto.

At 2 P.M., while the other beachers repaired to the hotel terrace for an outdoor lunch, our lady settled down on the sand under parasol with a book and more vegetable broth.

At 5 P.M., back to the hotel and into a robe for a trip down the corridor from her room to the spa.

First, in the facial room, her face and neck were wrapped in hot radioactive mud. Then, thorough cleansing. All administered, of course, by attendants.

Next, down to another room for a body mudbath, head to toe, thoroughly covered and towelled for twenty minutes. ("Gout and heart conditions not allowed in the body mudbath," she mentioned.)

Then to the underwater massage room, where a current machine swirls the water from the mineral springs, and an attendant gives you a hosing underwater, foot to submerged neck.

After this, a regular tub, a plain, ordinary everyday bath.

Onto, then, the massage table for relaxing in depth.

About 8 P.M., return to hotel room for the prescribed one-hour post-treatment rest.

10 P.M., dinner delivered on tray. Her diet allowed her to splurge with meat, vegetables, fruit at dinnertime.

In 10 days she'd lost the 10 pounds she'd programmed to go—and enjoyed, she said, the "rest of her life."

Not all programs at Regina Isabella go as austerely as this one. A dashing young man just back from there seemed to spend more time telling us about the "great little bistro" right by the sea that he'd discovered there. And the charming red wine of Ischia that he was afraid wouldn't travel. . . . But *he* will. Right back this summer. . . .

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Sea Dreams®—The ultimate in under dressing. A few from a bountiful collection: left, underwired bra, $8 and long leg Lycra® pantie†, $16.50. Center, a willowy crepe bra†† with a hidden comfort-wire, $7.50 and matching petti, $11.00. Right, décolleté bra, $8, paired with new long leg pantie, $14.50. Found in white, black, écru at selected stores.

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The Point of Age

(Continued from page 90)

writer Lytton Strachey when he was dying slowly and painfully of a stomach cancer. He had fought long and bravely for his life, because he had been told that he had a good chance of recovery. When he realized that he had no such chance and had forced his doctor to admit as much, he said with quiet exasperation: "Why, you're just asking me to stay alive because you can't think of anything else to do!" He then gave up trying to live and was very soon at peace.

It does seem to be high time that the medical profession generally should recognize the consequence of the conquest of the infectious and chronic diseases that used to be the great killers of the young and unfulfilled, and to realize that their new task is not only the improvement of the quality of life but to spare the old unnecessary pain, suffering, and humiliation. To save men and women from an easy end when they have lived out what the ninetieth psalm calls the days of their years and to preserve them to outlive their strength of mind and body is no kindness. It is not life in itself which is of value, but what a man can make of his life when he is the master and not the slave of his body.

There are those who will find this a uniformly depressing picture, but they should remember that premature old age is becoming as rare as premature death, and that a revolution is taking place in medicine which is as much concerned today with the preservation of health as it is with the cure of disease.

A very large number of decrepit and incompetent aged whose sufferings fill us with dismay as forewarnings of what may lie ahead of us are victims of injuries inflicted on them early in life by diseases that are relatively uncommon today, or that may even have disappeared altogether. Others of them are victims of metabolic disorders, the causes of which only recently have been recognized, but which have already been tamed.

An even greater number is paying the price of foolish eating and living habits that we have only recently given up. To go back fifty years, to the time when the present generation of seventy- and eighty-year-olds were in their twenties and thirties, is to go back to the age of flabby unexercised bodies, of gross feeding, of middle-aged spread and the spare tire. A great many of those who are now wholly or partially incapacitated because their brains do not get an adequate supply of blood through their deteriorated arteries were then fattening themselves for their present vegetable rôles.

Leaner generations will have less to fear on this account, and they will not have to think of themselves as old so soon. It was a common nineteenth-century view that old age began for those who were between fifty and sixty, but the accepted frontier now lies between sixty-five and seventy. Anything in the nature of senility occurring before the eighties is thought to require a clinical explanation. The question of the quality of survival arises, if it is going to do so at all, at the end of a decade or more of potentially fruitful and enjoyable existence that no previous generation has been able to count on.

The probability is that if we immerse ourselves in life in these extra years and make full use of our minds and bodies instead of retreating into idleness and inactivity, we will be gone before we know it.

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Watertown ..... Noni Farmer

Italy

(Continued from page 215)

Club Castelletto with fine food and cellar, and a pretty interior. Some sort of introduction is needed to get a reservation. Il Castello, built in the Aragonese fortress, a restaurant on one level and nightclub on the other, has a spectacular view, and everyone on the island turns up here.

Venice

The most expensive city in Italy and the most unique, Venice is faced with the problem of survival. In recent years, because of the industrialization of nearby towns and harbours, the delicate balance of tides and volumes of water has changed, threatening the foundations of the city. Visitors are rarely aware of the drama, feeling only the spell Venice has cast for centuries.

SEE Gondolas and motorboats, equally tough on the pocket book, are not really necessary for sight-seeing in town. It is quicker to walk through innumerable shortcuts, and the frequent *vaporetti* on the Grand Canal stop at strategic points. Even thorough guidebooks can not do justice to Venice's treasures. However hurried, a tourist must not fail to visit San Marco, the Byzantine basilica; the nearby Palace of the Doges; the Museum of the Accademia with its glorious Giorgiones, Bellinis, and Veroneses; the Scuola di San Rocco with the great Tintorettos and the nearby church I Frari, with Bellini and Titian masterpieces. The Scuola di San Giorgio degli Schiavoni contains Carpaccio's best works. No addresses are needed since the museums, palaces, and churches give their names to their locations.

STAY Some hotels are superb, and unless another address is given, they are located on the Grand Canal. The Gritti Palace and the Grand combine the splendour of old palaces and up-to-date comfort with top service. The excellent Danieli, on the Riva degli Schiavoni, has the most beautiful roof garden in the city. The Bauer Grünwald, ugly but most comfortable, may have the best conciergerie in Italy. The hotel with the best food is Cipriani, on the Giudecca. Superbly run, it is not central but the hotel's motorboats leave every few minutes from the Riva degli Schiavoni.

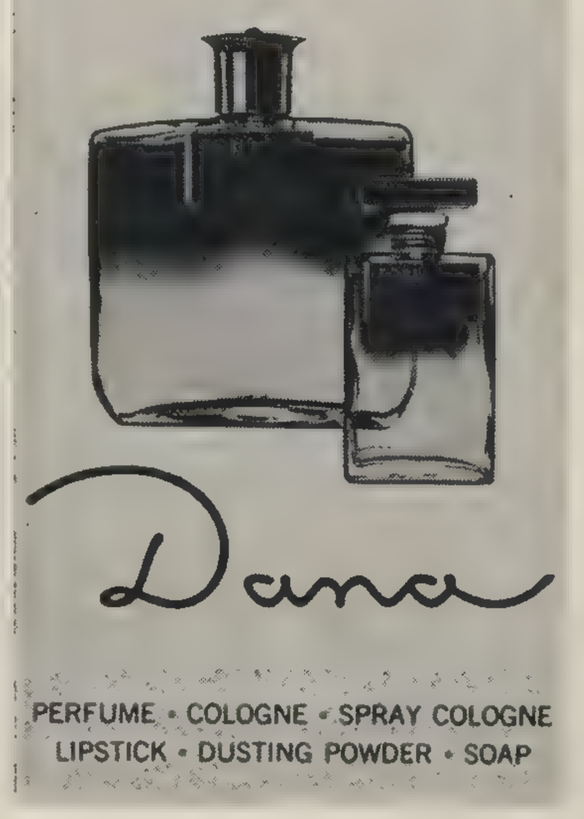
EAT In the endless list of restaurants, the best-known are: Taverna la Fenice, in the Campo San Fantin, and La Colomba, Frazzeria 1665. *Scampi alla veneziana* are delicious in both places. Harry's Bar is tiny (reserve ahead of time) and outstanding. The proprietor of Cipriani owns Harry's Bar on the island of Torcello, a worthwhile excursion by motorboat and a favourite haunt of Nancy Mitford. In the hot months reserve a table out-of-doors overlooking the stupendous Romanesque church. Another excellent restaurant, the Antico Martini, San Marco 1980, is also the best nightclub. Among Venetian specialities are such fish dishes as *anguille alla veneziana* (eels cooked in a lemon-and-tuna-fish sauce) and *zuppa di pesce* (a version of bouillabaisse).

BUY Venice is a paradise for antique buyers. *Among the best-known antique shops:*
Cesana, calle Larga, San Marco 4392/a.
Dominici, calle Larga, San Marco 659/64.
Salvadori, San Marco 2255.
Genova, San Polo 2004.
Vercellino, San Marco 1922.
For Venetian glass:
Venini, piazza dei Leocini 314.
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Zola, San Marco 4606.
Stampanone, San Marco 667.
Brondino, San Marco 4004.
Codognato, San Marco 1295.
Good boutiques:
Elite, calle Larga, San Marco 284.
Duca d'Aosta, Merceria dell'Orologio.
Alta Moda, calle Vallarezzo, San Marco 1318/b.
For ready-made shoes:
Zecchi, Merceria dell'Orologio.
For made-to-order shoes:
Franz, San Stefano 2770.

HEAR Opera in winter and

(Continued on next page)



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Italy

(Continued from page 111)

spring is usually excellent at La Fenice, one of the prettiest opera houses in Europe, and during the summer and fall concerts are held there. Swimmers can take the motorboat from the Hotel Danieli (every fifteen minutes) to the Excelsior Hotel where there are cabañas.

Florence

"The city of the soul," as John Ruskin called Florence, has come out of the ruinous flood, and the artisans are once more turning out their remarkable work. No tourist should fail to spend a morning in the Uffizi Gallery and an afternoon in the Palazzo Pitti with two of the greatest collections of paintings in the world. Other musts are: the Bargello Museum, via del Proconsolo 4, with its Donatellos and Verrocchios in a splendid setting; the Accademia, via Ricasoli 52, with Michelangelo's David; the Medici tombs, in Piazza Madonna, with Michelangelo's masterpieces; San Marco convent, with the heavenly Fra Angelicos.

SEE Among the churches, apart from Brunelleschi's Cathedral and the Baptistry, with the doors of paradise, both in the Piazza del Duomo, don't miss Santa Maria Novella with the Ghirlandaio frescoes and the great cloister; Santa Croce and the attached Cappella dei Pazzi; and Santa Maria del Carmine, with Masaccio's frescoes. All three give their names to the squares they dominate.

HEAR Opera with all the best singers (Caballé, Sutherland, Suliotis, Corelli, Tucker, Horne, Freni, Kraus) is given at the Teatro Comunale in December, January, May, June, July. The Florentine Symphony Orchestra, one of the best in Italy, holds concerts in the summer months in Palazzo Pitti's courtyard. Recitals and chamber music are performed at the Teatro della Pergola, an eighteenth-century masterpiece.

STAY In hotels there is an embarrassment of choice. Particularly attractive, the Grand Hotel and Excelsior Italie face one another on the piazza Ognissanti, with many rooms looking over the Arno river and the Villa Medici.

First-class hotels include:

Kraft, via Solferino 2.

Baglioni, piazza Unità Italiana, with a roof garden.

Angloamericano, via Garibaldi 9.

De la Ville, piazza Antinori 1.

First-rate pensions:

Beacci, via Tornabuoni 3.

Pitti Palace, via dei Barbadori 2.

Bretagna, lungarno Corsini 6.

Consigli, lungarno Vespucci 50.

A very special and attractive hotel is the Villa San Michele, via di Doccia 4, in Fiesole, in a superb position overlooking the valley of the Arno.

EAT Among Florentine specialities are the *agnellotti alla toscana* (a variation of ravioli), *cannelloni alla toscana, pappardelle* (a variation of the tagliatelle), and *pollo* (chicken) *alla diavola.* The most sophisticated restaurants are Doney, via Tornabuoni 10 (a delicious light luncheon is served in the tearoom for approximately three dollars), and Sabatini, via Panzani 41/43.

First class:

Al Campidoglio, via del Campidoglio 8/r.

Giovacchino, via Tosinghi 2.

Harry's, lungarno Vespucci 22.

Oliviero, via delle Terme 51/r.

Otello, via Oricellari 28.

The Pub George, Borgo S. S. Apostoli 33.

Good trattorias:

Cammillo, Borgo San Jacopo 57/r.

Da Zi' Rosa, via dei Fossi 12/r.

Mamma Gina, Borgo San Jacopo 37.

Il Cavallino, via delle Farine 4/r.

Latini, via Palchetti 6.

Don't expect fancy decoration in Florentine restaurants for no effort is made in that direction.

BUY Florence is the best city for shopping in Italy and many people claim it is the finest in Europe. Everything is close by and within walking distance. *Most of the many antique shops are on four streets:* via dei Fossi, Borgo Ognissanti, via Parione, and via Maggio.

For leather goods:

Luti, via del Parione 28.

(Continued on page 116)



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Italy

(Continued from page 112)

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Joseph, via del Parione 16/18/20/r.
Pulliti, lungarno Corsini 48/r.
Rosetta Belli, via dei Fossi 9.
Fasoli, Borgo S. S. Apostoli 60.
Spulcioni, via Calimala 10/r.
Gucci, via Tornabuoni 73/75.
For jewellery and silver:
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Settepassi, Ponte Vecchio 9/r.
Piccini, Ponte Vecchio 23.
For coral and cultured pearls:
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Salvatore Ferragamo, via Tornabuoni 16/r.
Rosina Ferragamo, lungarno Acciaiuoli 36/r.
Donella, Borgo Ognissanti 15/r.
For dresses made to order:
Calabri, lungarno Corsini 4.
Cesare Guidi, via Tornabuoni 2.
For knits:
Mirsa, via Tornabuoni 47/49.
Romei, via Porta Rossa 77.
Luisa Spagnoli, via Strozzi 20/r.
Among women's boutiques:
Emilio Pucci, Palazzo Pucci, via dei Pucci.
Mayne, via dei Pucci 4.
Fata, via Tornabuoni 26/r.
Morandino, lungarno Acciaiuoli 46/r.
Innocenti, via Tosinghi 18/r.
Outstanding hairdressers are:
Mario at the Hotel Excelsior.
Sergio, lungarno Acciaiuoli 54.
Primo, lungarno Corsini 50/r.
Mario, via della Vigna 22/r.
(The "r" in the addresses signifies a shop and is important.)

Rome

Richer in ruins, monuments, museums, churches, and private collections than any other city in Europe, Rome has no end in sight for a visitor. The centre of the city, with its narrow streets, has become a traffic nightmare at certain hours and wise tourists walk everywhere.

Among the museums seven are outstanding. The Vatican comprises six separate museums, all of exceptional quality, the Borgia apartments, the Sistine Chapel, and the Raphael loggias and rooms. The Capitol (Campidoglio) is open at night usually on Saturdays and the superb lighting gives the remarkable exhibits a special glow. The Villa Giulia, in via di Villa Giulia. has the finest Etruscan collection in existence.

The Borghese Gallery, in the park of Villa Borghese; the Museo delle Terme, off piazza Esedra: Palazzo Venezia. on the piazza Venezia, and the Museo di Roma in the Palazzo Braschi, on the piazza di San Pantaleo, are fascinating.

SEE Among first-rate private collections in beautiful palaces open to the public some days:
Palazzo Colonna, piazza S. S. Apostoli 53.
Palazzo Doria, at the corner of the Corso and the vicolo Doria.
Palazzo Spada, piazza della Quercia I.
Il Quirinale (the residence of the President of the Republic) in the square of the same name.
Farnese (the French Embassy).
Palazzo Pamphilj, with its stupendous gallery by Borromini (the Brazilian Embassy), piazza Navona 14.

No addresses are needed for archaeological centres since zones are named for them. The following churches are remarkable: The four basilicas, San Pietro, San Giovanni in Laterano, Santa Maria Maggiore, and San Lorenzo are the pillars of the Catholic church.

Musts are:
the Pantheon; Santa Maria in Trastevere; San Luigi dei Francesi, with the great Caravaggios; Santa Maria della Pace with Raphael's frescoes; Bernini's Sant' Andrea al Quirinale; Borromini's San Carlo at the crossing of the Quattro Fontane Sant' Agnese fuori le mura and Santa Costanza, both on via Santa Costanza with superb early mosaics; Santa Prassede, on the street of the same name. with the exquisite mosaic chapel, called the garden of paradise; the Basilica di San Clemente, archaeologically the most fascinating of all.

HEAR The Opera runs from December to early June and for July and August moves to the Caracalla Baths. While these performances in the open air are no great musical treat, they are often spectacular and, in the beautiful frame of the ruins and

(Continued on page 130)



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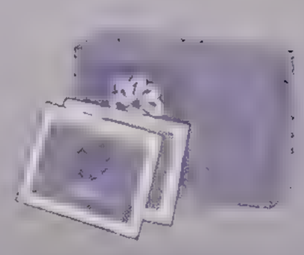


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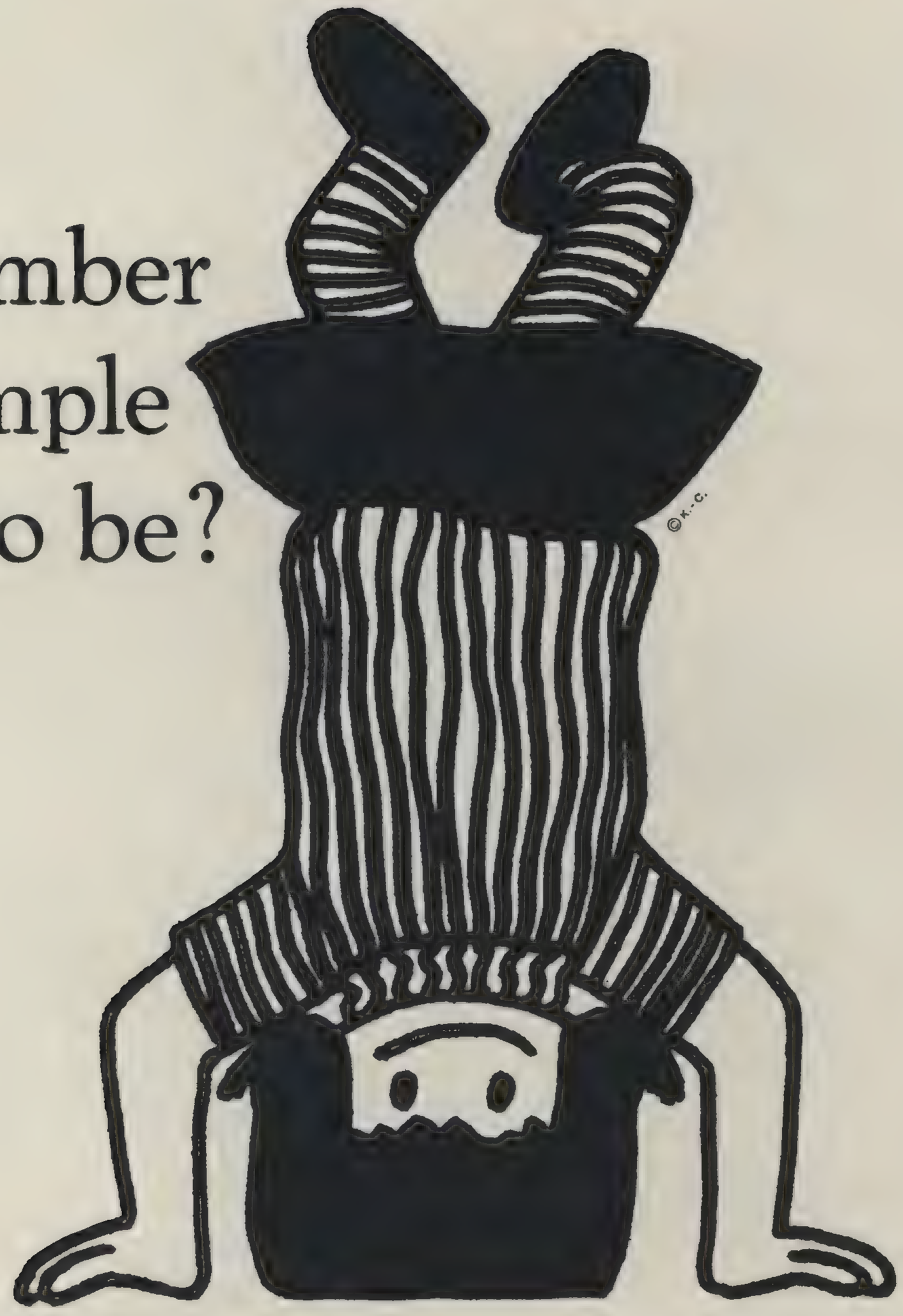
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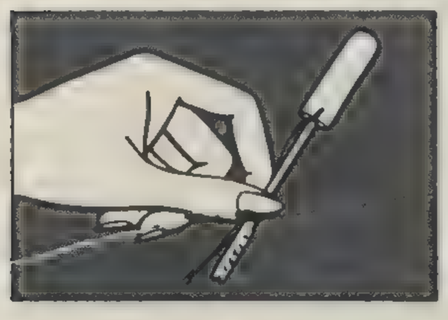
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Italy

(Continued from page 116)

the pine forest, well worth an evening. Summer concerts are given in the exquisite cloister of San Giorgio dei Genovesi, via Anicia 12, and in the adorable Ninfeo of the Villa Doria on the Gianicolo. Greek and Roman dramas are performed in the hot months in the stupendous setting of the Roman theatre in Ostia Antica. Villa Adriana, near Tivoli, Villa d'Este, and the Foro Romano are marvellously lit up at night in the summer, and should be on everyone's list.

STAY The Hassler hotel, on top of the Spanish Steps, has the most beautiful situation of all with a magical view from the roof garden. The Grand Hotel is exceedingly well run and its glamour, timeless. Its grill is one of the best in Rome and always filled with V.I.P.'s. The Excelsior, in the heart of via Veneto, has its own style but the confusion in the lobby is deafening. The Flora and the Ambasciatori, also on the via Veneto, are quieter. The Raphael, largo Febo 2, a minute's walk from piazza Navona, is in the heart of old Rome. An ancient palace turned into a hotel, it has exquisite furnishings but small rooms.

EAT *Among three thousand restaurants, the most elegant:*

El Toula, at the corner of the piazza di Fontanella Borghese and via del Lupo, with superb food.

St. Andrew's, via Lazio 22A.

Chez George, via Marche 7 (ask for *pollo alla zingara*).

Il Passetto, piazza Zanardelli 11 (the salad with truffles is delicious).

Grand Hotel grill.

Excellent:

La Bolognese, piazza del Popolo 1.

Galeassi, piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere 3.

La Fontanella, piazza di Fontanelle Borghese, with Tuscan specialities.

Augustea, via della Frezza 5.

Ranieri, via Mario dei Fiori 26, charming and famous for its cannelloni.

Nino, via Borgognona 11, a favourite haunt of film actors.

Alfredo alla Scrofa, via della Scrofa 104 and Alfredo, piazza Augusto Imperatore 30, both for the best fettuccine.

Piccolo Mondo, via Aurora 39D, good, not expensive, and filled with young people.

For something really fancy:

Hostaria dell'Orso, via di Monte Brianzo 93, a mediaeval hostelry where Montaigne stopped when in Rome.

DANCE *Among nightclubs:*

"84," via Emilia 84, the most sophisticated.

Piper, via Tagliamento 9, the largest, noisiest, most vital, with the most up-to-date bands.

Scarabocchio, on piazza Ponziani, a charming discothèque, inexpensive and full of attractive young.

"1001" via Lazio 31, brand-new and catching on.

Waikiki, via Carducci 8, a discothèque magnet for foreign students.

In the summer, Elio Cabala, in nearby Marino, and the Villa Florio, at Grottaferrata, also near Rome, have dancing in the open air.

BUY Shopping in Rome is easy since most specialty shops are in the centre of town, in close walking distance. Following old tradition, most shops of the same merchandise are grouped in the same street.

Good women's boutiques:

Mini-boutique Fabiani, via Condotti 11.

"77," piazza di Spagna 77.

G and G, via Mario dei Fiori 114.

Trico' di Luciano e PierLuigi, via P.S. Mancini 12.

Dominique, via Borgognona 5B.

Wild Horse, via Borgognona 5A.

Givenchy, via Borgognona 21.

St. Laurent, via Borgognona 40 (with a different line from the one in Paris).

Paoletta, via Borgognona 7A.

Emilio Pucci is in the via Veneto district at via Campagna 59. Two amusing and somewhat special boutiques, in private houses, are those of the Duchess Marina Lante della Rovere at via Salaria 251 and Angelo Zanolli, via Maria Adelaide 1A.

For leather goods:

Gucci (very expensive), via Condotti 8.

Giorgio Gucci, via Borgognona 25 (available here are Allegra

(Continued on next page)

Italy

(Continued from page 130)

Caracciolo's jewels, designed by Scarfioti).
Romani, via del Babuino 95.
For shoes:
Ferragamo, via Condotti 65.
Frattegiani, via Sistina 50.
Fragiacomo, corner of via Condotti and via Belsiana.
For clothes in the Carnaby Street style, there are many shops in the via Margutta and in the streets around the Piper Club, via Tagliamento 9.
For jewellery:
Bulgari, via Condotti 10.
Giuseppe Capuano, via Condotti 61.
Buccellati, via Condotti 31.
For costume jewellery:
Luciana, via della Vite 93, is never banal.
Recommended hairdressers:
Elizabeth Arden, piazza di Spagna 19.
Alba e Francesca, via Condotti 61A.
Giorgio, via Borgognona 42.
Filippo, via Condotti 9.
Beautiful petit point is available at the shop Tapisseries de Paris, via Margutta 53C.
Art galleries flourish but among the most established are:
L'Obelisco, via Sistina 146.
La Medusa, via del Babuino 124.
Marlborough, via Gregoriana 5.
L'88, via Margutta 88.
Household presents:
Home, Sweet Home on the second floor at via della Croce 41.
Studio G. S., via Bocca di Leone 25, first floor, is one of the more interesting shops selling tables, trays by Albrizzi and other leading designers.
It is an old Roman custom to sit in coffee houses. The Café de Paris and Doney's on the via Veneto sprawl all over the sidewalks and the parade is worth the price of a drink. Rosati and Canova, on piazza del Popolo, can be amusing. International beatniks and artists sell their wares from table to table at any coffee house on the piazza Navona. The Caffè Greco, via Condotti 86, the oldest coffee house still operating in Rome, is still one of the smartest. But, even in summer, here everything takes place inside. At apéritif time one is apt to see everyone, from H.M. Queen Mother Frederica of Greece to Prince Raimondo Orsini.

Naples

With the beauty of its bay, marvellous climate, warm-hearted people, and art treasures, Naples is one of the most fascinating cities of the Mediterranean.
There are four superb museums: The Museo Nazionale contains one of the most important European archaeological collections, with many finds from Herculaneum and Pompeii. The San Martino, at S. Elmo on the Vomero, in a lovely and immense old convent, gives over one hundred rooms to the history and art of Naples. The Capodimonte, in the Royal Bourbon Palace offers magnificent paintings (Simone Martini, Masaccio, et cetera) and some of the best bronzes and ivories in Italy. La Floridiana, an enchanting villa on the via Cimarosa in the Vomero district, has first-rate Italian porcelains.
SEE Many churches were badly damaged during World War II, but some are musts:
Santa Chiara, via Mariano Semmola, and Santa Maria di Donna Regina, both stupendous Gothic examples. Gesù Nuovo, on the piazza del Gesù, ablaze with polychrome marbles.
The ornate baroque Chapel of San Gennaro in the Cathedral, via del Duomo.
San Lorenzo Maggiore, on the piazza San Gaetano, where Boccaccio saw Fiammetta for the first time and Petrarch sought refuge.
The Chapel San Severo, on via Francesco de Sanctis, with the celebrated statue of the Veiled Christ by Sanmartino.
STAY The most agreeable, airy, and sunny hotels are on the via Partenope, all close to one another along the promenade facing the sea and Capri. The most luxurious are the Excelsior, with large apartments, and the nearby Vesuvio, with an excellent restaurant, a roof garden, and a good bar. The Royal is the most modern and efficient, and the Continental, furnished with antiques, the most residential in atmosphere. In the centre of town are the huge new Ambassador, located in a skyscraper,

(Continued on page 134)

Paul Blumenstein

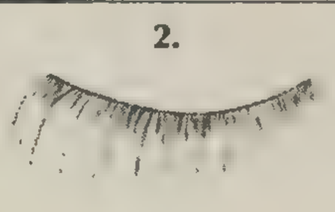
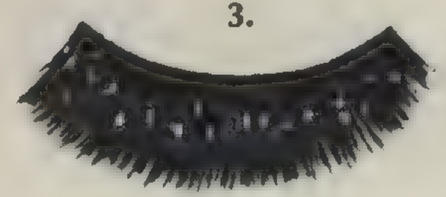
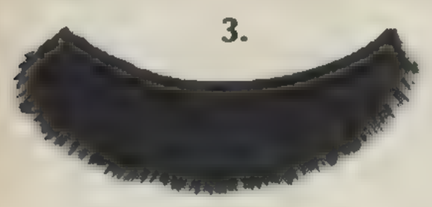
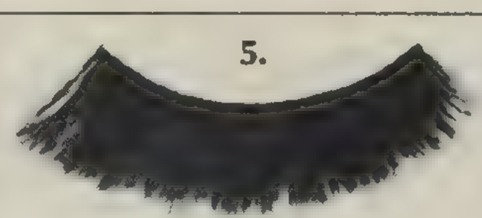
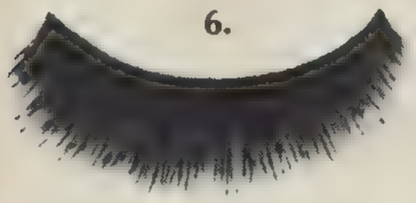
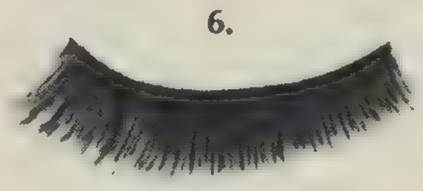
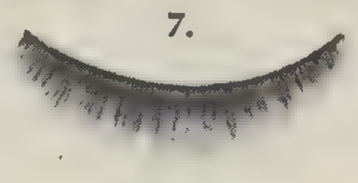
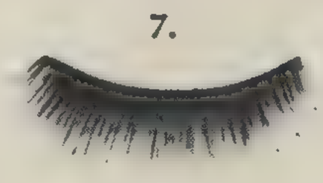
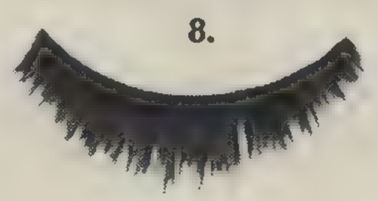
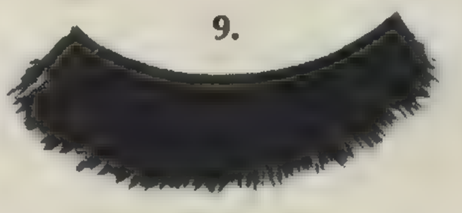
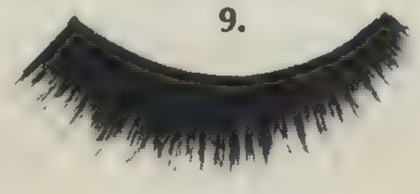
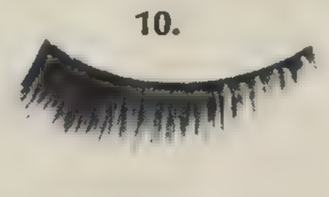
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Italy

(Continued from page 131)

the Majestic, and the Mediterraneo. An old-fashioned hotel, with a large and faithful clientele is De Londres in piazza Municipio 64.

EAT The most sought-out and expensive restaurant is the Cantinone, via San Pasquale, stuck in a basement and attractively decorated. La Quercia, vico I° della Quercia 5, an excellent trattoria, has marvellous mozzarella and antipasti. Neapolitans love the Pizzeria Gorizia, via Bernini 29, with its amazing assortment of pizzas. D'Angelo, via Falcone 203, has excellent pizzas and a beautiful panoramic view. Giuseppone a Mare, on the Discesa di Capo Posillipo, is the best of the many Posillipo restaurants specializing in fish. Some Neapolitans prefer Salvatore, at largo di Mergellina 5. None of the restaurants below via Partenope, on the sea, are first-class, but in summer are agreeable and typically Neapolitan. Among the best Neapolitan specialities: *maccheroni al ragù, vermicelli alle vongole* (cockles), *frittura di triglie e calamari* (mullet and octopus fried) and *lasagne.*

PLAY *Amusing nightclubs:*
La Mela, palazzo Leonetti, via dei Mille.
Lo Shaker, via Nazario Sauro 24, both in caves and with good orchestras. The Sghiribizzo in the Hotel Royal is the latest.
Neapolitans spend much time in coffee houses, *among them:*
Cristallo, in piazza dei Martiri.
Rosso e Nero, on via Partenope.
The three Caflisch's, at via Chiara 143, via Partenope 15, and via Roma 255—all with some of the best cakes in Italy.
After dinner, around ten-thirty, the chalets at Mergellina such as Del Mare, Ciro, and Delle Rose are crowded, fun, and noisy.

BUY Shopping is good. In the masses of antique shops, prices usually are more reasonable than elsewhere in Italy: On piazza Municipio, via Domenico Morelli, via Chiatomone and via Constantinopoli. Brandi, via D. Morelli 9, and Falanga, via D. Morelli 6, are among the more expensive but often have important stock. Two jewellers, Knight, piazza dei Martiri 52, and Tonino Grassi, Palazzo del Gas, on via Chiaia have international reputations.
For tortoise-shell objects, particularly well made in Naples:
Sodo, via Chiatamone 23.
De Caro, via Santa Lucia 169.
Sapio, via Santa Lucia 89.
Among the best boutiques:
Marino Angelo, 1 via dei Mille.
Eddie Monetti, via dei Mille 45.
Dominique, via dei Mille 61.
Rubinacci, via dei Mille 54.
Neapolitan men, known for their clothes, like:
Marino Angelo, via Santa Caterina 74.
London House, via Filangeri 26.
Kinglet, via Poerio 11.

HEAR The San Carlo Opera House, built in 1737, one of the most beautiful in Europe, is considered the second best in Italy (the first, Milan's La Scala). In summer, performances are sometimes held in a huge outdoor auditorium at the Mostra d'Oltremare. Symphony concerts are given at the San Carlo in the fall and in the summer usually at the Palazzo di Capodimonte. From time to time there are performances of eighteenth-century operas in the small and utterly charming theatres of the royal palaces in Naples and Caserta.

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ALITALIA, Italy's silvery all-jet airline circling the world, seems never severed from home base. The newest evidence is the stewardesses' uniforms—unmistakably Roman couture—with their superb cut and fine tailoring (shown on page 258). Among the several Alitalia flights taking off every evening from New York for Milan and Rome, the nonstop jet to Rome that leaves New York at six o'clock in the evening and arrives at eight the next morning is called the Blue Ribbon Run. When plotting a trip around Italy, it's good to know that the Alitalia transatlantic fare to Rome (first, economy and excursion) covers many air miles around Italy. Alitalia flies travellers, at no extra cost, to Milan, Florence, Venice, Naples, Genoa, and Turin as well as to the islands of Sicily and Sardinia.



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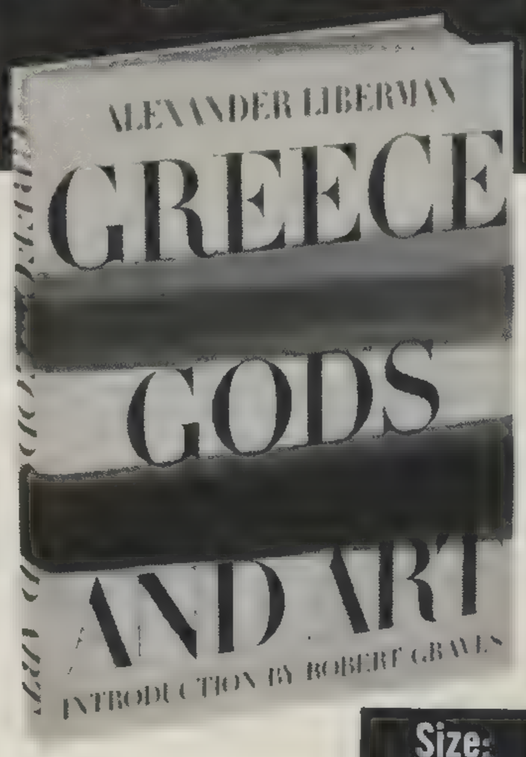
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If spell-casting is your sport, you are well aware that the best field of action is one of the remote islands, all washed in moonlight, and hip-deep in frangipani. But just in case you can't make it to those golden sands in the next couple of days, you can pick up a little old island magic, bottled under the name of Sumatra, at the nearest Tuvaché counter. This newest and most catching of Tuvaché's perfumes is marvellously heady, with spicy high notes and sexy low notes. The Sumatra spell also exerts itself in skin perfume, spray bath oil, bath powder, body lotion, and soap.

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All other perfumes begin with alcohol. When you apply the perfume, the alcohol evaporates swiftly and overwhelms the nose with a burst of fragrance. And then...nothing. "I can't smell my own perfume after the first few minutes," I have heard women say, time and again.

I wanted a perfume that would be like the flowers of the field, releasing its bouquet not in a short-lived burst, but slowly and gently and steadily throughout the day.

And so, no alcohol.

In its place, something quite different. (You will excuse me if I do not say exactly what; it is my secret.) With it is blended an extremely high concentration of essential oils. These essences are then placed within an *étui* of my own design, employing the principle of the aerosol but in a unique rectangular shape.

From within the *étui* you foam out a bubble the size of a large pearl and gently massage it deep into your skin. As your skin breathes, tiny fragrance blossoms are set free to bloom in the air. All the while, you enjoy the fragrance yourself, because your sense of smell has not been obliterated by a wave of alcohol.

I call my perfume *Partout*, which, in English, means Everywhere. I have prepared it in two utterly refreshing fragrances. A sophisticated floral which we call Fanfaron. And Sue Sue, a light and fresh and green floral.

For those wary of the new and unfamiliar (and often with cause, I must admit), I have also prepared spray *étuis* of Fanfaron and Sue Sue in the traditional way. In that form, they are the equal of any other perfume; beyond that, I make no extravagant claim for them.

Andrée Biallôt

Réalisé en France

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

New York's party for President Johnson, a preview of private life



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Hail and farewell to the Chief. Just before President Lyndon B. Johnson left office, sixteen friends gave for him and Mrs. Johnson a dinner-dance in New York, decidedly a private party, a large, attractive gathering with nothing more official on its mind than entertaining and honouring the Johnsons—and providing a foretaste of the possible pleasure of being plain citizens again.

In the Plaza's Terrace Room, serenaded by violinists, President and Mrs. Johnson greeted four hundred guests among ferns, palms, and apricot roses, then moved into the ballroom glowing with tables covered in orange linen and centred with baskets of roses in all the rosy shades from deep red to apricot—with some of the roses Texas yellow. 1. A view of the dinner. 2. Mrs. Arthur B. Krim, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ellison, Mr. Krim. 3. Mrs. James R. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck. 4. Mr. Whitney M. Young, junior; Mr. and Mrs. David Rockefeller. 5. Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance S. Rockefeller. 6. Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, Mr. John L. Loeb. 7. President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. 8. Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, Dr. Michael E. De Bakey. 9. Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller, Mrs. John L. Loeb. 10. Mrs. Arthur C. Logan, Mr. Bayard Rustin. 11. Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey, Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard.



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The dress by Mr. Fine of Dallas. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Sokolsky.



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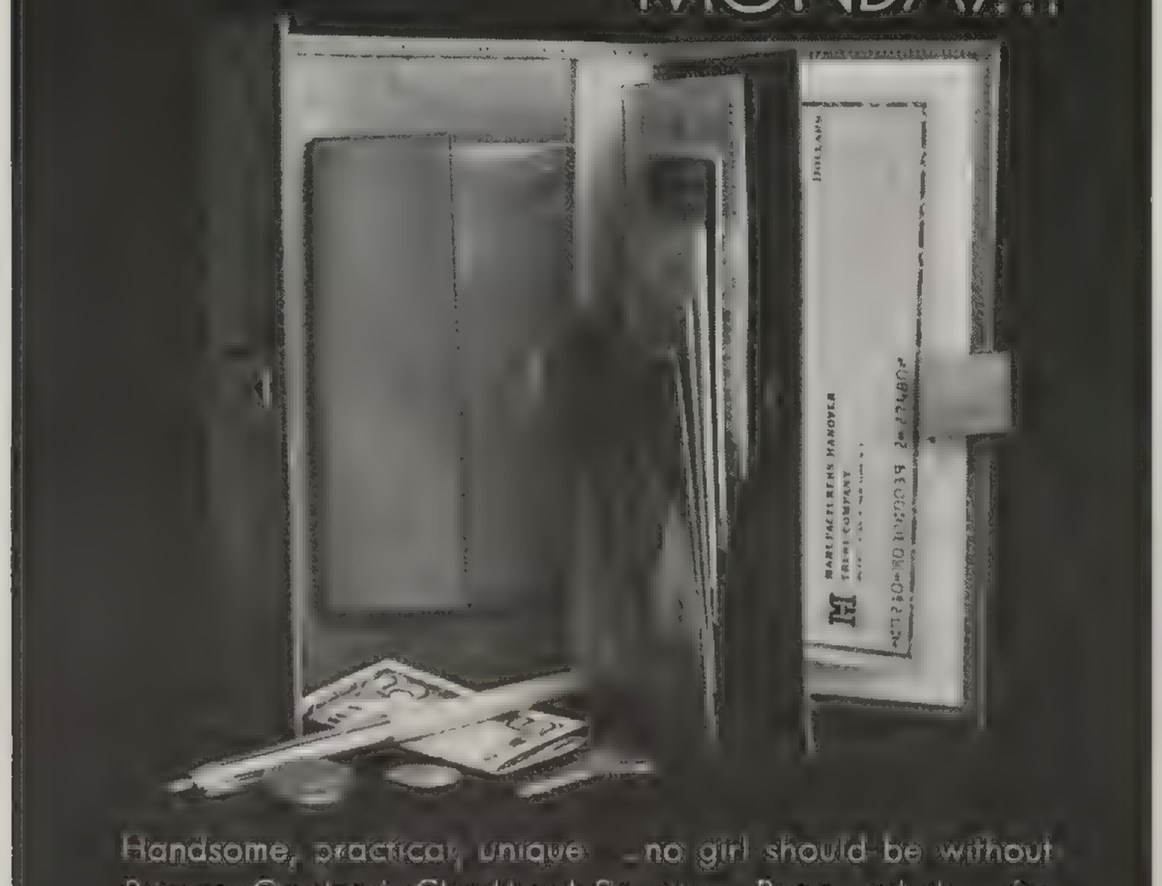
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VOGUE'S

In a baroque palace, a brilliant ball in Rome



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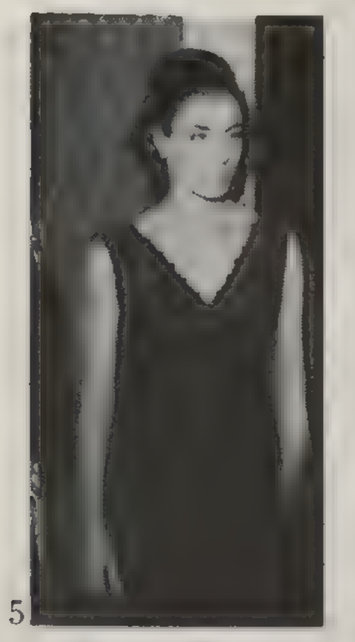


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The opening gambit, *alla romana*, was at midnight; the end, at seven in the morning when members of the Roman "chess club," Il Circolo degli Scacchi, asked over seven hundred friends to their yearly ball. Boards of delectable pasta, pheasant, wines, and Sicilian *cassata* stretched through a sequence of baroque salons, better known for prawns than pawns.

In the ballroom rock and bossas rang. Rippling gold mesh and red raw silk swung from bronze and crystal chandeliers; two bands from Club 84 played for dancers—many of the young

NOTEBOOK



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men in black velvet dinner jackets, many of the girls as ravishing as that historied ravishment, Madame Récamier, who, when exiled from Paris in 1813, held salon on the piano nobile of this Palazzo Fiano.

1. The ballroom of the Circolo degli Scacchi. 2. Pilar Crespi and, left, Signor Luca Valerio. 3. Brigitte Felser and Don Ascanio Massimo Lancellotti. 4. Marchese Raimondo Marini Clarelli and Donna Mirta Riario Sforza. 5. Signora Antonella Agnelli. 6. Maria Chiara Talamo Atenolfi and Conte Bartolomeo Attolico. 7. Principe di Reburdone; Francesca Rotigliano. 8. Maria Majorana della Nicchiara, Principe di Reburdone. 9. Isabella Guglielmi di Vulci. 10. Paola Punturieri and Signor Fabio Mauri.



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VOGUE'S

A many-faceted dazzler—
the Diamond Ball in New York



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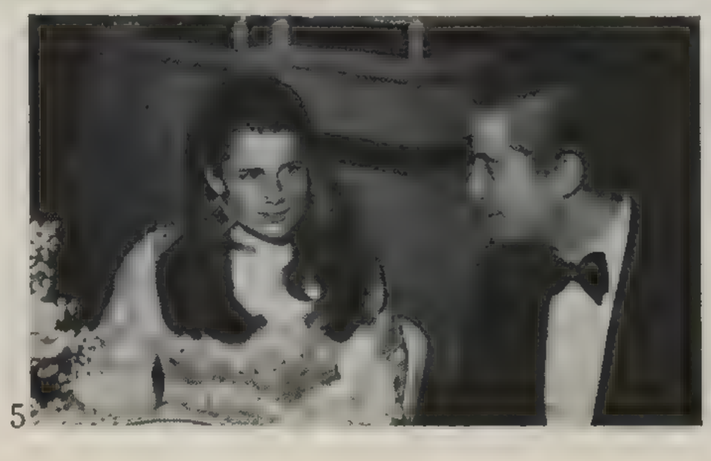
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Flipping back the time clock, the Diamond Ball celebrated its tenth anniversary with a recap of pleasures of its first spectacular. In the Plaza ballroom, nostalgic with bouquets of mimosa and yellow roses, Benny Goodman swung again, into Mozart with a quartet, into swing with his sidemen.

A surge of five hundred guests came from all over—new students from Africa, senators from Washington, and those New Yorkers who always rally to the cause: the Institute of International Education, marking its golden year. Adding $125,000 to spur student exchange, The Ball, with gold and diamonds, mined its own alloy—success.



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NOTEBOOK



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1. Mr. Kofi Hagan, an exchange student from Ghana; Ball Chairmen, Mrs. Edward M. M. Warburg and Mrs. Arthur A. Houghton, junior; Mr. Kenneth Holland, President of Institute of International Education. 2. Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard; Sen. Edward M. Kennedy; Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II. 3. Mr. Frederick H. Prince, IV; Miss Diana Cochrane. 4. Miss Benedetta Grose, Mr. Page Cross. 5. Miss Elise Frick, Mr. Rupert Hambro. 6. The Hon. John V. Lindsay, Mayor of New York; H.R.H. Princess Lalla Nezha. 7. Lady de Zulueta, Mr. Edward M. M. Warburg. 8. Benny Goodman and his band. 9. Mrs. Edward M. Kennedy; Mr. Henry J. Heinz, II. 10. Mr. J. Frederic Byers, III; Mrs. David Warburg. 11. Mrs. Charles H. Percy, Mr. and Mrs. David L. Guyer.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Illustrated Man, "*eerie and compelling*"

Occasionally the movies take us on an excursion into that border zone between parapsychology—the world of clairvoyance, telepathy, and foreknowledge—and magic. But, as in the *Topper* series, supernatural effects are usually exploited for comic purposes, surprisingly seldom for purposes of melodrama or horror.

The classic film in this field was made in England twenty years or so ago and called *Dead of Night*. It opens when an architect is rung up by a prospective client and asked to visit a house in the country. As the architect drives up toward the house, it all seems oddly familiar, as if he had seen it before in a dream. He mentions this to the people he meets at the house, who, at first skeptical, then tell, each from his own experience, a series of stories that defy rational explanation. The sequence of fantastic episodes culminates in an outburst of terror in the house, from which the architect suddenly wakes in his own bed: He has dreamed the whole thing. But he has been wakened by a ringing telephone; the man at the other end invites him to visit a house in the country; the last shot of the film is the same as the first.

Dead of Night was a small masterpiece. I go on about it because *The Illustrated Man* is almost the best thing of the sort since. A boy is sitting at a campfire by a lake when an old and embittered carnival roustabout comes along. After a time the old man reveals the cause of his anger: He is covered from head to toe with elaborate skin illustrations; more than that, the pictures come alive and foretell the future. Only one segment of his back is left blank; here, he explains, people, if they look hard enough, can begin to see their own fate.

The boy is skeptical. Yet the pictures do begin to come to life. One glimpse of the future shows a pair of children reared in an experimental nursery that permits them to materialize their fantasies; they then use their fantasies to destroy their parents. Another begins with the crash of a rocket ship on a planet lashed by endless rain. Another appears to depict the end of the world. Another describes the drawing of the pictures. Then, as the boy stares into the blank space on the roustabout's back, he sees himself being strangled by the illustrated man. . . .

The film is drawn from a collection of short stories by Ray Bradbury given a somewhat specious cohesion by the illustrated-man device. Howard B. Kreitsek's screenplay, by placing more emphasis on the illustrated man, is much closer to an organic whole. Like *Dead of Night*, it sets forth a series of macabre episodes within a larger framework. It lacks, though, the deadpan urbanity or the brilliance of dénouement in the English film. Indeed, in some ways *The Illustrated Man* is quite disagreeable. Ray Bradbury has an eerie and compelling imagination; but his fantasies run a good deal to the duplicity and cruelty of human relations: Children betray their parents and vice versa; comrades shoot each other down; the world votes for its own end. Ray Bradbury's future is inhuman, sadistic, almost nihilistic.

Still, the film, directed by Jack Smight, is a proficient piece of craftsmanship. Rod Steiger gives one of his intense, inarticulate performances as the illustrated man, a little hammy but strong and effective. Claire Bloom is suitably enigmatic as the woman who draws the pictures and Robert Drivas suitably impressionable as the boy. Along the way, *The Illustrated Man* induces three or four genuine chills.

Mario Forte for HANDMACHER-VOGEL tailors a plaid cotton coat and dress ensemble with geometrical precision. Everything is exactly where it should be—lapels, pockets, pleat. In a fabric that's everything it ought to be. Cotton. Crisp, cool, *comfortable* in an enchanting combination of spring colors. As shown only; in sizes from 6 to 16. Available at the stores listed below and other leading stores across the country.

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Theatre

BY JULIUS NOVICK

Adaptation and Next, "*clever, funny*"

Adaptation by Elaine May and *Next* by Terrence McNally, a pair of one-act comedies on a double bill at the Greenwich Mews Theatre, are both slick, clever, funny, up to date, and well performed under Elaine May's direction. But *Adaptation* suffers from a lack of satiric originality, and *Next* seems to be the expression of an unpleasantly warped sensibility.

Adaptation gives us the life story of its central character represented as a game, something on the order of Monopoly or Parcheesi. In an hour-long series of very short scenes, the "Contestant" is born, goes to school, sees a psychiatrist, advances to high school, goes out with girls, is rejected by the college of his choice, goes to the University of Miami, gets married, and so on until he dies of a coronary occlusion. The action is punctuated by a character designated as the "Games Master," who keeps ringing a little bell and saying things like, "You receive a raise and marry your college sweetheart. Advance to Young Marrieds."

This play is full of reasonably funny jokes about power failures, taxi drivers, race relations, progressive schools, *Leave It to Beaver*, SNCC, the CIA, Conrad Hilton, and Dore Schary, but it has really only two principal subjects: urban liberal attitudes, and the middle-class rat race. Both of these subjects have been explored before, and explored better, by Jules Feiffer, by the Second City troupe, perhaps even by Nichols and May themselves. Still, as a long revue-sketch (which is essentially what it is), *Adaptation* is intelligent, proficient, and moderately entertaining. It is amusingly played, in revue style, by Gabriel Dell, Graham Jarvis, Paul Dooley, and Carol Morley.

Next comes *Next,* whose author, Terrence McNally, is obviously very talented. But his play works by subjecting its central character to a humiliation so fierce that the actor tends to seem humiliated as well. *Next* presents us with a forty-eight-year-old man summoned by his draft board for a pre-induction physical examination. We are asked, through most of the play, to laugh at the plight of a fat, homely, middle-aged character faced with a demand that he strip naked in front of a formidable lady sergeant; but this involves us in laughing at a fat, homely, middle-aged real actor stripping naked in front of an audience and showing us all the pathetic sags and bulges that would be far better kept hidden. We do laugh, loud and long, because Terrence McNally is skillful and because the character is given a really remarkable virtuoso performance by James Coco. But even though McNally, or perhaps May, finally relents and allows James Coco to tie a sheet around himself there is something profoundly nasty about *Next,* funny as it is.

Play It Again, Sam, "*schnook*"

Play It Again, Sam, a comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen, is not so much a play as a collection of schnook jokes; I counted eighteen in the third act alone, all based on the homeliness, nervousness, self-doubt, and sexual incompetence of the central character. The whole show is somewhat ramshackle and crass—at least seven of the eight girls in the cast appear to be made of plastic—but Woody Allen is a very effective schnook, and a goodly number of his jokes are funny.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

The Taste of the Guggenheims

At the opening of her gallery Art of This Century in 1942, Peggy Guggenheim remembers she wore "one of my Tanguy earrings and one made by Calder, in order to show my impartiality between Surrealist and Abstract art." As the official hostess to the Surrealists, Miss Guggenheim was the centre of one of the most brilliant, if not *the* most brilliant circle of artists and intellectuals in the world during World War II. For five years, her New York gallery was the point of contact between refugee Europeans and ambitious young American artists. Recently her collection was on view in New York at the museum Frank Lloyd Wright designed for her uncle, Solomon R. Guggenheim. The Kandinskys acquired by Uncle Solomon's friend, the redoubtable Baroness Rebay, shared the museum with Miss Guggenheim's collection, so that one had some notion of what America owes to the patronage of the Guggenheim family.

That debt is considerable. The exposure of Kandinsky in New York in what was then the Museum of Non-Objective Painting was an enormous stimulus to American painters, who saw Kandinsky's freedom and openness as an antidote to Cubist strictness and rigidity. It was the early brilliant Expressionist Kandinsky to whom the Americans were attracted. In the excellent mini-retrospective at the Guggenheim, the late pictures, however, with their flatness, hard edges, pieced fragments, and extended palette, challenge one because of their relationship to today's post-Cubist colour abstraction. At last one can see what he was driving at: an extremely complex decorative style, in which dissonance and arbitrariness played a large part—a hard "cool" urban abstraction purged of all landscape allusions.

Occupying the lower ramps of the museum, Miss Guggenheim's collection included some first-rate Cubist works by Braque, Picasso, and Léger, outstanding Surrealist works by Magritte and Giacometti, and far too many paintings by Miss Guggenheim's former husband Max Ernst. In many respects, the high point of the collection was the early works by members of the New York School. Although small in scale and still developing technically and stylistically, the Still, the Motherwell, and the Rothko had an originality and an authenticity that were immediately striking. Her moral support of these artists and her financial support of Pollock make her perhaps the most significant patron of American art.

The room full of Pollocks at the end of the exhibition provided an ideal coda, for it was Pollock more than anyone who finally realized the synthesis of the European tradition. Both symbolically and actually, the works by Klee, Kandinsky, Miró, and Picasso lining the ramps culminate in the searing dramatic works of America's greatest painter. And the Pollocks in the show were not his best painting by any means; but if ever a painter rendered taste irrelevant, it was Pollock. One has to be awfully detached from feeling to ask first whether these are good or bad pictures that assault one on such a direct level. Rather the first question seems to be, what kind of man could have committed so much of his person to the creation of art? How could someone have transmitted so great a part of vitality to painting that the works seem virtually to vibrate with a palpable electricity? Today, when so much is dead, sterile, and humdrum, we need Pollock's *élan vital* as a tonic.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANTHONY WEST

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, "*ticky-tocky*"

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie is one of those nice honest-as-the-day-is-long British movies with Ronald Neame's wholesome signature written all over it. That's to say that there isn't an ounce of cinematic nonsense about it, and that it plugs along the story line originally laid down by Muriel Spark from front to back, no liberties being taken and no tricks played. To come to it fresh from Jean-Luc Godard's glorious send-ups of characteristically male and female patterns of fantasy in *Pierrot le Fou* and *Weekend* is to go whizzing back in time to a world of vision as yet uncorrupted by the Armory Show and all that, and to a world of orderly ticky-tocky thought and motivation still unshattered by rumours of Freud and Joyce.

What you get is a series of animated academic and naturalistic illustrations to Muriel Spark's novel as Jay Allen, the author of the screenplay, reads it. Some of these illustrations are pretty enough in a healthy-dairymaid sort of way, the most being made of a few glimpses of steely grey and grass-green Edinburgh and of the iron shore of the Firth of Forth, but few of them are invested with any kind of visual excitement. What's more, there are very few occasions when it's possible to tell what's happening by simply looking at what's going on: The action is all in the words. This is too bad in any movie, but it's especially unfortunate in a movie that's trying to get at the substance of anything deriving, however remotely, from a piece of writing by Muriel Spark. Her art is a matter of what E. M. Forster calls tea-tabling, a technique of closing in on readers with sinister and disturbing truths about the human situation while appearing to offer cosy prattle about trivialities.

The front-to-back story of how the poor, foolish, and gallant schoolteacher, Jean Brodie, was undone careerwise when one of her favourites became jealous of another is trivial as all get out. What goes on in back of that story is the moral destruction of a girl with a plain face but a beautiful body who finds that she has been betrayed into using her beauty to trick a man into performing the act of love with her in order to do evil to someone else. It's a horror story in which somebody gets scarred for life. This aspect of the thing cruises like a shark in back of Ronald Neame's cool grey-green pictures right up to the moment when the screen is momentarily and gloriously filled with a vision of the naked body of Pamela Franklin, the beautifully made girl who plays the heroine. It then vanishes for good, nothing that follows conveying the smallest hint that this wonderful object will never be given in love to anyone ever again.

What we do see is an ill-bred girl turning bitchy because her painter-lover's picture of her looks like another woman. Muriel Spark's tragedy of the inner life is thereafter dribbled away in a succession of banalities of the hell-hath-no-fury type in which the big thing is Jean Brodie's come-uppance. This is one they should have given to Jonathan Miller, who can recognize a nightmare when he reads one. Maggie Smith plays the title rôle on the assumption that Miss Brodie was a demented spinster; and her husband, Robert Stephens, and Gordon Jackson are just about perfect as the schoolmasters who are so inexplicably hot for her.

This makeup costs $20 an ounce.
And women have been buying it for 20 years.



Until you try it on your own skin you'll never really know whether they're on to something or are just impressed by the price.

Go ahead. Try it on your own skin. You won't risk a thing but temptation.

Go to the cosmetic counter of the finest store you know. Once there, ask for, if necessary even wait for, the woman who specializes in Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics.

This is important. Because, like perfume, our Countess Isserlyn Make-Up does different things on different people. You'll need a specialist's trained help to find your Countess color this first time.

Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jaw-line. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

From here on, we think you'll be astonished. By how much that one finger-touch covers. By the way it seems to slip itself over your face.

You've heard of velvet complexions. Now we think you'll see one. Your own. With just enough clean shimmer left on the surface so this newly-made-up patch of your skin seems unobscured by any makeup at all.

At this point, we think you'll want to claim your own bottle at once, take off the rest of your makeup, and do your whole face over right, then and there.

But if you're not quite sure, just very tempted, wait. Look again hours later. See if you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff



© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1964



VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

London

BY QUENTIN CREWE

April Fools' Day, "*delights*"

It is arguable that the wish to be in England now that April is there has more to do with the British love of practical jokes than the burgeoning of Spring. April Fools' Day really delights us.

The Stock Exchange, which one might expect to be a haven of propriety and sense, is filled on April the first with solid citizens in black pin-stripe suits, walking around with notices pinned to their backs saying, "Kick me" or "This pump has pre-budget petrol."

Ever since the days of the Edwardian, Horace de Vere Cole, who, masquerading as the Sultan of Zanzibar, reviewed the British Fleet (he gave himself away by tripping over a rope and using a four-letter expletive more Saxon than Arab), the passion for elaborate jokes has continued. Cole, in fact, was the genius who thought up the idea of telling a passerby he was a surveyor, getting him to hold the end of a piece of string and, going round a corner, giving the other end to another passerby. He would then retire to his club and watch from the window to see how long the patient victims would hold on.

Not long ago Jocelyn Stevens, the editor of *Queen* magazine, came home to find a weird object on his second-floor landing. A lively and distinguished friend had seen an old tramp with some dozens of cast-off automobile mufflers on a barrow. He bought them and welded them together into a sculpture. He carted this to Stevens's house and up the stairs. There, he welded on a few more pipes so that it could not be got downstairs again, put a tag saying "Paolozzi" on the creation, and left.

Fools and follies and foibles are an essential part of British life. Jokes, whatever the occasion, are irresistible. At a recent party at Buckingham Palace, Lord E., the owner of one of Britain's grandest houses bursting with treasures of which he often boasts, stumbled and shattered one of the Queen's tables. Silence. Then the voice of Lord L.: "That would never have happened if you had been brought up with beautiful things."

One of the important arts is to make remarks which no one quite knows whether to take seriously or not. Thus Lord S. in White's Club not long ago: "I have got a new man. He started this morning. I think he's going to be all right. He only made one mistake . . . he spoke to me. He won't do that again."

Harold Macmillan has this exercise perfected and he couples it with a delight in making jokes when no one may understand them. I watched him on television once, packing his grandchildren onto a toboggan.

"No one must wriggle," he said. "No one must wriggle." Then a trace of a smile. "Except Leo perhaps. Leo has the hereditary right of wriggling." Perhaps fifty people in the country, had they been watching this snippet of a news program, would have recognized this pensive addition as an affectionate dig at the child's other grandfather, the mercurial politician, Leo Amery, dead some years before. But Mr. Macmillan could not resist it.

The trouble with all this is that the British live in a perpetual muddle, like an uncertain but eager person who laughs and cries in all the wrong places.

(Continued on page 158)


Van Raalte

Nails Splitting?

Brush on (rrp) Nail Conditioner for beautiful nails in just two weeks.

(rrp) is the only natural protein and keratin nail conditioner. It works wonders because no living thing exists without protein.

No protective shield necessary.



In just 2 weeks you'll be holding hands, not hiding them. For beautiful, healthy nails simply brush on (rrp) once daily. Helps prevent splitting, breaking, peeling, chipping.

Not a hardening coat. Not a formaldehyde product. Naturally strengthens and beautifies nails.

(rrp) nail conditioner is the original natural protein and keratin nail conditioner. It is the only nail conditioner granted a U.S. Patent. (#3-257-280.)



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There are four other important (rrp) discoveries that are just as remarkable in their own categories. Their natural protein works wonders. You'll never know how attractive you can be until you use them:

(rrp) Nail Conditioner
(rrp) Natural Protein Hair and Scalp Conditioner Shampoo
(rrp) Natural Protein and Keratin Bath Oil
(rrp) Natural Protein (Non-Oily) Facial Lotion
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At better department stores and drug stores everywhere.

Vogue's Spotlight: London (Continued from page 156)

We have had painful examples of this of late. There is a flamboyant figure, a Member of Parliament, Sir Gerald Nabarro. He has handlebar moustaches, seven motorcars with number plates NAB 1 to 7, and a saucy daughter who gets lost from time to time. He is a sort of false foghorn of a man: He blasts away but no one sees fog or senses danger.

Out he came, not long since, with a harum-scarum tale of outstanding unimportance. It has to do with a possible rise in the price of licensing automobiles. Sir Gerald announced that he knew the rate was going up, because he had been told by someone at a printing firm that they were printing new discs for the Ministry of Transport with a higher amount on them.

For some reason, officialdom decided to take Sir Gerald seriously. The dignity of Parliament seemed suddenly affronted, the secrecy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was apparently assailed. Enquiries were called for, votes taken, outrage expressed.

Eventually a Parliament committee of enquiry was agreed on. Normally when this happens the subject of such an investigation stays quiet and solemn, waiting for the day of judgment, which in this case is to be in a year's time. Not Sir Gerald. He declared that it was all going to be unfair, that he had no intention of revealing his sources, that he was a misunderstood man. So indeed he was. He was playing the British joke game and quite unexpectedly nobody laughed. At least nobody in Parliament; others of us are still laughing.

We can get it wrong the other way around. We all laughed in the wrong place over the North of Ireland. We have always regarded this province as something of a joke, conducting, as it does, a charade based on the Cavaliers and Roundheads. Then the British learned that not all their Irish compatriots had votes while some of them had twenty-four in local elections. Eventually it dawned on us all that Ulster was serious.

The British trembled and decided never to laugh at the Irish again. They are laughing, however, at the memoirs of Cecil King, which are to be published this month. Cecil Harmsworth King is the former chairman of the group that owns the *Daily Mirror*, a left-wing tabloid with a circulation of well over four million. Mr. King was first a director of the *Mirror* as long ago as 1929 and was synonymous with the paper. Then one morning last year, when he was shaving, his fellow directors sent him a letter, by hand, telling him he had been unanimously voted off the board. It came as a total surprise to him. In retirement he has written his memoirs.

Mr. King was the nephew of Lord Northcliffe who owned the London *Times*, *The Daily Mail*, and the *Daily Mirror*. Mr. King's uncles and cousins appear at various times to have owned almost every British newspaper. From what he tells us of them, they were all disagreeable, mostly stupid, occasionally insane, often drunken, dying like flies of cirrhosis of the liver, and almost unanimously unloving of Mr. King. They were obviously all wrong on this last point because Mr. King tells us he is a shy man, of kindly disposition.

He also says that he is unusually sensitive to his surroundings and gifted with amazing foresight particularly in business matters. It is a good joke, all this, much appreciated by his readers, who wonder how it was with his sensitivity and foresight that he was completely unaware that his fourteen-man board were plotting to dislodge him.

No one can say that Merrie England is no more.

In the Springtime
the world turns green
and all the little
white Trifaris come out.

Jewels by TRIFARI

FROM TRIFARI'S WHITE ENAMEL COLLECTION. PINS SHOWN ABOUT $4 TO $7.50.

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VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

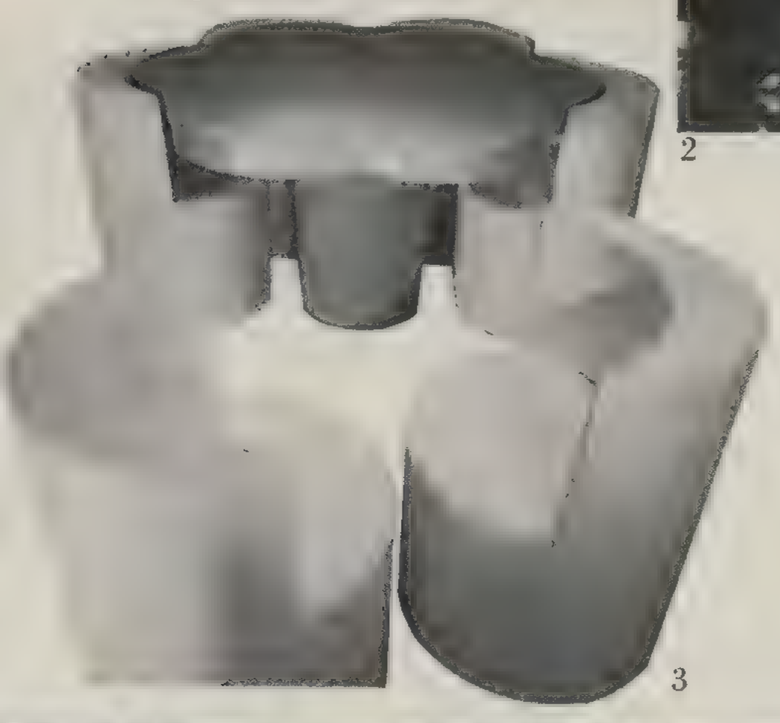
FASHIONS IN LIVING

Italian news: in two parts

1. *Bravura and elegance.* . . . Renzo Mongiardino, a decorator and stage designer from Milan, mixes the bold, the subtle, the sensuous with the bravura of an Italian in love with beauty. He creates private worlds of great imagination and enchanting design. He loves space and imaginative fabrics . . . deep pillows, floating walls of Oriental silks and ceilings that soar and drape like Mongol tents. He has done a Turquerie room in London with



2



3

Chinese paintings . . . curtains and walls of cotton held with gold braid . . . for Prince and Princess Radziwill; a divine apartment for Conte and Contessa Rodolfo Crespi in the Palazzo Odescalchi and, again, a Turquerie room for Conte and Contessa Brandolini d'Adda in Venice, as well as great sets for a Franco Zeffirelli movie, *Romeo and Juliet.* He has just returned from the magic island of Skorpios and may be doing some work there. *Foam furniture . . . shapes the future:* Here, some of the great new pieces made of polyurethane foam. Light, soft, often modular, this furniture moves easily to create an interior architecture that would add texture, colour, luxury to even the barest room. **2.** *Fabio Lenci* club chair is of leather-covered foam bolsters, slung between sheets of plate glass, $800. **3.** *Marguerita* is an orange foam-topped Fiberglas table, four white foam chairs. All in shiny vinyl. $1,000 the set. **4.** *800 Modular* is a series of leather- or military-cloth-covered foam modules on recessed bases or casters. Units $365 and up. **5.** *Wet-look vinyl* covers the Raimondi navy foam chair, Alvar; $250. Ottoman, $120. **6.** *Superonda* is a white vinyl banquette which folds flat to become a bed; $500. See it again on pages 170 to 183. All of these pieces, imported by Stendig, are available through architects and decorators. The prices quoted are approximate. **7.** *Zanotta's* armchair is in tan leather. By architect Lomazzi, $300, from Macy's Italian collection. **8.** *Divano* by Tito Aguoli is a daybed in pale leather. Its back and arms open, become tables when it converts to a single bed. $1,400. Imported by Stendig.



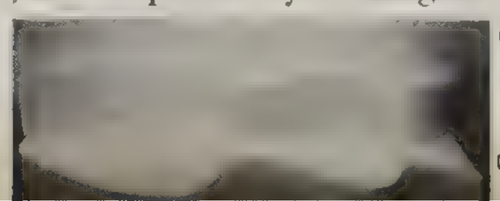
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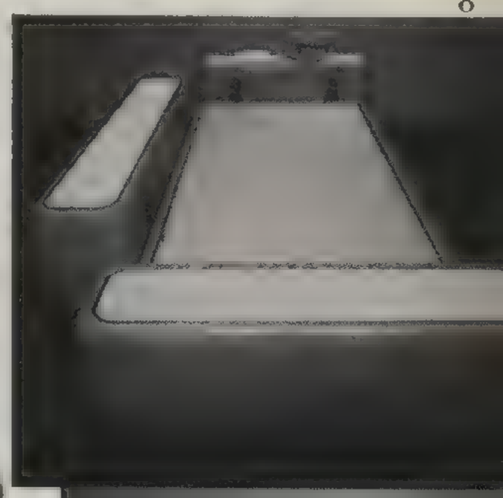
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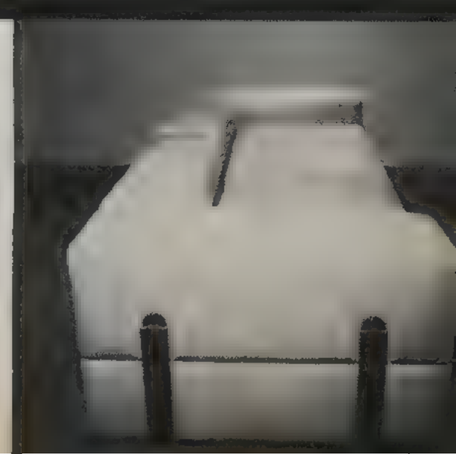
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8



DAVID MASSEY



Introducing
Dunhill PowerGroomers

Now, a new grooming strategy for men—
combinations of unique, new grooming aids
and new ways to use them
to keep impeccably groomed.

dunhill
OF LONDON

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Those Italians—

always seem to know what they're doing when it comes to clothes—and willing to share the secret

Typifying the Italian man's joyous attitude toward life (a major part of which is his own good looks) is ***Barone Antonio de Teffé,*** right, who as ***Anthony Steffen*** is the new cowboy in Italian Western films. More Indian than cowboy in his fringed shirt, he shows what Italians know about dress: it must be freely chosen to suit a mood, worn with the abandon of a costume to suit the place, the moment. The white linen summer shirt, by Samo, is belted, hand-painted, hand-embroidered and meant for pure enjoyment at the beach, at home. From Barra of Italy, 445 Park Ave., N. Y. C. Unlike wines, the Italian tailoring genius is eminently exportable. Dimitri of Italy has proved it for some of the best-tailored men in town since opening at 42 E. 57th St. Highlights of his spring show make the points: left, snuff velvet suit, cut closely, correctly, and worn with a big cream silk scarf knotted loosely at the throat. Below left, detail of the all-important shaping of the back. Unless the jacket closely traces the line of the back, elegance of fit is impossible. Coat must flare at the small of the back, or slightly above for the low-waisted. Jacket is longer—thirty-two inches—for more fashion. Below centre, the summer suit: single-breasted, impeccable in heavy linen, great colours: rusty coral, pale blue. Below, brown Prince de Galles tweed suit. Note high armholes, high wide lapels, and, back again, single-pleat trousers. Dimitri's suits: from $300.



CATALANO



JACK ROBINSON

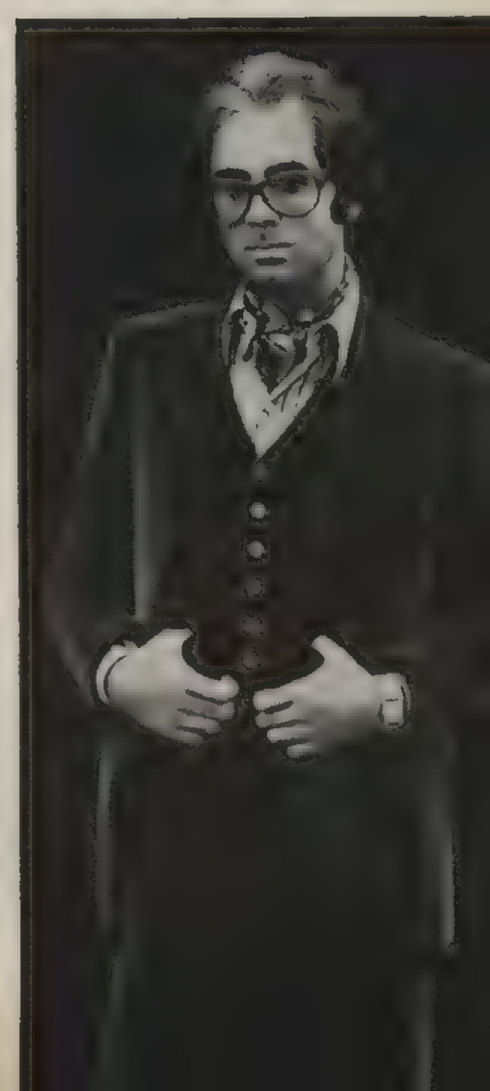






Velluto—certo!

and *sempre,* too, for Italian men, who, like photographer ***Bruno Barbieri*** wear velvet the year 'round. No reason not to pick up this good idea in America, too. Barbieri's emerald-green velvet suit is by Valentino. Picking up the green glint: lenses of his big tinted shades. The striped shirt, Indian silk scarf, and patent shoe: a range of browns and beiges from vanilla to deep chestnut.





Acti-Vita Cream

For instant action... a no-nonsense preparation. A fast worker, effective, immediate. Fragrant and un-greasy, so you'll use it at night. By morning that plaguing, grainy, layer of dryness will be on its way out, and with it what we call that "dusting" of age. The active element in Acti-Vita is new and tested. Its function? To give you an eternally "renewed" look. Expensive? Alas yes, we think so. Worth it? You'll have to decide. We're too sold on it to be really objective.

Germaine Monteil

VOGUE's eye view: ITALIANissimo.

The kickiest little catchphrase around Rome is "issimo"—a skirt is short-issimo; a girl is cute-issimo; in the Alta Moda is molto nude-issimo. . . . Life is normal, natural, tragic, hilarious—bellissimo! . . . Every Italian woman is a personality—a star—they adore each other. They love the mystic—they are never afraid of a pause and they understand silence; they can walk for hours, quite alone, with a soft scarlet cape flung like a poet's, unconsciously filling the street with magic and mystery. . . . The real woman easily emerges, constantly stimulated by the attention of men who appear to find all women marvels of attractiveness and charm, and sex is a natural, endless phenomenon. . . . They are earthy women because they live healthy lives, close to the earth, and under the sky, and in and out of the waters. . . . The waters to drink are the best in the world, and one eats baby carrots and peas the size of caviar, fresh and green, from outside of Naples, and wild asparagus from just outside Rome. The air is something to taste, like a peach, and one wakes up to find a flavour of life in one's room—each day, born fresh and new. . . . The luxury of beauty is everywhere—the perpetually changing light and sky is an unending miracle—and the clothes of the boys and girls drive one crazy with the style of the throat, lapels, the correct trousers and overcoats, and the superb leather boots and bags and marvellously buckled marvellous belts. Dash and style, over and over again. . . . The great collections of the Alta Moda are splendid—the line and flair, the refinement of workmanship, the complete elegance and elimination of any superfluous detail in dressing—all of this is absolutely sublime. And the materials—the ravishing cloths and clean colourings from the mills of the great fabric men in the north of Italy—are out of this world, and the cutting and tailoring inimitable. . . . This was divine: perfect white wool dresses worn with thin black stockings covered in the most remarkable design, plus little black slippers with coral heels and coral starfish buckles. The combination of legs and feet is smash-issimo! . . . Romans are completely leg conscious—after walking the Seven Hills all their lives, they move like arrows on strong, long, supple legs. The girls dine in transparent-legged pyjamas and are in pants and pullovers all day—now the thing they adore is a single chain over their pullovers with a large gold cross, which is very very chic. As is the look of two or more chains crossed on the shoulders and hung to the opposite side *(see above)*—this was at one of the men's showings and would be just as wonderful on a girl. . . . Scarfs are rampant. Scarfs wrapping the throat, scarfs wrapped around loops of hair, the ends just falling and falling. . . . The word you hear everywhere is gypsy—the song you hear everywhere is *Zingara*—and every other collection has a gypsy in its soul. Gypsies in tiers of organdie with coral weskits and waists wound with ropes of coral. Gypsies in leather bodices and demi-long wool jersey skirts, and bare feet with golden bells on their toes tinkling as they walk their deliciously feminine walk—all style and spirit, and superissimo! . . .



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Veruschka and Hiram Keller

Vogue's star and Fellini's—he is Ascyltus in the new movie Satyricon—*in men's shirts from Samo. Hers, black moiré velvet laced with thin golden chain. His, black cotton with patchwork-print sleeves in black, blue, red, white; gold chains hung to the sides; black velvet belt. Shirts and belt in New York at Barra of Italy. The girl-and-boy scene in Rome, page 194.*

Allegra Caracciolo
di Castagneto

PENATI

ITALIANISSIMO! FORQUET:

Essence of the Italian love of romance and luxuriousness that flashes through the great Collections of Rome, and through the pages of this issue of Vogue...the beauty of rare and splendid silks used with a poetic freedom of line and movement and mood.....*At left*, a great flounced toga, swirled about the smooth ivory shoulders of Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto—white damasked gauze tiering its flounces from toga to skirt. Evening dress, in Duca d'Oria silk. The lyrical surge of curls, *right*, lightly spilling along the nape, reveals the proud length of a beautiful neck: Allegra's. Coiffure and makeup by Sergio of Alexandre in Rome.





ITALIANISSIMO!

FORQUET tailors a sleeveless little coat, *left*, in black-brushed white wool and belts it straight over a long-sleeved jumpsuit brushed black up along each arm—it's all done so cleanly you can't tell where coat leaves off and jumpsuit begins. In Duca d'Oria fabric. *Right*, patterns of lozenges raised in white-on-white wool—Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto in Forquet's throatbanded jacket cut with that marvellous exactness that curves to a soft small shoulder without veering from a strict line; matching cuffed pants. In Helita wool. Coiffures and makeup by Sergio of Alexandre in Rome.

ITALIANISSIMO! LANCETTI:

Imaginative, deliciously amusing....
Left: His delectable short pink-and-white organdie dress, all polka dots and pale stripes, and a mile of scarf flying past the hem. The delectable girl on both pages is Selvaggia Borromeo d'Adda, a young Italian beauty with remarkable eyes... deep-set, tilted, bright as onyx. Dress of Forneris fabric. At I. Magnin.
Right: Girl-flower in a froth of pink organdie petals—fluttering around the face, past the wrist...couldn't be more delicious. Short jumpsuit of Forneris fabric. At I. Magnin.
Coiffures and makeup by Eve of Roma.

Selvaggia
Borromeo d'Adda



Claudia Cardinale

ITALIANISSIMO!
VALENTINO: Soft, feminine, romantic—the kinds of clothes that were born to praise the woman who wears them....*Above:* Delirious tiers and tiers of clean white organza floating over languorous coral-silk pants for one of the prettiest ways a pretty girl could look. Here, Italian movie star Claudia Cardinale, a delicious *brio* of a girl with the darkest, flirtiest eyes and kilos of screen appeal, as in—soon—*Once Upon a Time in the West* with Henry Fonda and Jason Robards. Turnout of Forneris fabric. At I. Magnin. Miss Cardinale's makeup by Pierantonio Mecacci.

PENATI





ITALIANISSIMO! VALENTINO:

Left: Perfectissimo—his long-jacket suit of navy-blue wool, held by a chain of rigid gilt links over a fresh white piqué shirt. Agnona fabric. At I. Magnin. Valentino jewellery, belt, V-stockings.
Above right: Little sleeveless jacket of white piqué slipped over a long-sleeved dress of sheer black organza spelled with zigzag insets of white piqué. Forneris fabric. At I. Magnin. Earrings by Coppola & Toppo for Valentino. Valentino stockings.
Below right: Busy little V's buzzing all over a charming jacquard-printed chiffon dress in navy-and-white with white collar and cuffs—transparent pleats flicker over white-cuffed navy shorts. Gandini fabric. At I. Magnin. Valentino V-stockings.
Coiffures and makeup by Alba e Francesca.





PENATI



ITALIANISSIMO!

MILA SCHÖN: Her special way of placing two colours, *opposite*, bringing them together with exquisite delicacy and flair. Sleeveless coat of Ming blue and white, meeting in waves that repeat the waves of the jacquard-weave wool. Side-buttoned in white over a long-sleeved white dress. Nattier fabric. To order at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings: Loris Abate. *This page*, a blouse and shorts of white silk crêpe, bands of glitterissimo dotted with big topaz stones—one of those charming little short-pants turnouts for evening that crop up, like a delicious surprise, in every Mila Schön collection. Bini fabric, embroidered by Schlaepfer. To order at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffures and makeup by Eve of Roma.



ITALIANISSIMO!
MILA SCHÖN:

Her fine Italian hand in tailoring,
her pants turnouts precise and small-bodied, but
with the greatest ease and flow, the long jackets
always loosely held.... *Left,* black wool for
a long jacket and pants, divinely cut. Zigzag
golden belt like a crazy little pipe fitter's. Agnona
fabric. To order: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus;
I. Magnin. Loris Abate earrings. Magli-Bologna shoes.
Opposite, pants and tunic top of white silk.
Mila Schön's famous colour insets—Apollo-blue
ones—at the neck and cuffs. Golden chain belt,
bright enamel medallion. Bini fabric. To order at
Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
The jewellery and belt by Loris Abate.
Below right, her full-skirted coat sectioned with
umbrella seams, held with a belt of dark,
Apollo-blue leather buckled in mother-of-pearl.
Double-faced Nattier white wool, matching dress
inside. To order: Bonwit Teller;
Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both pages:
Eve of Roma coiffures and makeup.

PENATI





ITALIANISSIMO!
GALITZINE: at her most ravishing, most seductive—lots of see-through and beautiful cut. . . . Embroidered see-throughs and a slit on the leg, *above*—on a belted dress of glossy black organza with a high neck and shortissimo skirt. Of Fischbacher silk organza. At I. Magnin.
Opposite, a faux weskit beaded in crunchy latticework on a transparent shirt-top of white organdie with high throatband, fullest sleeves. Long skirt with a long long slit all the way to the thigh, in white crêpe of Qiana (Abraham fabric). At I. Magnin. Alba e Francesca coiffures and makeup on both pages.









ITALIANISSIMO!

ANDRÉ LAUG, *above:* The merest dearest slip of pale-blue worsted held by rounded bands. Nattier fabric.
SARLI, *above left:* Pale, covered, floating—blue-and-white checked chiffon wrapped with ropes of pearls. Terragni fabric.
ANDRÉ LAUG, *centre left:* His perfect little dress in clean white wool—the prettiest young thing imaginable.
CAPUCCI, returns to Rome, *below left,* with a bang of covered shirtdresses—this, a white satin turtleneck with white wool yoke, cuffs, hem-band. Forneris fabric.
Another delicious Capucci message—his perfume, Graffiti.





PENATI



CAROSA, *directly above:* The charm and gaiety of his two-piece white linen—the barest bare midriff, with bands of passementerie and bouncing ball fringe on a little rolling cape and long skirt tied in black satin. Satam fabric.
ANDRÉ LAUG, *above left:* One of a pride of marvellously crisp little dresses—trim, modern, snappy as beans...here, simply panels of pale beige worsted caught at the waist. Nattier fabric. Both pages: jewellery by Luciana. Furniture here and on all the preceding pages: floating forms of white vinyl by Poltronova. Imported by Stendig; available through architects and decorators.





ITALIANISSIMO!

OGNIBENE-ZENDMAN, *opposite right:* His smashing nude-issimo pyjamas—black silk curved at the waist with transparent organdie-veiled cutouts down the sides and on the tiny matching bolero. Taroni fabric. Luciana jewellery. Uvet chair.

BALESTRA, *opposite below:* Languorous evening pyjamas of white satin—a long tunic, wide pants, and a long jewelled and fringed sash wrapped as a scarf at the throat.

FABIANI, *left above,* showed a trio of pretty gypsies...this one, a dizzy swirl of stripes and flowers in pink, blue, and green printed on mousseline—a long blowy skirt, long-sleeved shirt tied at the throat, and glittering embroidered weskit. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

TITA ROSSI, *left centre:* All out for red, white, and bright—white leather tunic and pants under a shock of red wool coat with white leather inserts at the waist, on the sleeves. Coat of double-faced Shetland wool; Nattier fabric.

BIKI, *left below:* Pale-green chiffon billowing from an embroidered black bolero, with a smidge of bareness showing at the midriff.

PENATI

ITALIANISSIMO!
THE BEAUTIFUL
BOTTEGA LIFE

KEN SCOTT knows colour, uses it to create some of the most vivid, delicious prints in the world.... *Above:* High on the gypsy spirit—tiny, cutaway beaded bolero, tightly sashed waist, and acres of flounced and flowered pink jersey skirt. A Ban-Lon turnout of nylon. To order: Lord & Taylor. *EMILIO PUCCI* places colour against colour with the sure hand of a master.... *Right:* Black silk jersey streaming over cocoa—a long, sleeveless dress belted and buckled just under the bosom.... Invisible tang: Pucci's Vivara perfume. Dress at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffures, both pages, by Alba e Francesca. Photographed in the lap of the gods...above, a Baroque sculpture in the garden of Bomarzo; right, at the Villa Lante della Rovere in Bagnaia—both, near Viterbo.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI







ITALIAN HOURS

Henry James, the American novelist who lived most of his life in England, had a lover's passion for Italy. He thought of Italy "as panting both for a future and for a balance at the bank. . . . The Italy indeed that we sentimentalize and romance about was an ardently mercantile country; though I suppose it loved not its ledgers less, but its frescoes and altar-pieces more." In that most felicitous travel book, *Italian Hours,* published in 1909, Henry James observed that Italians possessed a "sensuous optimism." Small truths change in Italy but never the great revelations.

VENICE

James could not explain "a hundred of the other infatuations with which Venice sophisticates the spirit," adding this lullaby to the gondola: "Its movement is an anodyne, its silence a philtre, and little by little it rocks all ambitions to sleep."

ROME

James delighted in the Campidoglio with its statue of Marcus Aurelius. "Hawthorne has perfectly expressed the attitude of this admirable figure in saying that it extends its arm with 'a command which is in itself a benediction.' I doubt if any statue of king or captain in the public places of the world has more to commend it to the general heart . . . and one may call it singular that in the capital of Christendom the portrait most suggestive of a Christian conscience is that of a pagan emperor."

ORVIETO

Henry James wrote: "The position of Orvieto is superb—worthy of the 'middle distance' of an eighteenth-century landscape. . . . I spent a beautiful Sunday there and took in the charming church. . . . A high concert of colour, however, is the densely carved front, richly covered with radiant mosaics. The old white marble of the sculptured portions is as softly yellow as ancient ivory; the large, exceedingly bright pictures above them flashed and twinkled in the glorious weather. . . . The interest of the cathedral of Orvieto is mainly not the visible result, but the historical process that lies behind it; those three hundred years of the applied devotion of a people."

FLORENCE

Of Florence, Henry James wrote: "All this brightness and yellowness was a perpetual delight; it was a part of that indefinably charming colour which Florence always seems to wear as you look up and down at it from the river, and from the bridges and quays. This is a kind of grave radiance—a harmony of high tints—which I scarce know how to describe . . . the picture is not spotty nor gaudy, thanks to the distribution of the colours in large and comfortable masses, and to the washing-over of the scene by some happy softness of sunshine."

VENICE. *The Grand Canal with its exaltation of poles.*

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

ROME

Marcus Aurelius, Piazza del Campidoglio

ORVIETO
Thirteenth-century cathedral

FLORENCE

Burnished yellow of the Arno in early morning light, with the Ponte Vecchio, like a mirage

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN



THE ROMAN SCENE BOY-AND-GIRL STYLE

Lots of laughter, lots of colour and gaiety, lots of boys and one girl—this is the life!—the living, breathing, bubbling, bellissimo Roman scene, where everybody and her brother is a star; Veruschka walks down the street and even the bambinos go wild with recognition and delight. And the boys—the boys are to die!—the most dashing, most attractive men on earth. With their unself-consciously long hair they look like young Renaissance princes, and they have a knack of pulling themselves together that's nothing you've ever seen—the way they tie their scarfs, with fat knots, in narrow, open-throated shirts; their superb low boots and smashingly buckled leather belts; and the dozens of ways they think of to wear chains. Nothing ever seems studied or thought out—just a mishmash of wonderful things put together with all the flair and inventiveness in the world. . . . *Above,* Veruschka and chums on the steps of the Campidoglio. From the left, Testa's cardigan suit of beige-and-brown checked wool tweed with loop closings over a brown zip shirt, loose tie; in New York, at Barra of Italy. . . . Next, beige Panama suit from Valentino worn open over lots of little V's—V-print blue silk shirt and scarf, V-buckled belt. Forneris silk. . . . Veruschka, centre, in Galitzine's long-jacket grey pants suit belted in white. Agnona wool. I. Magnin. . . . Snappy chappy, near right, turned out by Valentino in nautical navy, belted, double-breasted with gilt buttons; print scarf, pale-beige trousers. Forneris wool. . . . Second right, Datti's Prince de Galles plaid suit—black and white, red overplaid. Cerruti wool. At I. Magnin. . . . Far right, narrow, open-throated shirt of white-flecked grey cashmere belted into matching pants. Forneris fabric. Turnout, plus shoes, by Piattelli. All other men's shoes: Rossetti.

VERUSCHKA AND HIRAM KELLER

together again, *right.* First time you saw them was on page 165, and the first time you might have seen Hiram was in *Hair.* That's when Zeffirelli caught him, caught the blue-eyed charm and directness, passed the word to Fellini who took one quick look and said, "sembra Ascyltus"—which rôle he plays in Fellini's epical movie of the epical *Satyricon.* Now Hiram's riding high—literally, here, in a brilliant yellow Maserati Ghirli. The shirt, Carlo Palazzi's black-and-white cotton print worn with a white scarf at the neck. Veruschka's in Mila Schön's double-faced wool pants suit with a tucked écru shirt under a sleeveless, black-bound, Maserati-yellow jacket. Agnona fabric. To order, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Veruschka's coiffures on both pages, by Alba e Francesca.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





Violet sky and silvery shadows on grey-cobbled streets —twilight in the Piazza di San Giorgio al Velabro. In the background, a sleek Iso Grifo idles its motor beside l'Arco di Giano and. in the foreground—a beautiful girl, quite alone, unaware of car or driver . . . one of Rome's most seductive moods, serene and mysterious. And how easily Veruschka falls into it in Valentino's patterned jumpsuit of blue-and-white silk; a high-necked white silk shirt underneath; white silk and pearls at the waist. Gandini fabric. ..Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Make-up by Eve of Roma. . . .

TOMAS MILIAN

right—who can really manage that terrific plaid cape on his own, but isn't it nice to have a pretty girl do it for you?—was born in Cuba, studied at The Actors Studio in New York, and made a home for himself in a shoot-'em-up of Italian Westerns. It's arrivederci to all that, now—Tomas's new movie is a comedy called *Where Are You Going All Naked?* About that cape: it's grey and white and rolls around dark grey trousers. By Fabiani; Barbera fabric. Rossetti shoes. . . . Carosa did the delicious pants suit Veruschka's wearing—the widest-skirted white Satam linen coat belted in blue over blue jersey pants. . . . Everything's parked in the Piazza Navona, including La Serenissima, a souped-up heaven on wheels with a Ghia body and an Hermès interior all fitted out with Hermès luggage. The brains behind it is Conte Giovanni Volpi di Misurata. And if you have to ask, the cost will be approximately $25,000.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



It was two of the beautiful together, the day Veruschka went to Casina Valadier to see **FRANCO NERO** on the set of his latest movie, *A Quiet Place in the Country*, co-starring Vanessa Redgrave. The handsomest Lancelot in *Camelot* (remember those fantastic blue eyes!) is looking great, opposite, in an off-white knit shirt-jacket, print scarf, pants tucked into high boots and one of those terrifically-buckled belts Romans are famous for. By Testa. Cerruti fabric. At Barra of Italy. Rossetti boots. Veruschka in Antonelli's bare-midriff turnout of beige raw silk—long skirt buttoned over long bare legs; matching bikini. Taroni fabric. Venturi hat. Luciana rings. **MARTIN POTTER** above left, watching Vogue's honey walk down the street. He's the bellissimo English actor starring with Hiram Keller in Fellini's *Satyricon*. His first movie, nice start. He plays the diablo-may-care antihero Encolpius. Plays it cool here in Fabiani's gangster blazer, navy pinned with pale blue, pale-blue pants. Barbera fabric. Veruschka wears Galitzine's white leather skirt braced with white-and-gilt links over a short navy jumpsuit of Forneris jersey. I. Magnin. The lean machine curbed on the via Condotti is a Lamborghini Espada. . . . Bird-watching, Roman style, left, from the seat of a racy Ducati 350 on the Fontana dei Cavalli Marini at Villa Borghese—this rake revs it up in a black cotton shirt, silver snake belt. Shirt by Samo. Barra of Italy. Carlo Palazzi scarf, belt. Veruschka in Fabiani's black-and-white striped ciré raincoat—neck-tied, belted. Gandini fabric. I. Magnin. Her coiffures: Alba e Francesca.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



Veruschka and the cowboys, *opposite:* Max Brunell, near right, and Carlos Ortiz, two of a posse of young movie actors currently shooting their way up on the booming Italian Western circuit—all brawn, brawl, and guns blazing. And seldom is heard a discouraging word: for the whole crew—actors, directors, producers—it's Hi Ho silver, gold, and lire all the way. . . . All, here, in animal prints by De Barentzen: Max in zebra pants, long sleeveless leather jacket, black turtleneck. Carlos in tiger scarf, tiger pants, beige leather jacket. Veruschka, between, in a splendid silk spill of snow-leopard pyjamas, spreading all over a Fiat Dino—fast (130 m.p.h.), sportsy, not yet available in the U.S. Pyjamas at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson. Bini fabrics. Luciana bracelet.

RAOUL MARTÍNEZ, *above,* born in Colombia, was a bullfighter in Spain where he flung cape and sword in his first movie; now he's romantico leado in *La Sua Giornata di Gloria,* made in Italy. Here, with Veruschka, he wears a wool knit shirt and pants with white zigs, black zags, a great wide leather belt; all by Carlo Palazzi. And she's just loaded with leather—dark-grey leather coat with white dots and plenty of dash, white leather pants. These, by Barocco; to order at Bonwit Teller. Holt Renfrew of Canada. The car, an Iso Rivolta—a four-door sedan-type zoomer that's Italian outside with its Ghia body, American inside with a Corvette engine. Veruschka's coiffures on both pages, by Alba e Francesca.



ITALIAN HEROINES ...THE LONG SHADOW CAST BY THE POET D'ANNUNZIO

By Alberto Arbasino

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Poet, novelist, playwright, man of action, Gabriele D'Annunzio had an impact without parallel on the manners, morals, and designs for living of all Italians. Curious, flamboyant, adventurous, he suited completely his country's romantic imagination. . . . In 1900, one of his most famous novels,* Il Fuoco, *appeared—its descriptions, an ardent glorification of the city of Venice; its plot, the disguised story of his love affair with the celebrated tragédienne Eleonora Duse, who inspired and played D'Annunzio's great heroines. They were almost as popular in his time as Byron's heroes were in the nineteenth century. . . . Remembered photographs of D'Annunzio—pilot's cap, black patch—date from World War I when he fought with spectacular bravery in the Italian Air Force and lost an eye in combat. In 1919, he led a famous expedition against Fiume with his troops wearing the black shirts later adopted by the Fascists. Mussolini, a great admirer, later appointed him President of the Royal Italian Academy, an office he never assumed; he died in 1938.*

Behind a beige quilted door, on a dark upholstered sofa, among walls hung with tapestries and Chinese silks, in a decaying Grand Hotel built over the Diocletian Baths, beside a baroque basilica, an 1890 fountain with prancing bronze naiads, an outdoor café whose band is performing Verdi overtures and heart-rending Neapolitan love songs . . . this is the scene of a portrait of the Italian Futurist artist Marinetti (who disdained Gabriele D'Annunzio's work), which carries a surprisingly D'Annunzio-style inscription: "I offer this portrait by Carlo Carrà to the Marchesa Casati, to her drowsy eyes, eyes of a jaguar in the sun digesting the steel cage he has just devoured. . . ."

Down flights of stone steps, beside mediaeval walls of secluded palaces in whose gloomy recesses tarnished mirrors gleam dully, palaces that nurture old family grievances over senseless marriages and spent patrimonies . . . past half-open churches full of glass-casketed thaumaturgic saints clothed in sky-blue and pink satin . . . at sundown appear beautiful women in pale dresses (perhaps by Forquet, or Valentino?) wrapped in flowered veils or white, gold-threaded shawls, their coiffures towering, unreal. They enter against the glare of television lights into an eighteenth-century theatre to watch a nineteenth-century opera full of desperate, and singable, loves. They dine by candlelight in a tower or a grotto, discuss the hues of the opera's velvet costumes, and eat spaghetti. They go to sleep in Renaissance beds inside romantic former convents. . . .

Others, in scarlet moiré capes, silver masks over their eyes, tangles of spun gold and Plexiglas in their hair, step ashore from black gondolas, welcomed by flaming torches and screaming electric guitars, in front of slanting porphyry-encrusted Moorish palaces half-sunk in the Grand Canal, like drunken dowagers under the weight of tiaras of lapis lazuli. . . .

Or else they step into penthouses deliberately "modern" or "American" but ultimately baroque, gilded, Papal, high above cloisters and courtyards, belltowers, fountains, and roof gardens; above marble stairs crowded with Roman sarcophagi and Imperial busts in yellow and red marble; high above suites of stuccoed and frescoed halls that have been leased to export-import companies; quite above the Capuchin monks' skeletons hung by their dusty necks in the dungeons; much above the deafening noise of cars in the narrow historical streets of downtown Rome. . . .

Others, after having attended for years all the festivals, visited all the beaches, nightclubs, yachts, live in seclusion for months at a time, behind closed shutters, among zebra hides, leather cushions, Abstract sculpture, and dime-store bric-a-brac, holding the receiver at arm's length when some shrill café-society voice shouts over the telephone: "May I speak to the Duchess, yes?"

In other words, in contemporary Italy, typically Dannunzian situations and characters repeat themselves constantly. As if the "Dannunzian situation" were still a factor in contemporary Italy as it was during La Belle Époque. A deeply feminine and absolutely decadent situation, yet one indigenous to the Italian personality and constant throughout all the metamorphoses in Italy's history and culture. So that Gabriele D'Annunzio ("poet, hero, and cad" in the words of E. M. Forster), who was born in 1863 and died very old and lonely more than thirty years ago, not only appears to have deeply influenced the Italy of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries but also to have been, in novels that were written between 1888 and 1910, such as *The Child of Pleasure, The Flame of Life, Triumph of Death,* the most accurate describer of today's Italian society and the most enthusiastic and (Continued on page 264)

SOPHIA TRIUMPHANT: HER GREATEST ROLE, WIFE AND MOTHER

She's an Italian fighter. She has the passion and beauty of her country within her and the world on her side. She's a fighter who won, proving again what some of the world knows: For certain women extravagant success and beauty are worth less than being married to a loved man and bearing his child. Sophia Loren—photographed here especially for Vogue at her villa near Rome with her son, Carlo Ponti, junior, and with, behind her, the Henry Moore sculpture "Mother and Child"—is as universal as the image of mother-and-child. Her beauty, on the other hand, is singular, a private miracle. Remembering his first sight of her, Alberto de' Rossi, the man who knows most about film makeup in Italy, said: "A director, friend of mine, asked me to help him with the screen test of a completely unknown girl—he wanted my opinion of her as well. When I saw her—that magnificent creature—with glorious tanned skin like a crème caramel, I said, 'Are you mad? Why are you asking my opinion: She is superb.'"

TAZIO SECCHIAROLI



IN ITALY:

DONNA MARELLA AND GIOVANNI AGNELLI

Cutting through the most attractive and constructive layers of life in Italy, 1969, they represent in extraordinary detail what's right with their country now. Chairman of the Board of Fiat, the company that last year produced 1,750,000 automobiles, Giovanni, called Gianni, Agnelli is a walking—or better, a skiing, flying, driving—definition of his country's economic boom. Through Fiat, Dottor Agnelli, who has a degree in law, controls one of Italy's best newspapers, a possible chunk of the Citroën company in France, Fiat-licensed plants in Yugoslavia and Poland, and turns out turbines, diesel engines, jet fighters, trucks, and farm equipment as well as eighty per cent of the cars driven in Italy.

If he stayed still long enough to be summarized, Gianni Agnelli could, in truth, be considered the figurehead of a twentieth-century renaissance: the explosion in northern Italy of new industrial strength. From his base in Turin where his grandfather was a founder of Fiat at the beginning of this century, Agnelli, as a person and a power, has cut his mark on much of the world. Articulate, forthright, courageous, absorbed by today and tomorrow, he carries his effortless and unshakeable glamour as if it were a mild but harmless allergy: Admiration never slows him down.

With his wife—who could easily rest on her looks but has too much brain, vitality, and sense of fair play to do so—and their son and daughter, Gianni Agnelli inhabits a range of living places, all of them marked by his collector's eye for art. Both his eye and his mind are open. The two Agnelli palazzi, one in the small town of Villar Perosa and one in the city of Turin, are samples of period Italian splendour . . . a nostalgia cut, in the Turin palazzo, for instance, with paintings by Picasso, Renoir, Van Dongen, Magritte. But, in the country above Turin, where the Agnellis were photographed especially for Vogue, another Agnelli house is as forward-directed as a Fiat engine: a stripped, spare, glass-gleaming pavilion shaped to serve sculpture by Pomodoro and Cascella, paintings by De Chirico, Rothko, Sam Francis, Nicolas de Staël, and Wesselmann.

The Agnellis are on-goers, too much in motion, too undogmatic, too interested, too tuned in to be caught by static definitions, although a dramatist, sculptor, or social historian determined to pin down a symbol of Italy now would find them irresistible. For Vogue, on the next pages, Truman Capote, an Agnelli friend who knows a trap when he sees one, has written his affectionate view of them—wisely beside the point.

UGO MULAS



AGNELLI TIME-SPACE

DONNA MARELLA AND THE AVVOCATO

BY TRUMAN CAPOTE

One first thinks: My God, what a beauty she is! *and* him.

The next impression is: But aren't they a bit mad? Slightly crazed, both of them, by their own vibrating restlessness, exuberance? Just listen to those speeding voices careening round the curves of alternating languages—I mean, have you ever heard anyone crowd so much information, mirth, and amazement into so narrow a time-space? And you should hear them when they are angry. Especially with each other. Mamma mia!

Speaking of speed: Never get in a car when *he* is behind the wheel, not unless you consider it a simpler way out than sleeping pills; he treats the trickiest, iciest Alpine corniche as though it were the Salt Lake flats—his eyes all the while everywhere except on the road and his tongue fluttering like a hummingbird's wings as he flickers from one to another conversational blossom. Mysterious. One would suppose he valued his life more: After all, he's a big-shot tycoon, one of the most important European industrialists, and he loves his work and works hard, he's married to the wondrous Donna Marella and they have two handsome (if now and then naughty) children. But . . . apparently . . . it . . . isn't . . . enough. So: Stay out of his car.

As for her, another little warning: If she should ever invite you to go sight-seeing, or skiing, or shopping, or even for a casual stroll, look her straight in her huge, iridescent, permanently astonished eye and say, "No, Donna Marella, definitely not!" Truly, the creature has never experienced fatigue. Off she lopes on her elegant legs, her head, balanced upon its exquisite stalk, tilted to meet adventure—off she saunters into the sun-stunned reaches of the Sahara, into the cut-throat quarters of Oriental ports, into the snowy shades of avalanche-laden mountain forests. Let her go. Alone. She will survive. You won't; or scarcely.

Something else not to be undertaken lightly: a stay of any duration with this remarkable pair. Particularly to be avoided is their echoing Turin palazzo. Not that it isn't comfortable, oh it is: same-day laundry service, buttons everywhere that arouse instant liveried attention, velvet winter rooms ablaze with summer flowers. Pretty nice. But you see, what one has to face is, these people are Italian. Which means that they, along with all their countrymen, are passionate for pasta. Couple this circumstance with the fact that the Turin kitchen is presided over by one of the wiliest and most maliciously seductive of pasta-mad chefs. The poor visitor: how his belly balloons, his thighs thicken, his neck swells, his jowls cascade. Yet they, the hosts, *they*, through some unjust and wicked chemistry, remain taut and trim as well-made rope.

Still one must admit that the merits of Donna Marella and The Avvocato (as their servants call them, avvocato meaning law- (Continued on page 208)

THE SWEEP OF NOW AT THE HOUSE ABOVE TURIN

Donna Marella Agnelli walking in the garden of the glass-roofed living pavilion outside of Turin, a house outward-directed to magnificent views and landscaping stamped here by a monumental sculpture by Andrea Cascella.



UGO MULAS



AGNELLI TIME-SPACE

yer, a titular tribute to which he is entitled) outweigh their shortcomings, which include, aside from those noted, habitual tardiness and exceedingly small regard for the sanctity of confidences. And yet—well, one has to love them; they're too unique not to, too lively and sophisticated, like a fast game of chemin de fer. Gertrude Stein once said of an acquaintance: He has a certain syrup, but it doesn't pour. Our two Italian friends also have a certain syrup, and it's one that does indeed pour, for it is liberally laced with quinine—which is why their charm has a pleasantly astringent, realistic flavour, a taste that kindles a glow but also touches the intelligence.

THE SWEEP OF NOW

Donna Marella overlooking the pool that stretches, past glass walls, into the Agnelli pavilion outside of Turin.



AGNELLI TIME-SPACE: THE PAST TURNED FORWARD IN TURIN

In their city palazzo in Turin, Giovanni Agnelli keeps part of his strong, ranging, on-going collection of art. In his bedroom, above, *hang two (one visible) of Francis Bacon's 1961 "Studies for a Pope." The splurge of smaller works below it include Henry Moore's 1947 "Two Sitting Women," a Jawlensky painting, "Gesenkter Blik," and the painting "Deux Russes" by Emil Nolde.*



In the Agnellis' Turin salon, the glowing 1881 "La Baigneuse Blonde," painted in Sorrento by Renoir of his wife, hangs over the mantel between two brilliant Ch'ien Lung porcelain pheasants. In the foreground, a Louis XVI biscuit elephant.

HORST

ITALY: *Play*

Sardinia

The Costa Smeralda has the most beautiful bathing in the Mediterranean. Its deserted coves, with wild, rocky mountains as a background, suggest unexploited Caribbean islands. A consortium headed by the Aga Khan acquired this stretch of coast several years ago to develop from scratch. There were no villages, roads, water supply, or electric light. All is new, but the criterion of no construction without the consent of a panel of architects has paid off. The village of Porto Cervo, the other hamlets, and all the villas are in the Sardinian style and suit the dramatic and beautiful landscape. Olbia is both port and airport for the Costa Smeralda. Renting a car here is advisable.

PORTO CERVO, conceived by the architect Vietti, looks like a stage set built on two tiers. The main piazza, overlooking the sea, and the yacht basin, one of the largest in the Mediterranean, are centres of activity. Around the piazza, leading shops are: Arcarosa for men and women's clothes and household objects designed by Vietti; La Farmacia, a drugstore that sells Jansen boutique things, amusing sunglasses, and bathing caps; Milena has women's clothes, caftans and T-shirts; Loche, Sardinian carpets. Opposite the yacht harbour is the Boutique du Port, well stocked with pants. Pedro's, at Liscia di Vacca, on the road between Porto Cervo and Petrizza, is not only the most amusing discothèque on the coast but an entertaining shop. Run by Peter and Carol Kent, it abounds in old uniforms, African capes and robes.

STAY The most luxurious hotel, the Petrizza, small, completely air-conditioned, is a few miles from Porto Cervo and has a private beach and swimming pool at sea level. The roofs of the cottages and the clubhouse are covered with moss so the rock-coloured buildings submerge in the landscape. The Cervo, on the village square, is the only hotel open all year around. Each of its sixty-two rooms has a private bath and balcony. The bar, spilling out on the square, is the meeting place for the coast.

Cala di Volpe, in the place of the same name, is air-conditioned, expensive, with its own jetty and tennis courts. Romazzino, the largest hotel near Cala di Volpe, crawls with children. The Luci di la Muntagna, very near Porto Cervo, is the least expensive but architecturally the most Sardinian and interesting.

EAT The best-known restaurant is Chez Henri, under Pedro's, with a good international cuisine. At Porto Cervo the Pizzeria and the Su Marineri are the places to go; the first, for pizzas and steaks; the second, lobster and fish. La Fattoria, on the road between Porto Cervo and Cala di Volpe, serves Sardinian food with much wild game. The Volpia di Capriccioli, brand new and on the sea, has good barbecues. The Hotel Cervo grill is good but the prices are high.

PORTO ROTONDO Closer to Olbia, before the beginning of the Costa Smeralda, Porto Rotondo is the mini-version of Porto Cervo run by an Italian syndicate. Far from finished, it is less international than Porto Cervo. So far, there are only two hotels: the Sporting, and the Sotto Coperta, with Venetian food. The only discothèque is the white-sofa-ed Asfodeli. A nameless bar on the mini-square is the meeting place at the apéritif hour. Ines Torlonia has a jewellery shop and Ira von Fürstenberg has given her name to a boutique. Alba e Francesca, the Roman hairdressers, have a branch here.

Capri

Capri has changed perhaps less than any other tourist resort in Italy. Although in summer tourists invade this mountainous island, coming for the day on excursions from Naples, blocking the roads with taxis and busses filled to overflowing, by sunset the confusion is over. Not too many new buildings have risen to ruin the essentially Moorish character of the architecture. Private cars are still not allowed on the island unless one is a resident or can show proof of having rented a house for over thirty days.

Swimming is lovely in clear, cool water but since there are no real beaches, renting a small motorboat either at Marina Grande or Marina Piccola is advisable.

STAY The most luxurious hotel, the Quisisana e Grande has the best conciergerie on the island, a lovely swimming pool, particularly welcome off season, and a good grill. The Morgano e Tiberio Palazzo, old and attractive; the Luna, brand new; and the Regina Cristina are all first class. Some persons love the Villa Sanfelice, which serves only breakfast and is like a private house, and the Gatto Bianco. Others, such as Françoise Sagan and Anouk Aimée, prefer La Scalinatella, with its superb view over I Faraglioni, and the nearby La Pazziella, run by the same management. In Anacapri, a fifteen-minute drive (there is continuous bus service), hotels abound. The Europa Palace, with a large swimming pool, the Caesar Augustus, with an unforgettable view over the sea towards Naples, and the Eden Paradiso are all first rate. Less glamorous but good is the San Michele.

BUY Among antique shops, the most frequented, near the Quisisana, belongs to the Marchesa Andreina d'Ayala Valva. The best sandals and shoes are at Canfora and Di Martino. Among boutiques: Nina (Capri-designed clothes); La Parisienne (specializing in Livio de Simoni's clothes); Domi-

Places

THE BEST OF WHAT, WHERE, AND WHY, BY AN ITALIAN TRAVEL EXPERT WITH A VIEW FROM THE TOP, LANFRANCO RASPONI

nique, and Toto Pisani for men. For both men's and women's trousers, Alberto has a world-wide reputation and rapid delivery. Emilio Pucci's shop is at La Canzone del Mare in Marina Piccola. The best-known jewellers: Chantecler and La Campanina.

EAT Trattorias are plentiful but none sensational. Excellent pasta (ask for *sciue' sciue'*), *melanzane,* and *cozze gratinate* (mussels au gratin) are available at the Faraglioni on the road to Tragara. Fish dishes are the speciality of the Capannina in an amusing red rustic décor. Pizzas are the draw at the straw-covered Pippinello, with its unforgettable panorama. At Marina Piccola the Pensione Weber is recommended at lunch time. Built near the sea beyond La Canzone del Mare, it offers Neapolitan cooking. At La Canzone del Mare, the snappy swimming establishment owned by Gracie Fields, one can lunch reasonably well around the swimming pool. Among the good wines made in Capri—Tiberio *rosso,* Capri *bianco,* and Patrizi *bianco.*

DANCE The two top nightclubs are Splash, in the Gatto Bianco hotel, owned by the celebrated singer Peppino di Capri, and Number Two, opposite the Quisisana. The first appeals to the young, the second to people over thirty. The Quisisana also has a nightclub.

SEE In addition to the Blue Grotto, one should see the ruins of the palace of Tiberio (a long climb on foot), Axel Munthe's Villa San Michele at Anacapri, the Certosa, a short walk from the Quisisana, and the spectacular chair lift from Anacapri to Monte Solaro with one of the most beautiful views in the entire Mediterranean. Capri has a very special time table: Most people sleep late, never go to the sea before 11:30, lunch at four, have an apéritif in the main square at seven, and dine at ten.

Ischia

Ischia, a volcanic island in the Gulf of Naples, has attractive beaches and mineral waters said to be excellent especially for arthritis. Large enough for excursions and changes of scene, Ischia offers more variation than Capri. In July and August, hire a car. Although there are taxis and carriages galore, in summer it is often hard to find one free.

SANT' ANGELO is the most North African looking of the villages and remote from Porto d'Ischia, where the ships and hydrofoils from Naples arrive. There are many pensions, but the Miramar, built on a lovely site, is the only first-class hotel. The Girasole, the best restaurant (ask for stuffed mussels), reached by rowboat (price 150 liras), rises on a separate beach. La Tavernetta, the discothèque on the port, is full of charm. The two leading boutiques are Lorenzina and La Boutique, well stocked with Livio de Simoni's dresses. Near them is Fiorentino, an excellent sandal maker who often fills orders in a few hours. Aphrodite and Apollo are two hot thermal swimming pools. Bathing in Sant' Angelo is considered the best on the island. Above Sant' Angelo at Testaccio is the Casa Antica, a simple and adorable hotel-restaurant with lovely terraces looking towards the sea.

FORIO is the town where such artists as Enrico d'Assia, Sir William Walton, and Edouard Pargheer have houses. There are no luxury hotels; the Moorish-styled Santa Caterina is the best. The Villa Carolina, the oldest, and the Splendide have faithful clienteles. San Francesco is brand new. Romantica, said to be one of the good restaurants on the island, has superb fish. Many people entertain here so reservations are a must. The sought-out shops are Marù, for women, and Forio For You, for both men and women.

LACCO AMENO, far less atmospheric than Forio, has one of the most luxurious hotels in Italy, the Regina Isabella, which attracts a world-wide range of guests, including the William Paleys and the Antenor Patiños. It is air-conditioned, food and service are excellent, and the beach, private. Attached to this hotel is its less formal twin, the Sporting (at the Regina Isabella men must wear ties in the dining room). Both hotels offer, on the premises, the thermal cures. Other hotels include the Regina Isabella's stepsister, La Reginella, under the same management, and Il Fungo, with delightful furniture but serving breakfast only. Leading boutiques are Antonella, Dominique, and Ritz Saddler. Between Forio and Lacco Ameno, the delightful San Lorenzo Hotel offers marvellous sauna cabinets.

CASAMICCIOLA is not "in" but has several hotels. Among them: the Cristallo, large and comfortable; and the Ibsen, brand new and satisfactory, named for the Norwegian playwright who stayed in this mansion long before it was transformed into a hostelry. Between Casamicciola and Porto d'Ischia, Da Antonio al Castiglione, an amusing restaurant set in a series of caves and spilling out onto a terrace right on the sea, has good food.

PORTO D'ISCHIA is the busiest harbour and town on the island. All boats from Naples and the other islands land here. Five hotels are first-rate: the Excelsior Belvedere, with beautiful garden and private beach; the Parco Aurora; Moresco; Punta Molino; and the Grande Albergo dei Pini, surrounded by a pine forest. The Felix and Mediterraneo are smaller and less expensive. Two restaurants on the port, equally good—the Bounty, which looks like the famous



ship, and the Lampara, with a nightclub upstairs. The most popular nightclub in Ischia, the Scotch, built on a landing strip in the port, has excellent orchestras. Another nightclub, on the sea, O Rancho Fellone, has an open-air appearance.

Filippo Ferrandino is famous for his trousers—he delivers them in eight hours; last summer Their Majesties of Greece, Constantine, Anne Marie, and Frederica, all ordered from him. Another Filippo is the sandal man on the via Roma where most of the boutiques (Marie Chantal, Dominique for women, Dominique for men) are situated. On the port, Antonia is the snappiest shop.

PONTE D'ISCHIA has only one important hotel, the (Continued on page 111)

ISCHIA, ALLA SALUTE

Feeling good is the message of the island of Ischia in the Gulf of Naples. What sun, joy, ease, calm, and lavish green reaches of vineyards do for the spirit, the extraordinary mineral waters, hot from Ischia's volcanic depths, may do for the body.

Opposite page, *far left, top: In the runnelled grey tufa cliffs of Sant' Angelo, the Cavascura, celebrated mud baths as old as Roman history.*
Top centre: The peaked peninsula of Sant' Angelo, on Ischia's sun-washed southern shore.
Below, centre: In the tiled, gleaming Thermal Baths at Lacco Ameno, a regiment of showers for the radioactive mineral waters. Below: At Lacco Ameno, the curl of beach in front of the Regina Isabella hotel, at ease, uncrowded, all about health.
Top right: At Ponte d'Ischia rise the ruins of the Aragonese Castle, festooned with legends, the island's best-known landmark.
Below right: Ischian life depends on terraces, shaded from the noonday force of sun, aimed at the great sweeps of view.
Here, Mrs. Jeffcott Pell's terrace, cosy, bright, with glints of Mexican, Italian, and Austrian influence, off her apartment overlooking Porto d'Ischia.
This page, *top: At Forio, the beautiful, circling terrace with its earth- and stone-coloured cushions, of the dramatic house H.R.H. Prince Heinrich of Hesse, who is best known for his operatic sets and paintings as Enrico d'Assia, designed for himself.*
Below: In the house of the German sculptor Lilo Wahl at Forio, her bedroom with its fireplace and even the night tables growing, hand-formed, like sculpture out of the white stucco walls.

HORST

"The Sea Gull" from the wings

One of the particular pleasures of watching a film in the making is the interplay behind the play: the reactions of company and crew to each other and the director, the handling of technical problems that arise, and the team work of the crew. The cinema is an enclosed limbo land where fantasy, egomania, and high finance merge; an all-absorbing vacuum caught between time and reality where nothing exists but the picture in progress. A spectator who joins an *équipe* in the studios or on location (where pressures are heightened and isolation more concentrated) is drawn into this limbo land to find personal volition, and the preoccupations of daily life fade away. The double life of the players, and the characters they inhabit briefly, takes over to the exclusion of all else. It is escapism par excellence; to those outside the orbit, a perfect holiday.

Therefore, when I was invited to join director Sydney Lumet in Sweden, where he was realizing, for Warner Brothers-Seven Arts, his long-cherished project of filming *The Sea Gull,* Chekhov's first successful play, I accepted with alacrity. Lumet is a director I greatly admire—in particular for his choice of material. His international star cast is remarkable, first of all, for being chosen for its perfect suitability, rather than for any concessions to the ogre Box Office. Moreover, to write a new translation, and as his technical advisor, Lumet went to a purely Russian source, the Baroness Budberg, an outstanding personality in the world of the arts, once in Moscow, where her long association with Gorky began, and later, in London, where she now presides over what is probably the last literary salon. Thus I knew Chekhov would not be betrayed.

Why Chekhov in Sweden, I wondered? I was flying over the tidy landscape of northern Europe. Could that lost, feckless Russia of Chekhov's provinces be recreated amid the trim and the snug which is Sweden's signature? And then en route for the studios, the famous but unpretentious Europa Studios in Stockholm, from which some of the finest cinema has issued, I saw the beginning of the forest: pine trees and birches, "the cold-place-loving birch," which is synonymous with the Russian scene—inevitable prop, along with the samovar, in every production of a Russian classic. In Sweden the same magpie-striped birches rise from snowy wastes or fringe still lakes that glimmer in the greenish "white nights" of the north—the latitude of Chekhov's genius.

And here, under the meticulous eye of art director Tony Walton, the Russian scene took shape. Usually, an art director's lot is to glorify and enlarge. Hollywood still inclines to present middle-class families in perspectives of sparkling luxury. But not Chekhov's middle-class folk, here and now, I noted gratefully, picking my way across cables and discarded props to inspect the sets.

In Sorin's country house neglect prevails. Dingy curtains sag, ferns droop, pictures hang askew, and dust gathers on gloomy bronze statuettes. Unanswered letters and newspapers lie where they fell—yesterday, last year? This is the setting to which the family returns annually, to stagnate and repine. At the charming old Swedish lakeside house used for location shots, the same air of negligence had been artfully imposed. Untended paths led to straggling woods; doors banged fitfully on creaking hinges; paintwork peeled on the rickety verandah where the characters sat, sighing away their lives.

Looking at the scene, time and distance seeped away, and I was in the province of Tver, or Kaluga, maybe. It was eighty years back, and all was inefficiency and nostalgia. On the verandah I saw The Three Sisters and Uncle Vanya. The Cherry Orchard lay beyond that lake, and faintly I heard the sound of an axe. . . . Now a crash of crockery sounded from the house: one of bungling Epihodov's "two and twenty misfortunes," no doubt. . . . Now another, more violent sound: gunshot. Chekhov's orchestration of undertones was shattered, and I was twenty miles from Stockholm on location with Sydney Lumet's production of *The Sea Gull.*

Konstantin, or David Warner, most brilliant of England's new and brilliant young actors, and playing Konstantin to break one's heart, emerged from the birchwood, a tall, gangling, unkempt figure in his shabby *rubashka* [shirt]. Warner made him tragic and romantic, too, forever pushed aside, until at last, he was pushed to violence. A gun in one hand, a dead sea gull in the other, he menaced Nina, his adored. But Vanessa Redgrave—Nina—almost as tall and gangling but with her own luminous quality, which conveys a poetic beauty unlike any other actress's today, turned away, towards Trigorin—James Mason—and told the fateful phrase: "If ever you need my life, come and take it." Mason, the *beau ténébreux* of so many pictures, now barely disguised by a pepper-and-salt Chekhovian beard and jaunty Panama, was the assured man of the world, acclaimed writer, handsome and egotistical, just the figure to dazzle a provincial miss who has overlooked the fact he is the lover of Konstantin's mother, Arkadina—Simone Signoret. The matter-of-fact sensualism of this older couple bound by habit and convenience is wonderfully caught by these two players: he so virile, yet so weak; she so selfish, the frivolous, possessive, and aging actress. They stand out, etched in acid, against the shad-

GLOBE PHOTOS, INC.

AN ON-SET REPORT OF THE FILMING OF CHEKHOV'S GREAT PLAY WITH "ANY AMOUNT OF LOVE"

BY LESLEY BLANCH





owed world of dreams which Nina and Konstantin inhabit.

Such are the play's main protagonists. Yet, as always, Chekhov intertwines their lives and actions with the figures of the second plane. All are interdependent units of a whole, where below the surface of the most ordinary actions or dialogue tensions mount, and profound psychological traits or situations are subtly revealed. "Chekhov, like the Impressionists, has a style all his own," wrote Tolstoi, a fervent admirer. He told of seemingly meaningless daubs of colours, appearing to have no relationship: "but stand back—look from a distance!"—so it is with Chekhov. One of this writer's outstanding characteristics is to keep key scenes or dramatic situations offstage. We only learn of some by seeing their effect on those involved. In the cinema, such events could easily be shown, or expanded by the script, in a series of flashbacks, or a straightforward recording of the event. Sydney Lumet resisted this temptation and kept to Chekhov's structure exactly, following the play scene by scene. Indeed, he went so far as to dispense altogether with a script, using only the play, a proceeding almost unheard of in the highly organized cinema of today. This is black anarchy to the legion of scriptwriters, who, intoxicated with the sound of their own typewriters, invent or distort, writing in whole sequences—or characters, even—without scruple. Perhaps Lumet's daring will undermine the mys- (Continued on page 259)

Vanessa Redgrave and David Warner
The never lovers in the movie of the Chekhov masterpiece, *The Sea Gull. Left:* The country girl younger than April, in love with Moscow, with sophistication, even with a famous writer. *Above:* The country boy, with the girl, caught in a roundelay of love and lovers, but never *the* loved.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The vapour stream of talk still spreading behind President Nixon's European tour. . . . The gulp of public boredom over campus protests whether or not they are justified. . . . In New York, the exultant, glorious blast of paintings by Willem de Kooning whose work over the last year has just been shown at the Knoedler gallery, and whose sensuous, light-filled work of thirty preceding years is exhibited at The Museum of Modern Art until April 27.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the experienced take-over of the Nottingham Playhouse by Dr. Jonathan Miller who delighted audiences with his production of *The Sea Gull*, because as he said: "I've cut the nostalgia and played it for laughs; after all, under the title Chekhov wrote 'comedy.' " . . . Anthony Caro's exploitation of space and colour at the Hayward Gallery with his sculptures of iron and steel girders bolted together—an exhibition that made the gallery look good. . . . Mastroianni making the movie *Leo the Last*, for which a long Victorian road of houses in Notting Hill has been painted completely black.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The psychiatric evaluation by Professor Roland Fischer of Ohio State University of Van Gogh during his great moments of excitation when he painted many of his momentous works; under excitation, Dr. Fischer wrote, Van Gogh's sense of space became acutely distorted, especially as "Vincent van Gogh, who has been diagnosed [as a] schizophrenic, psychopathic personality, having temporal lobe epilepsy and cerebral syphilis, was most likely a manic-depressive with superimposed confusional episodes and fits in the last two years of his life due to the toxic action of thujone, the active agent of absinthe, to which he had become addicted."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Journey Into the Mind's Eye*, by Lesley Blanch, who has written a book in which autobiography, travel, and legend simmer together in a delicious borscht of Russo-mania, its steam sometimes hiding the real Blanch, poking fun at herself with blue-eyed humour. . . . Angela Lansbury, the sly-boots in the old-shoe musical *Dear World*, who comes on looking so old and frail that when she dances her age the audience sees a miracle of youth. . . . The pleasure of watching a British man make a fool of cooking in "The Galloping Gourmet," on CBS television as he slops around making irregular puns.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . A marvellous young actor, Al Pacino, who plays on Broadway a drug addict at a rehabilitation centre in the Don Petersen play *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?*, an old-time stereotype drama fooling no one with its new-time toughs until Pacino lounges on stage, silent, thick, malnourished, terrorizing, and right. . . . The churning over the years of mixed-media concert programs to make a marketable formula, with, now, the conductor Joseph Eger and his young Symphony of New York producing something like the high-priced spread.

MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO, ITALIAN WIT

From his whitely modern, clear, light studio in Turin, Pistoletto has sent out an international, amusing message to museums, galleries, and collectors. The message on polished stainless steel to which he has pasted blown-up photographs in colour of his family and his friends: The spectator is part of the picture. Here, a self-portrait of this thirty-six-year-old artist, a man of such gentleness that he is difficult to rouse to anger. Pistolettos have been bought by such notable museums as the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, The Museum of Modern Art in New York, and the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo which will exhibit his works from May 13 to June 15. Michelangelo Pistoletto is a man of humour who likes automobiles, girls, food, and relaxed clothes. When he is not in Turin, he lives in modified poetic disarray in a small house in the Cinque Terre near the sea at La Spezia, a house that he particularly likes because it is so bucolic that he must lug in supplies through the underbrush.

COURTESY KORNBLEE GALLERY, NEW YORK.







PEOPLE ARE ABOUT...

VAN DYKE PARKS, *above left,* at twenty-six a slightly famous failure. Articulate, demanding, complex, he plays the piano, writes music and lyrics, arranges, and produces records—all successfully. But his own first album, *Song Cycle,* wrested from him over the better part of a year, cost a slab, lost as much. Advanced, possibly prophetic, Van Dyke Parks's music stirs critics and pop-music nuts, but remains undanceable, non-orgiastic, and obscure—peppered with musical references, hoots, and bangs. At its best it lures with jouncy tunes and rhythms never quite released. Now working on a second who-knows-when album, Parks has a message to deliver to and from the young. Some bright ones understand his musical Esperanto.

ROSLYN KIND, *below left,* eighteen, and a half sister of Barbra Streisand, a pop singer making a ten-city swoop pitching for her first album, *Give Me You.* Roslyn, who didn't crop her name as Barbra did, with baby fat still pillowing her firm Byzantine face and compact figure, is grave, quiet, unfrightened but cautious. At her New York high school she worked for high marks, prudently "finishing one thing and doing it right" before striding into the career she has focused on ever since she sang "Some Day My Prince Will Come" in the third-grade play. More like Snow White than a showbiz property, she speaks of "my profession," which she started near the top on the Ed Sullivan Show, owns a singing voice strong and dark, fierce, straightforward.

THE 900 DAYS, *The Siege of Leningrad,* the exhaustive, superbly researched stun of a book by Harrison E. Salisbury (an illustration from the book, published by Harper & Row, *above*). In documenting this enormous tragedy smeared, during the German blockade, from June 1941 to January 1944, Salisbury has pushed objective reporting to such precision it touches passion, never blurring his affection and admiration for the people who lived and died, especially during the winter famine of 1941-1942. He makes the unthinkable plain: "More people had died in the Leningrad blockade than ever died in a modern city—anywhere—anytime: more than ten times the number who died in Hiroshima."





TALKING

HENRI LANGLOIS, *above right,* creator and for thirty-three years the strong-minded director of the Cinémathèque Française in Paris, who loves to talk but hates to tell anything. To divert attention from his non-answers, he uses a comedian turnout—stained sweater, flappy coat, grimaces—and calls himself "just a St. Bernard dog rescuing films." At the Cinémathèque he saves every film offered him in the belief that the criteria of the day are not the final ones, a policy that strikes sparks off other archivists. Early last year when Langlois was displaced as Cinémathèque director, film people everywhere protested until he was restored. From eyes like one-way windows, Langlois sees absurdity: "Most people advance through life walking backward. Those artists who face front are likely to be put in jail —or the madhouse." He looks straight ahead.

MARIAN MERCER, *right,* a chatty actress with a satin-comforter voice, who plays beguilingly, in the Neil Simon-Burt Bacharach musical *Promises, Promises,* a lace-curtain Irish girl on her first barroom pick-up. Acting her rôle from the intention out, she gives the tart a daft pie-faced clublady come-on: "Two lonely people trying to get together and saying silly things on the way." She wears her costume, this flappy feather coat designed by Donald Brooks from guinea hen and turkey feathers, on stage like a child's first party dress, explaining "It's owl."

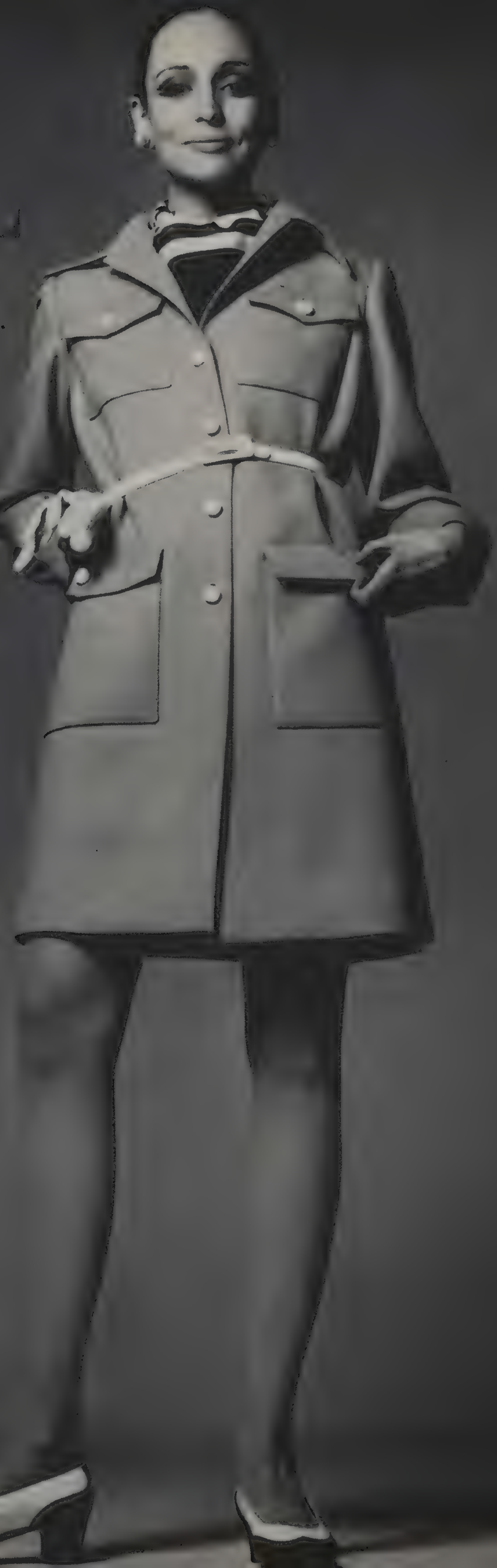
VOGUE, April 1, 1969

JACK ROBINSON



Norell

It's a marvelous, marvelous
experience · promise and...
it's true, clear: scarfs flying



Norell. Magic name. Promises perfection and comes through every time. This spring's collection breezes in all clear and fresh and clean. Wonderfully pretty and feminine—like the pants suit, safari coat here. *Left:* Norell's impeccable white wool pants suit—a long blazer fitted to the *pace* degree over a navy jersey pull and perfectly straight, perfectly cut pants. He flies a star-struck scarf at the neck...over and over again in the collection. All at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. The coiffure by Ara Gallant; Dyed hairpiece by Reid-Meredith. *Right:* No beating about the bush, it's the best belted safari coat—covered in cool with four big pockets, white leather belt and buttons; worked with white embroidery of the browned-and-white silk. All at [illegible]; Maxwell Field; Sakowitz;

AVEDON



NORELL

his pants turnouts–belted
safari shirts,
spanking pants and dash

Echo of the scissors' click, the tailor's touch—apparent in every line and seam of these super new pants looks. . . . *Left:* Norell likes the safari shirt—who wouldn't the way Norell turns it out—navy linen and brass buttons belted over spanking-white-wool pants; star-scarf fling. All: Evelyn Byrnes; Stanley Korshak; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. *Right:* Sun's easy going great look, softer in black-brown-and-white silk foulard, all boxed spots—the safari shirt [illegible] with white; perfect shirt [illegible] proper- [illegible] Evelyn Byrnes; Lou Lattimore; I. Mag- [illegible] the shoes by DeBusschere, [illegible] all for Norell.



GYPSY
EVENINGS IN
THE AMERICAN
CUSTOM

Sophie

Flounces and fringe, *far left*—Paisleyed silk in the gypsy spirit...vivid pinks and orange with flounced sleeves, flounced skirt, a fringed silk scarf tied like a gypsy's shawl. Scarf by David St. David. Pearly ropes by Marvella. Layers and layers of flowered chiffon, *left*—white on black, the deeply flounced top layer of skirt thrown over the shoulders and floating out like gypsy-moth wings. Jet-bead ropes by Mimi di N. Both costumes by Sophie; made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. On both pages: Richelieu ear-pearls; shoes at I. Miller; the coiffures by Ara Gallant.



AVEDON

EVENING PANTS IN THE AMERICAN CUSTOM

Eric

Marble in motion, *left*—vivid, marbled streaks of orange, violet, brown, black, white, swirled on flowing silk pyjamas... the pants wide and rippling, overblouse loosely tied in front with a long, attached sweep of sash. The slippers by Capezio. Africa flying, *right*—bold African print in orange, green, and black on a smashing silk pants-dress... sleeveless, high-waisted, with a long overskirt afloat over billowing pants. Of Staron silk. Richelieu ear-pearl. Rope by Mimi di N. Bernardo sandals. Both costumes by Eric; to order, Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures: Ara Gallant.



Hair colour who and how

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE. WHO NEEDS WHICH? HOW SHE GETS IT, 1969

What happened to the ***peroxide blonde?*** Who was at the funeral of the term ***"hair dye?"*** What makes hair ***brassy?*** . . . Who colours her hair and why? Listen to what the professional colourists say. "Years ago, the simple answer would have been to cover grey hair. Now the young as well as the not-so-young are buying it much as they would a lipstick, picking a colour to make their eyes stand out, to make their skin more white and delicate. . . . ***Tone on tone*** seems to be the thing. Light highlights for brunettes, especially older brunettes. I've noticed an increase in demands for red. Not a flaming *red*-red. More subtle, more blond, what we call Titian." That's *Rose Reti* of the House of Revlon talking, who wears a very pretty tone-on-tone blond head herself. . . . "They want to look glamourous, sexy, and, above all, younger. Among those who prefer blond, solid blond is out. Even little children have dappled blond shades in their hair, dark to ash. We're now doing blond in three shades which weave into each other: darker at back, palest of all at front to lighten the hairline, form a halo. Dark and grey around the hairline casts face into a shadow, throws wrinkles and ageing symptoms into relief. We're doing chestnut browns and dark tints, too, and there's a new call for red. ***Red mixed with gold, not pink.*** Auburn gilded to look like old gold." That's *Lucy* of Charles of the Ritz. . . . "They come for new colour because they feel in need of a change, they want to boost their spirits. Lots of people who have been completely blond now ask for streaking, gradually attain their own natural colour in between ***the sunflower streaks."*** *Rosemary,* here, chief colour duenna at Kenneth's salon. . . . "I'd say that most of my clients start out by wanting to cover grey, and that most of them want to revert as closely as possible to their natural colour. Only a small but important percentage are adventurous. When they first see grey, they say hooray—now at last I have an excuse to go Pocahontas-black or Goldilocks-yellow." *Theo Pierre,* there, of Elizabeth Arden. . . . *Leslie Blanchard,* colour man at Saks Fifth Avenue, sorts colour-seekers into three motivation categories. No. 1 wants a complete change from her natural colour, heads for a different image. No. 2 aspires for undetectability, strives to hew so close to her natural hue that even her husband won't have the slightest clue to what's going on. No. 3 is the extremist, goes all out to be in. "I find that most of my clients simply want to look more attractive. They realize the benefits of hair-colouring cosmetics and are very mature about the look they want to achieve. . . . In judging what colour would be best, ***my personal guideline is the eyes.*** Eyes have a lot of different colours in them, which hair can enhance, exaggerate." . . . Switching from hair designers to colour sellers, we asked: ***What's the percentage in hair colour?*** Big and getting bigger. An estimated 40 per cent, two of every five American females over the age of thirteen, use some form of colour regularly and keep it up generally indefinitely. Near half of those who use colour started doing that to cover grey. Some 60 per cent of colourers were dark brown to black of hair originally and tend to retain the tonal persuasion of their natural hair. One of every four colour-users goes blond—or zips up her blondness. About 30 per cent of the population is born blond, and, according to a colour investigator at Clairol, collector of these statistics, "They seem to have an emotional investment in being blond. They're eager to return to their golden youth." (That's one side of the colour coin. On the other side, you have Earl Wilson, Broadway archivist, writing: "Whatever happened to blondes? What bottle of peroxide did they disappear behind? *Brunettes obviously are in charge of the world.*") . . . Essentially, right now, there are three classes of hair colouring. "I would classify it according to the lastingness of colour deposits on hair," said *Dr. Robert Wall,* Director of Product Development at the Clairol Research Laboratories. A ***rinse,*** he indicated, implies a rather fugitive hue, one that (Continued on next page)

COLOUR ME SHOCKING

ELECTRONIC PINK. FRANKLY BOGUS, BUT WHO COULD CARE LESS, IT'S FABULOUSLY FUN. AS WELL AS COLOURING THEIR OWN LOCKS, WOMEN ARE TUNING IN TO THE FRIVOLITY OF THE OBVIOUSLY FALSE. AN AMUSING DEPARTURE FROM THE REALLY-REAL BOUNCED THROUGH THE LATEST COURRÈGES COLLECTION. CREATED BY COURRÈGES, EXECUTED BY ALEXANDRE, THEY'RE HACKED-OFF DYNEL WIGS IN FLUORESCENT COLOURS—GREEN, BLUE, AND ORANGE AS WELL AS PINK. SHOWN HERE, RIGHT, TEAMED WITH MORE FRANKLY-FAKES: OUTSIZE FRECKLES MADE WITH AN EYELINER PENCIL. DID BUSTER BROWN EVER HAVE IT SO GOOD?

BERT STERN





HAIRPIECES HAVE GIVEN WOMEN NEW DARING TO EXPLORE THE WILDER SHORES OF HAIR COLOUR. RED-GLINTED HAIRPIECES HERE, STYLED BY CARITA. NECKLACE AND DRESS BY GRÈS.

hair colour

(Continued from page 230) lies on the surface and gets lost when the hair is shampooed. Differs from a ***semi-permanent colour,*** which builds up in the hair shaft, will last through several shampoos, fades somewhat in each laundry, needs renewing every third or fourth week. A ***permanent tint*** endures as long as the hair does. With this well-known loophole: hair grows, emerges newly from the scalp in the same old colour at the rate of ¼″ to ⅜″ a month. . . . This calls for ***retouching,*** an application of colour on "roots," the new growth only, with a minimum of overlapping onto already-tinted hair. . . . One of the most spectacular developments in recent hair-colour history, and a powerful reason for the rapid rise in colour use, is the ***shampoo-in tint.*** Because they go all over the hair, shampoo-ins are necessarily less intense in colour than cream-formula tints intended to confine themselves to new-growth retouching. . . . It was the hair colour formulators learning how to control porosity and buildup and to produce an acceptable uniformity of colour all over the head that made the shampoo-ins possible. One head of hair's ***porosity*** differs, roots to tips. Virgin hair—hair not yet treated to lightening, colouring, permanent waving, straightening, severe doses of sun—resists colouring, which shuns penetration of the virgin hair shaft. As far removed from virginity as your hair may be, the new hairs cropping up are virgins. As hair progresses, scalp to end, the more, therefore, it grabs colour. That's why the first time around with a colour, a longer duration of application is in order than will subsequently be necessary—an hour, perhaps, for the initial encounter, whereas the second time thirty minutes might do very nicely. . . . Who needs how many steps in permanent colour? ***One-step*** permanent colour is for circumstances where no drastic changes are required, a blonde who wants to be blonder, a fair-haired person after glints, a brunette who wants to shine darker. ***Two-step*** permanent colour is de rigueur for the accomplishment of tones other than that provided by your own natural pigmentation, from chestnut to flaxen, for example. The first step in two-step clears the way for the second step, lightens existing pigment, makes the hair shaft more porous, therefore more receptive to the colour about to enjoy its hospitality. . . . As hair lightens or greys, ***red is the last pigment to go,*** the reason why grey hair yellows, blondes get brassy. The "bleached blonde" of the 30's and 40's had little more sophisticated than hydrogen peroxide to use for lightening which left the resistant red behind, (Continued on page 272)

Mexican standout

Scorching up from below the border comes the message from Revlon, decoded into heated colours that burnish and gladden your mouth, your eyes, your sun-honeyed skin. Opposite, the new Mexicolor Mouth, a sizzler in Tijuana Bronze. The eyes, marvellously hot-cool in Revlon's new shadow-lightings, which come two-to-a-pan. Here: Light Green on lids. Peach under the brow. Facial fireworks: lit by an inspired use of new Terra Copper face gleamer. Raffia-coloured hair: silkened by Revlon's Flex Conditioner. Hat, by Venturi for Antonelli.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



NEW INSIGHTS ON THE eye

Everything happens through the eyes. We adore with them. We search with them. They are the gateway to the inner eye, the mind's eye and thus the spirit. What one knows, becomes, one's work, are all the responsibility of the eye. The power of evil doing, of healing, the ancient alleged power to charm down insanity, wild beasts, to entrance—literally—are all laid at the door of the eye.

The eyes are the most vital thing in the face—and to the beholder it is vital to be in the presence of the eye which invites and is pleased. The inviting eye is the eye flooded with new awareness. The eyes of the girls in Paris . . . wide open, smiling . . . a revelation of their inner radiance and the fact that they like what they see.

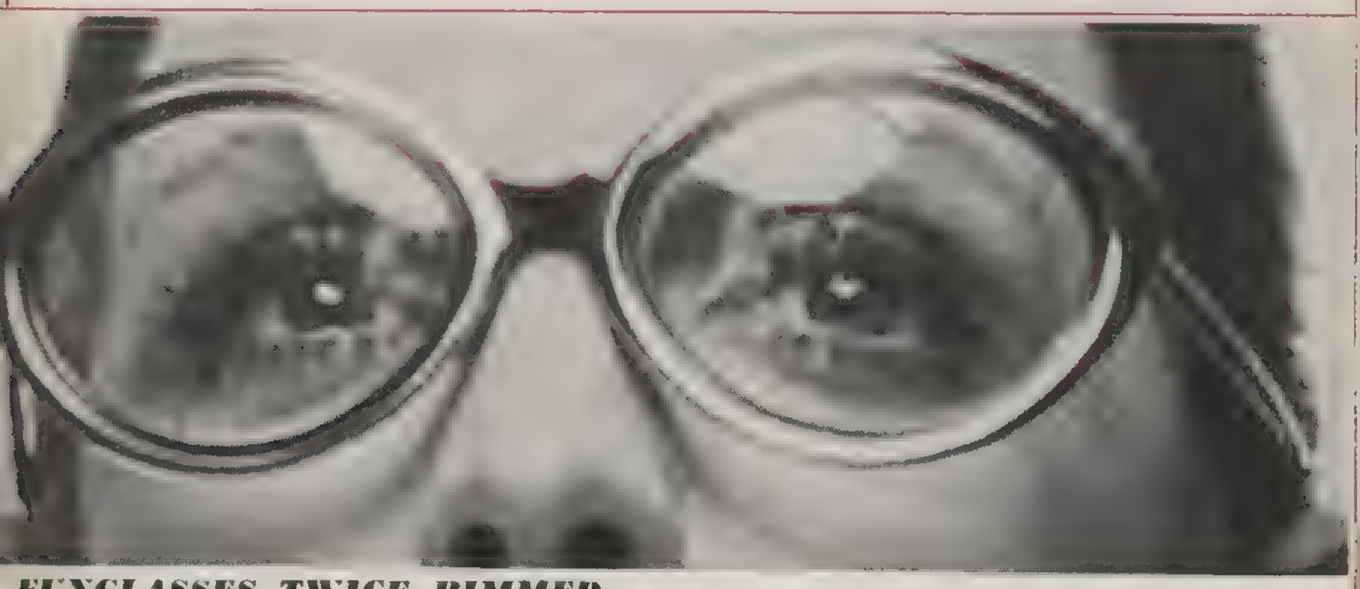
Fellini and witchcraft. Eyes, faces, fashioned into rivetting, eerie masks of sorceresses. Thus the maquillage of the characters conjured in *Satyricon* by this primo fantasist of the Roman film world. Result: faces with no natural colouring . . . some all green, all red . . . seen as if with a drugged eye. Eyebrows covered with plastic then painted copper . . . or drawn in hair by hair. His search leads him to more spine-chilling tricks—contact lenses used to turn irises red, even white, or the baleful pale of the Luna eye overleaf. Fellini's influence: the Ravenna mosaics, Roman culture, the importance of the supernatural. Modern makeup influence of the film: could be the shape of the eye. The under eyelid drawn completely straight with eyeliner. The above like a half moon. The blending of colours (when Fellini does it there's a magical quality), eyeliners used like a painter's palette. The materials? Everything, watercolours and plaster included. (More Fellini makeup wizardry, page 237)

Eye spy from abroad reports: three little black dots—eyeliner their source—proceeding down from the outer eye corner. For droopy eyes, dots might march upward instead.

Bright sunlight uses up a pigment in the retina called visual purple—apparently a sort of mood indigo for eyes that's essential to night vision. To insure protection of eyes on strong sun-days have the right tint in your sunglass lenses. Right? Dark, grey, brown, or green.

Just looking, thank you. Eyes taking in everything during all your waking hours would need a film strip twelve miles long to record the intake.

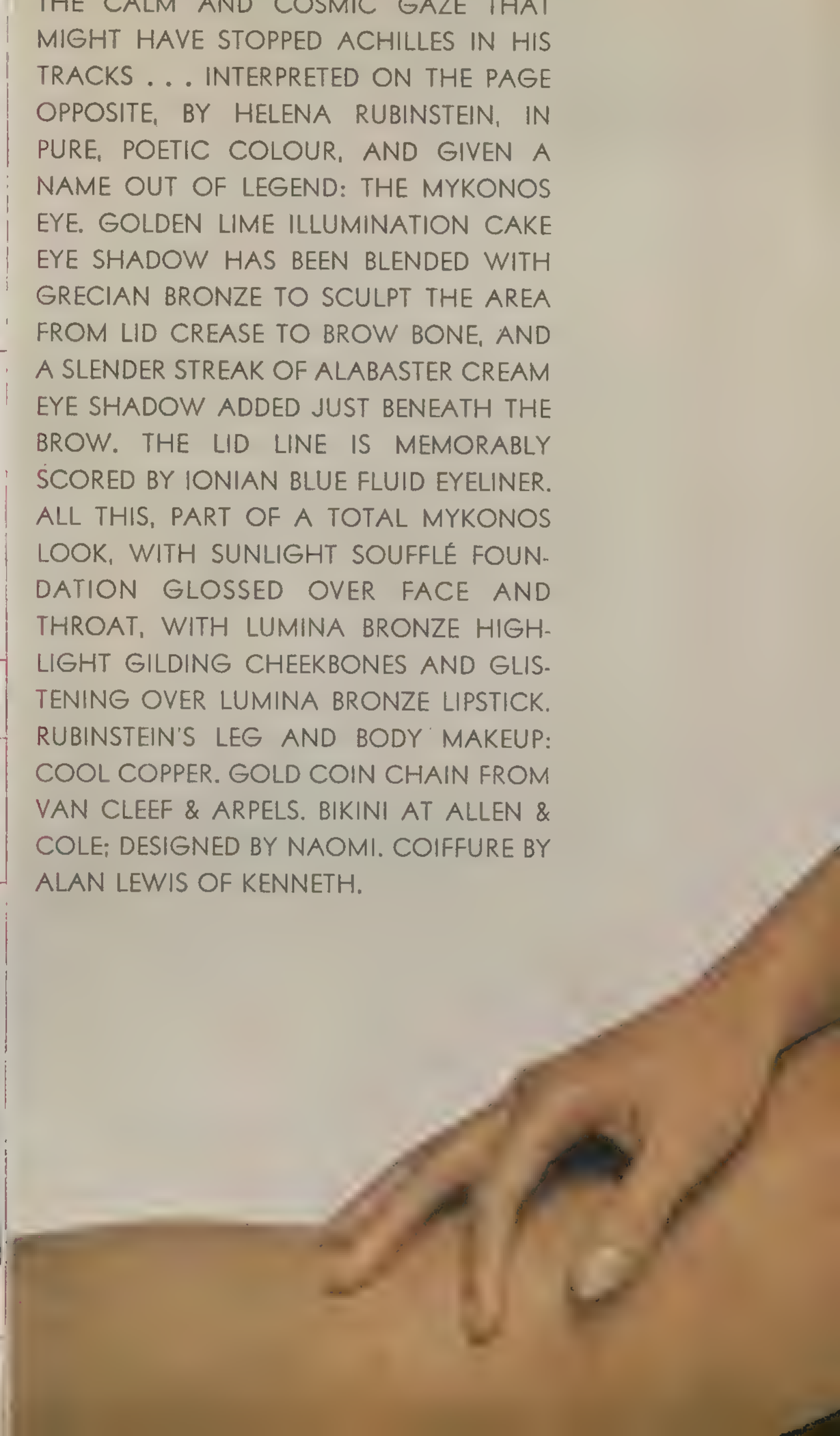
Funglasses versus sunglasses. Funglasses, with plain lenses, taking the lead in this case have two rims, one within the other. Seen at the recent Mila Schön collection in Rome: double-rimmed eye catchers. See how they shape up below. (Continued on page 238)



FUNGLASSES TWICE RIMMED BY VANZINA OF MILAN.

GREEK REVIVAL

THE UNMISTAKABLE, THE IMMUTABLE—THE CALM AND COSMIC GAZE THAT MIGHT HAVE STOPPED ACHILLES IN HIS TRACKS . . . INTERPRETED ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE, BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN, IN PURE, POETIC COLOUR, AND GIVEN A NAME OUT OF LEGEND: THE MYKONOS EYE. GOLDEN LIME ILLUMINATION CAKE EYE SHADOW HAS BEEN BLENDED WITH GRECIAN BRONZE TO SCULPT THE AREA FROM LID CREASE TO BROW BONE, AND A SLENDER STREAK OF ALABASTER CREAM EYE SHADOW ADDED JUST BENEATH THE BROW. THE LID LINE IS MEMORABLY SCORED BY IONIAN BLUE FLUID EYELINER. ALL THIS, PART OF A TOTAL MYKONOS LOOK, WITH SUNLIGHT SOUFFLÉ FOUNDATION GLOSSED OVER FACE AND THROAT, WITH LUMINA BRONZE HIGHLIGHT GILDING CHEEKBONES AND GLISTENING OVER LUMINA BRONZE LIPSTICK. RUBINSTEIN'S LEG AND BODY MAKEUP: COOL COPPER. GOLD COIN CHAIN FROM VAN CLEEF & ARPELS. BIKINI AT ALLEN & COLE; DESIGNED BY NAOMI. COIFFURE BY ALAN LEWIS OF KENNETH.





BEAUTY *bulletin*



The outer eye MAKES ITS POINTS HERE WITH DASHING LASHING. PRETTY EXCLAMATION POINTS —FALSE LASHES WITH BLACK OR WHITE ENDS AQUIVER. A SNARE AND DELICIOUS ILLUSION, CAMP VAMP BY NAME, HERE ON A MAGNIFIED EYE. AT HAIR HUNTERS, LOS ANGELES; $30.

PENATI

THE INNER EYE *delivers the bulk of the message—sensed here through Fellini's mystical makeup for the cast of his upcoming movie,* Satyricon. *Goes even so far as to restore virility if you believe Donyale Luna (whose obsessive eyes these are), golden-faced priestess with occult power in this ancient Roman orgy. A pure Fellini sighting: the unreal, extraordinary Luna eye is brown turned haunting pale blue by contact lenses. More palefulness: her mouth and brow.*

FRANCO PINNA





BERT STERN

Small, sleek coiffure
to keep out of the face's
way, to lay bare the widest
eyes. Baring the body:
a transparent drift of brown
chiffon, Greek-banded and softly
tied. By Patou.
Drifting with it:
Patou's classic perfume,
Moment Suprême. Carita
coiffure. Patou jewellery.

eye insights

The Brazilian Eye: one to contemplate. Viewed and hued by Ektor, the Brazilian designer, it meets you square on, on old Egyptian lines. A myriad banding on the lid begins it. First, black along lashes—quite straight and reaching quite far out along the eye. Then grey, brown, blue and Nile green rainbow in, not touching. To continue: an eyebrow of equal length as the elongated squared eye with white on the bone, lightening around eye area. Black only, the same length as the upper streak, lines lower lid. Individual false lashes tip outer rim. The finishing blush: a square of tawn on cheeks, white magic on the mouth. This eye-dear exercise in fantasy not for everywhere or everyone.

Do you know: eyebrows can darken, thicken with age. Lashes can lighten and drop out.

Eye skin is much finer textured than other body skin. Needs special lubricating cream. A little extra won't show under daytime sunglasses. Always pat from outside into nosebone.

Basis for eye beauty, as for the rest of you, is enough sleep and the right diet. Rest periods are a booster. Working eyes that take five seconds off to focus on the distance or blink a few times are easier eyes. Dropping in a few eye-drops, too, helps keep whites whiter, makes for rested, fresher eyes too.

A CASE OF CAUSE AND EFFECT. THE NEED FOR GLASSES CAN PRESAGE: TENSION, FACIAL TICS, MUSCLE SPASMS, DIGESTIVE PROBLEMS. NOT TO MENTION: MUSCLE CHANGE HERALDING AGEING LINES.

Open wide your eyes. Hold them as beautifully wide as those of an Indian dancer by exercising the eyelid muscles. (How? Press fingers to eyebone thus lifting skin and squeeze eye shut.) Drooping eyelids come from lazy habits.

Your pupils are students of your emotions. Male pupils perk up, widen, at sight of an attractive woman. All eyes dilate at the taste of something good, the sound of something you like, diminish if you're neither pleased nor stirred. In fact, according to psychologist, Eckhard H. Hess, pioneer in the field of pupil size and mental activity, "the pupil promises to be a new tool with which to probe the mind." So go ahead. Veil your thoughts and attitudes toward people, concepts, things. But veil your eyes too if you don't want to be seen right through.

A mistake that everyone makes—according to one makeup man. Putting erasers, concealers, *on* under-eye circles which only serves to emphasize them. The trick is to put them *beneath*, thus leading the eye away.

THE EYE IN ITALIAN

THE TUSCANY-OWNED AND -OPERATED SUN IS APPARENTLY UNIQUE, AND QUITE INDEPENDENT OF THE GENERAL SOLAR SYSTEM. UNDER ITS ARTFUL RADIANCE, THE EARTH APPEARS rosier, the sky a more angelic blue, the fields curiously lambent, as if washed in vermeil. From this prodigality, Pablo of Elizabeth Arden has derived the captivating new Tuscan beauty, *opposite*. He has elongated the eye and made it indescribably melting by placing a thicket of lashes at the outer corners, top and bottom. The lids are tinted with Azzurro creamy powder eye shadow from lash-line to crease, then with Bronzetto from crease to brow. The skin owes its warmth to Almond Beige Illusion foundation—its shining flush to Frosticotta cream blush. And the ripe, inviting mouth is lipsticked in Siena. Turquoise shirt of Taroni silk charmeuse by Capucci. Bulgari chains and rings. Coiffure by Elizabeth Arden, Rome.

BARBIERI





BEAUTY *bulletin*

eye insights

The simple act of seeing takes up twenty per cent of your bodily energy each day.

The underprivileged eye story. That red rag to a bull might as well be green or blue or yellow—he can't tell colours apart. Neither can eight men (but less than one woman) out of a hundred who are reportedly colour deficient.

Some two-thirds of us are near- or far-sighted, or have some other visual imbalance.

The anatomy of the lash. Is like other body hairs, shaping up thus: the cuticle (outer sheath), the cortex (inner section), containing melanin (natural colouring). Each lash begins life in a papilla, a sort of single hair factory in the dermis or second layer of skin. The more papillae you have—the more lashes. Each hair follows a follicle (channel) out to the surface. Ends its life roughly five months later when it drops off and a new hair forms.

Groping in the dark (night blindness) may be an early sign of vitamin A deficiency and you should see your eye specialist.

Just off the French line, the new awareness of the *yeux Français* translates itself thus: deepset eyes imply acute observatory powers. Too deepset though, and you rascal, you're withdrawn, devious. Eyes *à fleur de visage* (those are prominent eyes) express openness and generosity. Too much *à fleur* and insecurity sets in. Eyes wing upward? You're dynamic, sensuous. Eyes slink downward? So, they tell us, does your spirit. Blue eyes indicate a certain freedom from care. Black spells strength. Grey gets the I.Q. trophy.



Insight: hair cock-a-hoop over the new awareness—the excitement of—eyes

a wealth of shining hair, smoothed down to a roundness and smallness of the head: all part of the picture in the new eye deal. Shining example above—controlled, poured from its centre parting—curves round the temple, wraps intriguingly about the throat. Result: an eye right in focus. More new dealings: raised, enlightened eyebrows (sometimes even brushed up) leaving more room for eyes to shine. New way to focus on a skein of blue-black hair: loop it into a Cartier diamond bracelet. Carita coiffure. Ring, also from Cartier.

INSIGHT: WHITE AND PINK AND DARKLY RED ALL OVER

This is the time to see red—all its shades and hues—the terra-cotta glint in a swirl of dark hair—a breath of pinky frost on the lips—the palest sun-touching on the cheeks—the rosy-golden pulse of health and well-being. Our shining example, left, owes her glows to the Florentine collection by L'Oréal—face pinked by Florentine Blush, iced with Goldspun. Lips flashed with San Remo Pink Lipstick. The crown: gloried by Excellence Permanent Hair Colour, Dark Auburn of shade—also by L'Oréal.

Time to take a new look at the Chemise Lacoste—and what a look!—short as a tunic and belted over pants—everybody's friend in fashion snappier than ever in navy-and-white knit with polo-shirt collar and sleeves and perfect straight legs. Of double-knitted Dacron. By David Crystal, about $55. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Higbee's; Hudson's; Chas. A. Stevens; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; Sakowitz. Old England watch: Altman's. David Evins shoes: to order at I. Miller. Ara Gallant coiffure.



new Shine in fashion



A fabric that's supple as stockings and light as air, with a smooth lacquery shine—that's the ciré the cheering's about. Cheer on—twelve pages strong and all summer long.... The shiny purple coat, left, of quilted ciré—light as helium and bright as a balloon for floating along under all-weather skies. Turned out here with a fringed silk scarf, scrolled black boots. By Ginori. Wear Dated coat of Monsanto Blue C nylon (Avila fabric). About $75. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Higbee's; Neiman-Marcus. Vendôme earrings. David St. David scarf, at Saks Fifth Avenue. White cuffs by Ruza Creations. Black Corfam boots by Delman. The lipshine: a slick of Pink Gold lipstick by John Robert Powers. The shiny black suit, right, of quilted ciré—chopped snap-jacket and mini-snip of skirt. By Ginori. Wear Dated suit of Monsanto Blue C nylon (Avila fabric). About $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; May D & F; Neiman-Marcus. Doro scarf. Ruza Creations cuffs. Pale-blue sunglasses: Riviera. Fringed boots: Golo. Coiffures, both pages: Alan Lewis of Kenneth.

Britt Ekland shines in the dark

The shiny star in the shiny gear here—Britt Ekland, blue-eyed Swedish actress with a spritz of freckles and a fling of apricot hair...razzle-dazzler of *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, with two new movies due out this summer: AVCO Embassy's *Stiletto*, and *At Any Price*.... Hit Britt, opposite—a polished-onyx quilted ciré jacket—top of the shiny suit shown in full on the preceding page. Britt's coiffure by Alan Lewis of Kenneth. Tiny shiny bikini, right, in slippery navy-blue ciré—and the shine never stops, wet or dry. By Erika Elias for Hang Ten. Bikini of Wear Dated Monsanto Blue C nylon (Avila fabric). Junior sizes. About $23. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Nordstrom Best. Coiffure: Hugh Harrison.

PENATI





PENATI

Britt's got the glow, left, black's got the gleam—a snap-dashing jacket, slick snippet of skirt in shiny black ciré. By Mallory; Du Pont nylon (Silco ciré). About $110. Bergdorf Goodman; Filene's. Snip-snap, shiny black, right: Britt basks in the light of a short, small snap-front shirtdress belted with white. By Luba for Elite, of nylon ciré. About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Pair of white belts, by Canterbury. Britt Ekland's coiffures by Hugh Harrison.

Britt Ekland in snap-up shiny black



Shine on shiny black

What's glistening here, opposite page, is the miniest shirtdress of black nylon ciré jersey with T-shirt sleeves, a patch pocket over the heart. By Vera. About $26. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Ruza Creations armband: Bloomingdale's. Take a shine to hair . . . Roux Fanci-Fix Instant Hair Conditioner, for instance—a post-shampoo snap to bounce, body, and polish. A little smock-coat like an artist's, top of page, with shirring at the shoulder and flowing from there, in slickery black ciré. By Ginori. Wear Dated coat of Monsanto Blue C nylon (Avila fabric). About $65. Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila. Calderon cravat. Shirt-and-skirt shine, centre of page: a shirt that zips over a skirt that swings—sleek and pleats in black ciré. By Mallory, of Du Pont nylon ciré (Silco fabric). Shirt about $40; skirt about $50. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin. White fringed silk scarf by Doro. The bounce of a flounce, directly left, hems a lacquery black ciré coat with a stand-up collar, push-up sleeves; snugged in at the waist with a wide studded belt. By Ginori. Wear Dated coat of Monsanto Blue C nylon (Avila fabric). About $65. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nordstrom Best. Coiffures on these and the next four pages, by Alan Lewis of Kenneth.



The licorice slicker, left, slicing right through rainy days, sluicing right down to a mid-calf hem from a small double-breasted top. Of Du Pont nylon (Silco ciré); $100. Guy for Paraphernalia; junior sizes. Stanley Postek headband. A quick little flicker, right, of black ciré that zips up up up to a high standing collar. Long-sleeved dress by Mallory; Du Pont nylon ciré (Silco fabric). About $75. Bergdorf Goodman; Filene's. Ropes at waist, Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique.... Fresh gleam for the face: a creamy moisturizer called Ambrulsion—all health and shine sans grease—by Guerlain.

Shiny black blazes on

PENATI

Shiny
black
slickerinos





Get jumping, left, in shiny black ciré, clinging on for dear life from snuggish shirt-top to wide cuffed pants...all tied up with yards and yards of white crêpe. The jumpsuit, of Du Pont nylon ciré (Silco fabric); $84. By Michael Mott for Paraphernalia. In junior sizes. Gleam on, above right, in a shiny black trench coat—a metal-studded belt and a muffle of scarf added here. By Lawrence of London, of acetate-and-nylon ciré (Bucol fabric). About $215. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woolf Brothers. David St. David white crêpe scarf, here and left, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Zip-slick coatdress, right: a nifty little number in zippered black basket-weave ciré turned on here with a fringed white scarf, cowgirl shirt-cuffs. Raincheetah by Naman, of Du Pont nylon. About $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's. Doro scarf. Cuffs by Ruza Creations.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

New York: The "Big O" is one of the best bargain boutiques in town. When you hear knowledgeable decorators talk about the "Big O Boutique," you know they're talking about Orchard Street. It's way downtown on Manhattan's East Side, a street that's filled with shops selling cheap clothes and discount appliances and fabrics—fabrics of all sorts—left-over yardages, odd lengths, big bolts. . . . Probably, just the pattern you've been looking for all over is there somewhere. . . . "Sundays, it's beautiful—the goods are pulled right out on the sidewalk on racks, in pushcarts . . . the people selling are really hawking, bargaining—calling out to you things like 'pull it around over here,' 'look' . . . it's great. . . ."

Paris: the bargain boutique for fabrics here is at the foot of the Sacré-Coeur—clustered all around the bottom of the steps are fabric shops filled to the hilt with the beautiful, the inexpensive, the practical, the superb—the stuffs that make Paris fashion. And the prices are bon marché. . . .

Paris: *Alcazar, on Rue Mazarin, is the place to go. It is just a huge hall where you sit at small, crowded tables and look at "variety revues," impersonations, travesties. It is very in and you have to be true French to get its point, but this is the place to go. . . .*

New York: What a joy is Giorgio!

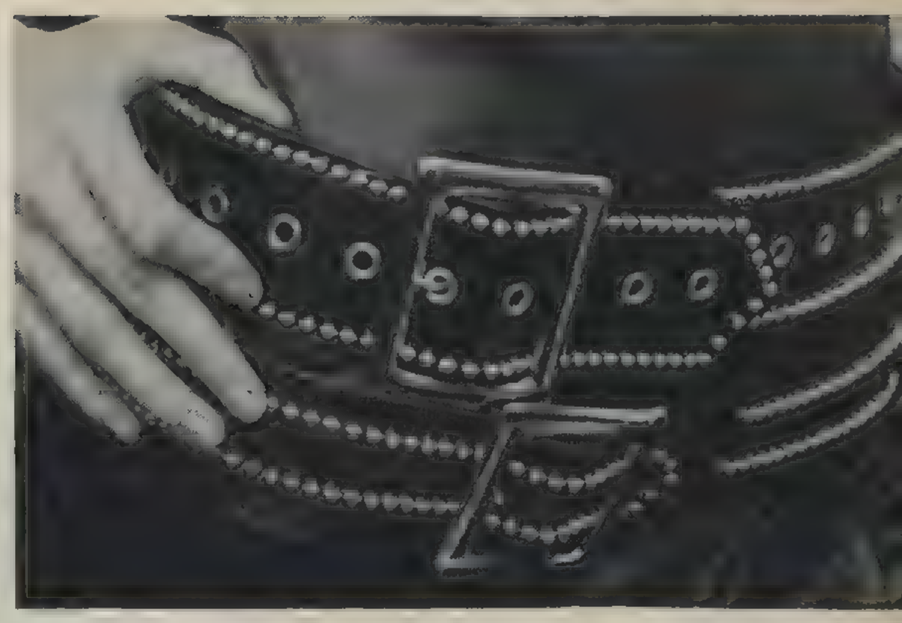




Because if there are such things as fashion geniuses—Giorgio di Sant' Angelo is one— to watch him twist a scarf and make a turban, throw beads together and make a necklace, cut fabric and make skirts, and sleeves, and shirts, and dresses, cleave plastic and make rings and bracelets, drape metal and make a bathing suit—or just to watch him put anything, everything, together and make it come out with style, with wit, with *joy*—that's watching Giorgio without effort, with great humour and modesty do what he does, every day. Here, Giorgio at work on his collection that will all be in the S'fari Room of Bonwit Teller. . . . *Above*, Giorgio adjusts the necklace of black wooden beads, $35, watched by two turbaned heads—one black ciré organza, the other chartreuse matte jersey. The head wraps come already Giorgio-wrapped—are adjustable in back; $30. . . .

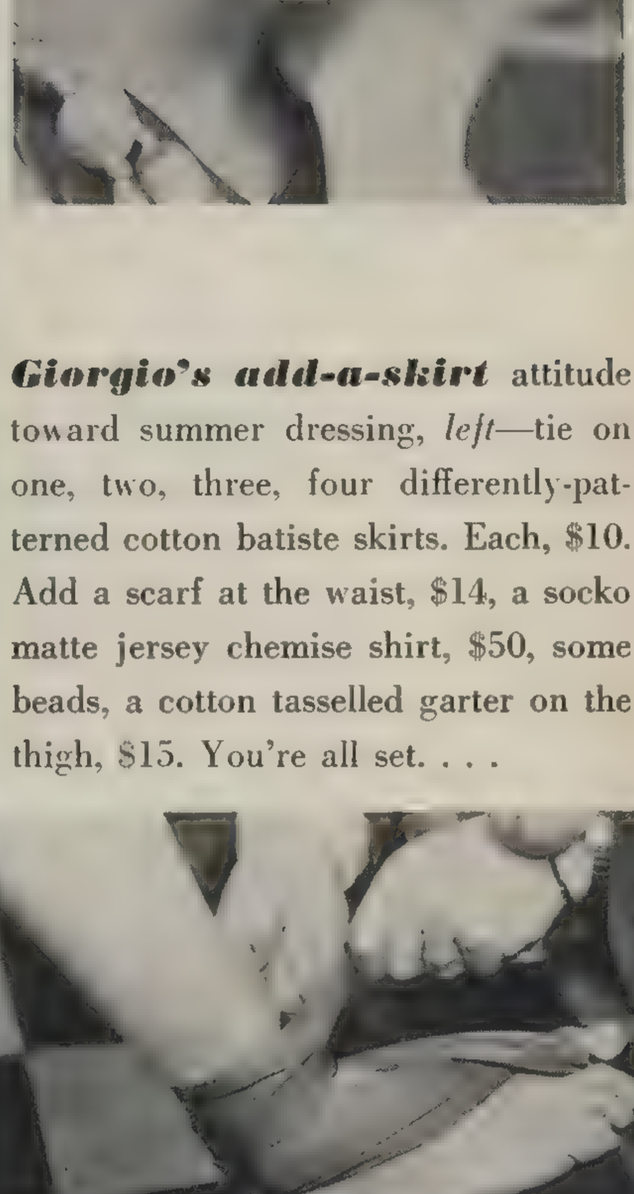
Left, Giorgio's poofy Filipino-sleeved, ankle-length dresses made of a mélange of cotton Paisleys—the collar, a ruff of crunchy lace; $215 in S'fari Room of Bonwit Teller. . . .

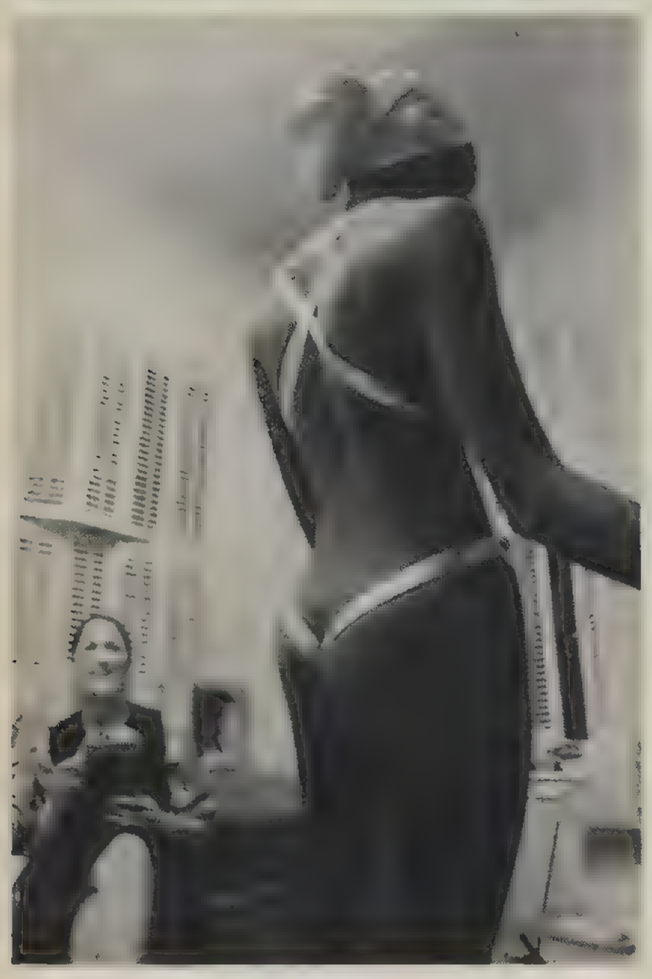




Giorgio's double-belt business. *right*—two strips of black leather, brass-studded. Each, $35. . . . *Below right,* a black leather belt wrapped around a fringed-brim black felt hat; $35. . . . Like all Giorgio di Sant' Angelo things here, these will be at Bonwit Teller. . . .





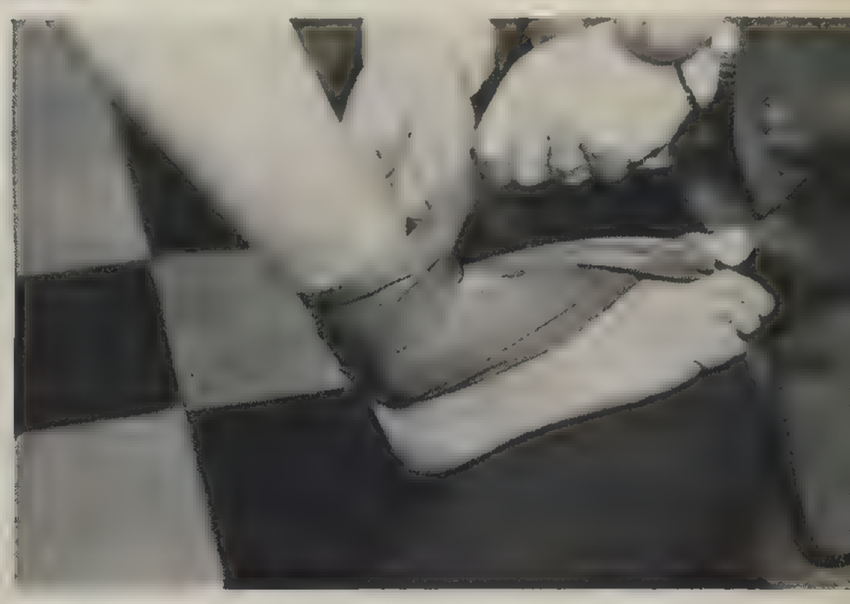


Giorgio's shimmery shake, *above*, a bathing suit of paper-weight, flexible gilt mesh. Nothing more needs to be said $120. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

Giorgio's add-a-skirt attitude toward summer dressing, *left*—tie on one, two, three, four differently-patterned cotton batiste skirts. Each, $10. Add a scarf at the waist, $14, a socko matte jersey chemise shirt, $50, some beads, a cotton tasselled garter on the thigh, $15. You're all set. . . .





Giorgio's head wrap. *above left*—black silk jersey hiding the hair—("most women have a terrible time with hair in the summer") but, giving the head a movement, a shape. $30. . . . *Above centre left,* ***Giorgio's rings and bracelets,*** like shiny cool ivory chopped from white plastic, $10 to $15. . . . *Above centre right,* ***Giorgio at it,*** wrapping some chiffon to make one of those-down-to-the-eyebrows in-front, cover-the-hair-in-back wraps. The finished adjustable version, $30; *above right,* ***Giorgio tying up a toe*** with a magenta silk scarf—a bit of business he thinks should sometimes replace the sandal. Scarf, $9. You have to tie it. All Sant' Angelo designs, in S'fari Room of Bonwit Teller. . . .

More on next page

Paris: What is a night of love without fashion!

Well, it's not a night like this one—the night Liza Minelli gave a party at Drugstore 13 and called it "A Night of Love." Mary Hopkin, Donovan, Régine, and Liza sang. And everyone turned up, looking smashing as well as lovable. Snapshots here—captions, far right. . . .

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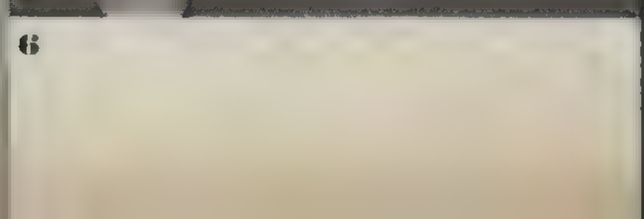
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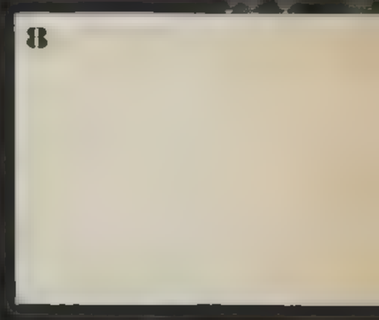
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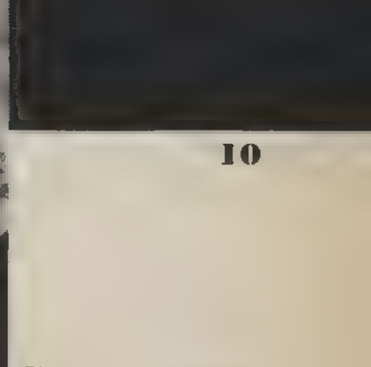


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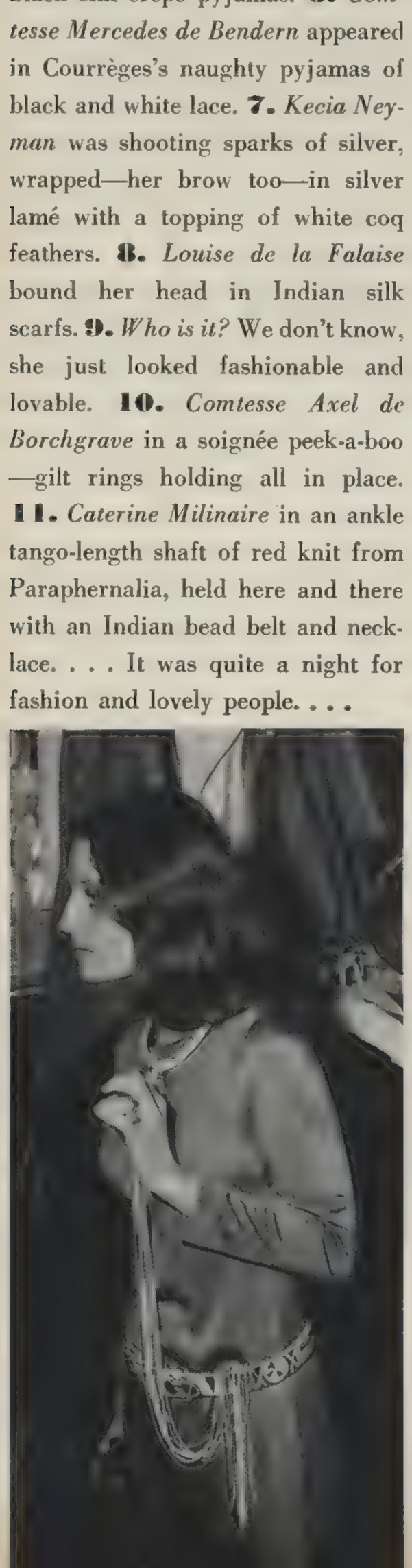
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10



NISBERG

1. *Mary Hopkin* dressed as simply as a Welsh girl should be, a pale-beige wool shawl over her shoulders. Her singing, and that of **2.** *Donovan*, rail-thin in a blue Shetland sweater, cigarette placed between the strings at the end of his guitar while he sang, brought down the drugstore. **3.** *Liza Minelli* warmed one and all with her hesitant, shy, charming way—in a brown knit pants suit. **4.** *Patrice Calmettes* wore an Edwardian-cut jacket in the colour, the fabric all Paris loves—dove-grey panne velvet. **5.** *Robin Butler* was all muffled up in Adolfo's ruffled black silk crêpe pyjamas. **6.** *Comtesse Mercedes de Bendern* appeared in Courrèges's naughty pyjamas of black and white lace. **7.** *Kecia Neyman* was shooting sparks of silver, wrapped—her brow too—in silver lamé with a topping of white coq feathers. **8.** *Louise de la Falaise* bound her head in Indian silk scarfs. **9.** *Who is it?* We don't know, she just looked fashionable and lovable. **10.** *Comtesse Axel de Borchgrave* in a soignée peek-a-boo—gilt rings holding all in place. **11.** *Caterine Milinaire* in an ankle tango-length shaft of red knit from Paraphernalia, held here and there with an Indian bead belt and necklace. . . . It was quite a night for fashion and lovely people. . . .



11



Paris: The Simonetta sprint . . .



That's what Mme. Florence Grinda is doing here—celebrating the fact that the fiery, talented Italian designer, Simonetta, is celebrating the fourth year of her Paris boutique on the Rue François Ier. Florence is leaping around in one of Simonetta's asymmetric pyjamas—black and white print silk over a black leotard. About $500. . . .

Nancy Stoddart, *left,* musing with the muse of Simonetta's boutique, wearing a black dinner dress—the sleeves, big woofs of white organdie sprinkled with flowers; $310, at Simonetta's boutique, 40 rue François Ier. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



Let the world know—

that you are a member of the club—that you are a Gucci aficionado, too. Mme. Philippe Leroy, wife of the French actor, lets Rome know she's a Gucci girl because she wears the newest Gucci "badges"—a leather-bound shirtwaist dress, of beige duck interwoven all over with the Gucci insigne GG. . . . It matches a raft of new luggage all made of the same fabric . . . GG—Gucci—it's great. . . .



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in fact you have to be an Alitalia stewardess to own these Mila Schöns. Alitalia asked Mila Schön—the famous Italian designer we revere for impeccable, perfect-tailoring-beyond-words clothes, to redesign their stewardesses. Mila Schön did—from top to toe. Furthermore, the Mila Schön ateliers will personally make for every stewardess each and every piece of the wardrobe, which is unique—and enviable. Everything is in flag-green and navy blue. Above, the suit of green, double-faced, with a navy tunic beneath. Right, the topcoat impeccably cut in green double-faced wool. There's also a rain cape, a green overdress for inside the plane, the navy hat—the shoulder bag of navy kid—the knee-high boots of beautiful navy-blue calf, a pair of comfy navy-blue moccasins for the plane. . . . Oh, to be an Alitalia stewardess! . . .



CATALANO

The Sea Gull

(Continued from page 217)

tique surrounding scriptwriters. I hope so.

With certain material, of course, a shooting script is necessary, as when a short story such as Chekhov's *The Lady with the Dog* is filmed; or in the breaking-down of some vast panorama, like *Gone With the Wind*. But Lumet was able to follow Chekhov faithfully: He never shows us Nina's life in Moscow as Trigorin's mistress, nor the death of her baby, nor Arkadina's tawdry theatrical triumphs, nor even Konstantin's suicide. We discover these things in Chekhov's own way—obliquely—but their dramatic impact remains overwhelming.

Chekhov wrote for the theatre, knowing no other medium; yet he proves perfectly suited to cinematic transposition. He always railed against theatrical conventions and the fustian then fashionable: It was the theatre of Sardou or Dumas that was then applauded. He desired naturalness above all else and even resented the strictures imposed by the stage—"the three-sided box." His dialogue, with his pauses or silences, and the tempo of irresolution, so lifelike, so telling, are admirably achieved by the cinema. Had Chekhov known of its scope and the intimacy of the close-up, I believe he would have chosen this medium in which best to express himself.

* * * *

Behind the principal figures of *The Sea Gull*, lesser figures are ranged, each perfect in its casting and playing. So beautifully was this whole Chekhovian world evoked in Lumet's production that watching the "rushes" (the first rough print of each day's shooting, on which players and technicians sit in judgment) I often found myself longing for Chekhov's presence among us.

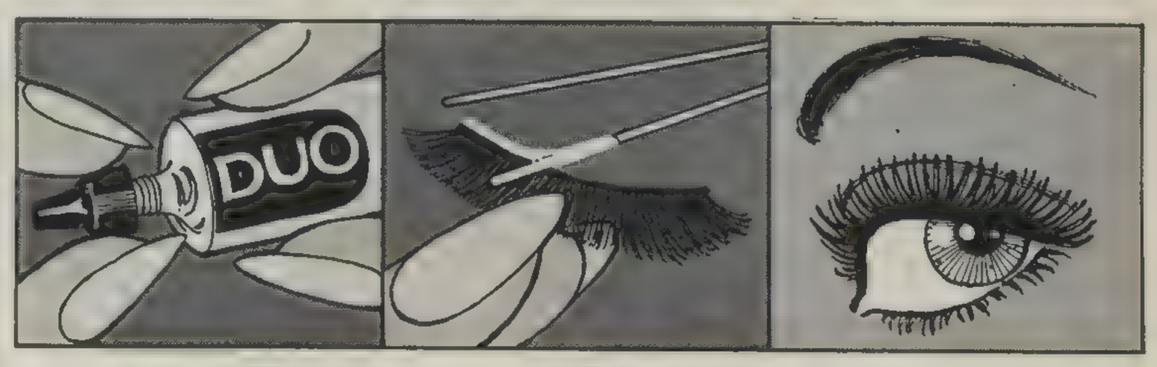
"How should this scene be played?" he was asked once by some of the Russian theatre company. "As well as possible" was the only answer they got. And that is how these players have responded to the challenge of his play. Gradually we saw the whole take shape. We were standing back from the Impressionist canvas; or, to change the metaphor, after the virtuoso solos, the other players, each with their separate variations, took up the theme, an orchestration of unfulfilled desires.

Masha, the wistful, sloe-eyed Kathleen Widdoes, consoling herself with snuff, and then hard liquor, to still her longings for Konstantin, and marrying Medviedenko, the snubbed young rustic schoolteacher, a rôle often played unsympathetically—but now, Alfred Lynch makes him infinitely touching, an innocent with hope and even practical notions, set down among the drifters. Paulina, Masha's mother—Eileen Herlie—tight-lipped with resignation, pathetic in her stagnation, still craving some sign of affection from Dorn, the doctor—Denholm Elliott. He and Paulina's boorish husband. the bailiff Shamraev—Ronald Radd—have the only unsympathetic rôles and play them with relish for their disagreeableness. Once more, we see an unusual interpretation. Dorn is generally presented as a lovable, philosophic country doctor. Not so here: Undercurrents of malice appear, and I fancy this interpretation is far closer to Chekhov's intentions. The bailiff and the doctor are outside the magnetic circle of the lovers and the loved, or that contredance of stifled passions that is the play's essence. But Sorin, Arkadina's brother—Harry Andrews—although also outside the perimeter of love, of life itself, by the last act, is all warmth, and we feel tenderness for the old nuisance, huddled in frowsy rugs and trundled about in a wheelchair, quite deaf, now, only consoled by bonbons, and filled with apprehension at death's approach before he has ever truly lived. Harry Andrews (last seen dashingly in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*) gives a performance which haunts me, still.

Chekhov has this power of involving his audiences: Where he leaves off, his characters go on; they are invested with a curious, lifelike power. We do not forget them, whether reading the plays or seeing them acted.

(Continued on page 260)

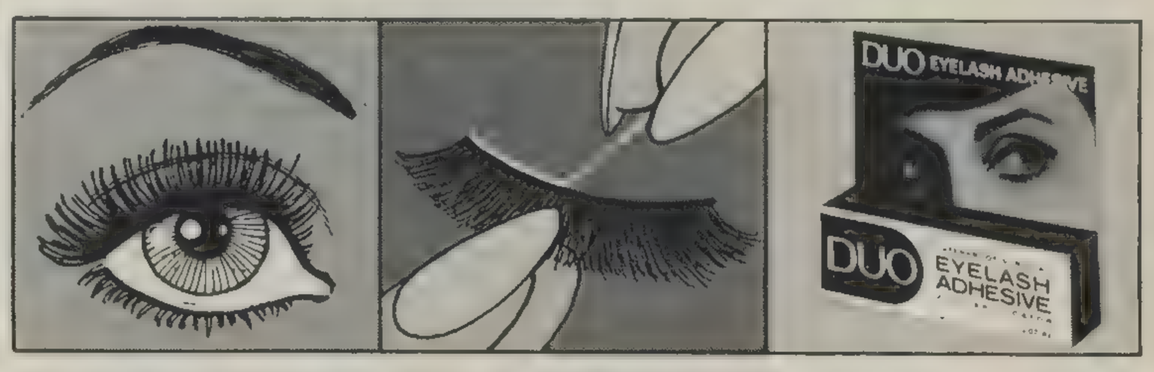
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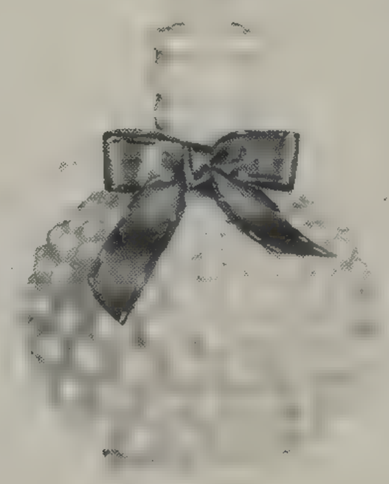
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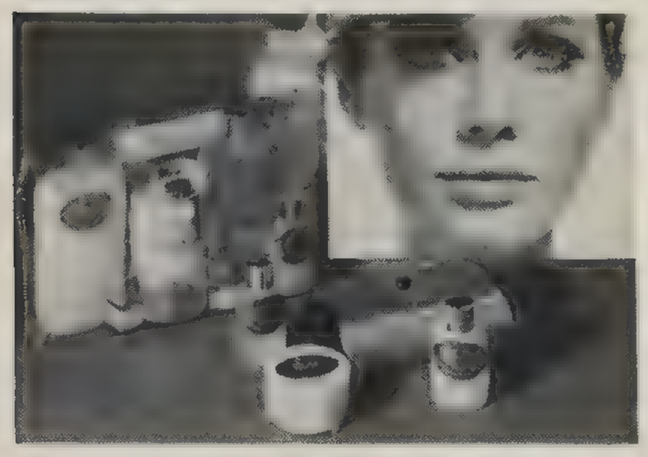


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The Sea Gull

(Continued from page 259)

The curtain falls, but we have become involved and we remember them and speculate as to their subsequent fate, as though they were people we had known. I have seen several fine productions of *The Sea Gull,* in various languages and cities, Moscow among them. To me, this film outshines all the rest. However the public and the press will react, I should like to think this version of Chekhov's play had its place in the archives of the cinema.

* * * *

As key figures behind the whole, stand two compelling personalities. Sydney Lumet and Moura Budberg. First Sydney, the director, without whom. . . . His small dynamic figure leaped about tirelessly, an expression of beatific happiness widening his ear-to-ear grin: "Of course I'm happy—I'm doing what I've been wanting to do for years, direct Chekhov." His goggle-eyed round glasses, and the enormously wide smile recalled the Frog Footman in *Alice,* while his feet, encased in baggy cotton overshoes (worn to deaden noise when the sound track was running) completed the froggy illusion. He maintained a highly personal flow of affectionate badinage and Jewish humour which concealed the fact he was in absolute and hawk-eyed command of everything.

Lumet came to the cinema by way of television's forcing house, which has killed or exalted some of the most gifted young American directors. There they must think fast and work economically, both in terms of acting and expenditure. It is not by chance that Lumet seldom needs retakes and finished this picture ahead of schedule. Having chewed over the play for six years—it is his favourite Chekhov, "for its imperfections, like life, rather than calculated theatre"—he rehearsed it rigorously for two weeks, first taking his company through every move on the empty stage of a Stockholm theatre. "A crash course in Chekhov," he described it. Then, when shooting began, the work ran fast and smooth.

Then, too, being a perfectionist, he waited until he could obtain the players who were the embodiment of each character. "They are," Lumet paused, "they are *them,*" he finished lamely, but truly. It has nothing to do with Vanessa Redgrave's star status that he chose her for Nina. She *is* Nina, with that vulnerability, that virginal yet ardent quality of Chekhov's foolish girl. David Warner *is* Konstantin, so lost, a skin too thin for daily life, and so far from every concept of the romantic lover; yet, the love scenes between himself and Nina are fraught with passion, like that haunting and terrible moment where we glimpse the kind of love he feels, unknowingly, for his mother, so absorbed in her own possessive passion for Trigorin.

"My play has little action and any amount of love," wrote Chekhov to a friend, when working on the original draft. It was a sad failure when first produced in St. Petersburg in 1896. Its naturalism bewildered both players and audiences accustomed to histrionics. Chekhov was obsessed by its failure, and brooded. But two years later, when the Moscow Art Theatre ventured on it again, the first night was a blazing triumph, as significant, in another vein, as that of *Hernani.* The curtain fell on scenes of frenzied enthusiasm. The leading lady fainted: Olga Knipper (who later became Chekhov's wife) was overcome with emotion. Chekhov sprang to fame, and the Moscow Art Theatre came to adopt a sea gull as its emblem.

A certain glow, if not from that moment at least from that setting from Moscow, and the living tradition of Chekhov's theatre has been shed on Sydney Lumet's film by the presence of Baroness Budberg, the Russian source to which he turned for every aspect of his production. The nuance of a phrase, the placing of a prop, or the detail of a costume were all referred to her. I have had the joy of knowing Moura for twenty-five years or more, during which time her legend (I think she must have been born with one) has grown to Gargantuan proportions. Yet, she herself has not changed one iota. She breathes the essence of eternal Russia: Large, with limitless horizons like the land, she is steeped in traditions of her birthplace and, like all the Russians of her generation, equally at home in half a dozen languages and the culture of as many countries. She presided throughout the production, autocratic yet benign, a mixture of Peter the Great (rather than Great Catherine) yet cosy, like the traditional Russian *babushka.* And in spite of gruelling hours and advancing years, she retained the vitality of a whole regiment of Cossacks.

I watched Lumet and the Baroness together on the set. She was waving her cane authoritatively: Lumet snuggled up to her, and they conferred at length on some fine point, while the players were suspended in mid-action. James Mason returned to Nabokov's newest book (Nabokov is his neighbour in Montreux). But Tina, the makeup girl, arrived with her tray of paints and glared at his beard. "It's beginning to fade," she said, eyeing the Klieg lights with disapproval. "In Paris, they dyed it with Summer Ermine and Storm Cloud, the mixture fifty-fifty," he said ruminatively. Last time I saw him, he was wearing the mutton-chop whiskers of the Emperor Franz Josef, for *Mayerling.* Before that, it had been the trim cut of a sea captain, for a picture shot in Australia. "It's so comfortable. I do hope a supply of bearded rôles will continue," he said wistfully.

Harry Andrews, ensconced in his wheelchair, discovered that the chocolates he was to eat in the next scene were real, and rich: The prop men had excelled themselves, and he was trying them out. A dress rehearsal, he called it, munching voluptuous-

(Continued on page 263)

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THE GILDED TRAVELLERS

By Antonia Fraser

"How many chains luxury forges for its votaries!" sighed the gorgeous Lady Blessington in her diary, as she headed for a three-year tour of Italy in 1822, escorted by an equally glittering companion, the famous dandy Count Alfred d'Orsay. "The poor if they do not enjoy all the pleasure of the rich at least escape many of the annoyances." These reflections were prompted by the sight of her fleet of travelling coaches filling the entire courtyard of a Paris hotel.

Ladies' maids quarrelled with valets who quarrelled with footmen as they packed the luggage to which was being added a mountain of purchases made in Paris. A French observer inquired blandly whether it was true that a whole English regiment was on the move. Fortunately, Lady Blessington's bout of self-analysis did not last, since she realized that, although many privations could be endured cheerfully in the interests of simplicity, it was quite impossible for anyone to travel without a private library. Immensely reassured, she set forth once more on her easeful route.

Of course, not all luxury's votaries have looked askance at their chains, even for a moment. The Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany considered it an indispensable condition of holidays aboard his yacht that the German Foreign Office should send him every half-hour a full telegram on all the up-to-the-minute aspects of world affairs.

This thirst for the news while on holiday, which few have been able to gratify in so sweeping a fashion, was, in fact, due to the Kaiser's desire to annoy his guests, high-ranking ministers and generals. For having received the stream of telegrams and hinted at a world crisis, he then hid them away and refused to divulge the contents, until his guests, nearly mad with apprehension and deprivation, had to cable for fresh telegrams for themselves.

The imperial family of Russia gave a more conventional interpretation to the meaning of luxury: The private train of the Czar Nicholas II consisted of a string of royal-blue saloon cars, each with the double-headed eagle of Russia emblazoned on it in gold, a private sitting room for the Czarina upholstered in her favourite mauve, and a bathroom for the Czar whose tub was designed so that the water could not spill out when the train went round a curve.

The only drawback was the constant trepidation of the ladies-in-waiting—not totally unfounded—that the revolutionaries might blow up this palace on wheels.

The turn of the present century, that eminently luxurious period, was marked by the existence of a special intercontinental express between St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Cannes, run by the railway company for the exclusive use of Russian grand dukes wishing to spend the winter (then the fashionable season) in and around Monte Carlo and its casino. It is pleasing to reflect that these aristocrats conducted themselves aboard the express with the greatest propriety, changing for dinner every night.

The journey of Liszt, his mistress Marie d'Agoult, and their mutual friend George Sand around Switzerland showed a more eccentric notion of comfort. Their principal diversion was to shower the hotel visitors' books with emanations of their genius. At the Hotel de l'Union, for example, Liszt seized the register and under *place of birth* wrote: Parnassus; under *coming from:* Doubt; under *going to:* Truth. George Sand, never one to be outdone, wrote Nature under the heading *domicile,* and described herself loftily as *coming from:* God; *going to:* Heaven. The date of her passport issue was given as: Forever, as it was said to be *delivered by:* Public Opinion.

In contrast to such fantasies, the aim of a Duke of Portland in his travels seems positively antisocial. On reaching a railway station, his own carriage was placed directly in a truck attached to the end of the train, and there it stayed incommunicado, green silk blinds firmly drawn until his destination was reached, the Duke's aim being to avoid either being seen or spoken to from one end of the journey to the other.

Yet, was this Duke really so eccentric? He certainly endured no gilded chains as he sat alone and silent in his carriage. Was not the Duke's ideal more correspondent to the ultimate notion of luxury—the luxury of doing exactly as one pleases—than, for example, the prolonged and cumbersome progresses of Queen Elizabeth I who was obliged to travel in state round her country, a hieratic figure to her subjects, and an expensive burden to her hosts, because, an observer wrote, "In such ceremonies does the secret of good government much consist?"

I have no doubt that those legendary travellers who took the Golden Road to Samarkand "for lust of knowing what should not be known" (always an admirable objective for any enterprise) had a better time of it than Henry VIII, journeying in mammoth courtly state towards the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Protocol had reached such heights that the countryside round Calais had to be re-landscaped in order that neither the French nor the English king should stand one inch higher than the other.

In no case did luxury ever demonstrate more cruelly the perilous strength of its chains than in the famous flight of the Royal Family of France to Varenne, which was brought to disaster by the demands of etiquette. Although Marie Antoinette consented to travel disguised as a mere Baroness, it was considered impossible for a Queen of France, even incognito, to undress herself at night without a couple of waiting-women to attend her, so that two extra bodies were added to the already loaded coach. The counts and countesses who had to spend twenty-four hours disguised as servants insisted on new liveries and this shining, ostensibly menial assembly brought fresh suspicion. The chains of protocol weighed altogether too heavily, and the escape attempt failed.

Infinitely more enviable was the imaginative luxury which Bonaparte devised for his journey from France to Egypt. Because he was self-made, the luxuries could be self-made too, and angled strictly towards his own pleasure rather than his position. In fact, he chose to give an original interpretation to Dr. Johnson's maxim on travel—"A man must carry knowledge with him if he is to bring back knowledge"—by taking aboard ship an entire commission of the sciences and arts, made up of a hundred and fifty of the wisest men in France. Every evening he invited his savants on deck to take part in a discourse. So far, so good: The savants were presumably glad to air their knowledge, to say nothing of themselves (they had been most uncomfortably stowed down below in case the common soldiers became jealous).

Unfortunately, the promised discourses turned out to be monologues by Bonaparte on whatever topic took his fancy, generally inspired by the particular piece of coastline they were passing; the African coast led to a lecture on the rise of Islam, Crete reminded the General of the fall of the Ottoman Empire, Mount Ida and Greece inspired him to digress on the need of the common people for some sort of organized religion. Could there indeed be any greater luxury for the burning lecturer who lies within every sightseer than to hold forth on the passing scenery to the best brains in his own country—the gilded chains in this case lying on the audience rather than on the traveller?

The Sea Gull

(Continued from page 260)

ly on a chocolate truffle. Simone Signoret lighted a cigarette, and writhed unhappily inside a forbidding corset of the period. Her generous, emotional body spilled over into a lace-trimmed dressing jacket. She detested the rouge and frizzed-up artifice of Madame Arkadina and could scarcely wait to return to her norm: slacks, pullovers, and absolutely no makeup. In contrast, Eileen Herlie sighed at the drab impositions of her rôle. She was now suffering the attentions of Tina who was touching up reddish, tear-stained eyelids, and adding "a few more broken veins for the close-up," as the actress said gloomily, fretting to shed Paulina's depressing shell and reclaim her elegant and soignée self.

Vanessa Redgrave was not called that day. In an artistic Swedish woven jerkin, boots, and owlish spectacles, with something of Rosalind still apparent in her lanky, boyish silhouette, she was cooking for her two small daughters in the pantry of her suite at the hotel, Nibelung castle-style outside and Swedish modern inside. The entire company was installed here, and their weekends were spent together in an uproarious and prankish mood. Like over-excited children who have done well all the term, they were staying up late and getting thoroughly out of hand; on some occasions, thumping and blasting on a hired brass band in an atmosphere that might be described as the Fourth Form at St. Sydney's.

Such was the interplay beneath the play, and it was an endearing and diverting spectacle to the onlooker admitted to this enclosed world. When I returned to the studios, the Baroness and Sydney Lumet were still conferring, while David Warner mooned about, very little different off-stage from on: dreamy, untidy, remote from life, and quite lost without his spectacles. He did not see a blond, doll-like figure waving from the wings: It was Harriet, the Swedish charmer he has since married. Both Warner and Vanessa Redgrave are so nearsighted that, when rehearsing their love scenes without glasses, they have been known to rush past each other, arms outstretched, into nothingness.

Now Lumet and the Baroness broke away from their snuggle and Warner took his place beside the Baroness, nestling cosily, for they dote on each other, this unlikely pair. Lumet yelled his commands, galvanizing the Swedish crew. Fortunately all of them understood English. Sydney's is picturesque. "Stand by, my darlings! Sven, sweetheart —that ikon's upside down— d'you want them to pray on their heads? Alfie pet, you're just a shade over to the left . . . Holy Moses! Simone's at the Gauloises Bleues again! In Chekhov's Russia! I want her killed . . . do it, someone . . . O.K. Roll'em . . . No! By God, No! Cut!—Baroness, what are you doing there? If you *must* stay on stage you'd better put on a beard and be one of the extras . . . move that old bag, can't you!" he yelled, patting the Baroness lovingly, and she beamed, as the crew removed her bodily, solicitously, setting her behind a coil of cables, surrounded by her paraphernalia of papers, pencils, spectacles, and pillboxes.

A bun and a surging cup of coffee were now rushed to her; but through them she was still insisting on some point, waving her cane imperiously. Lumet hopped from one flippered foot to the other. "Gag her, someone! Here I am supposed to be doing creative work and I have to listen to that mumbling old broad. . . . All right, Baroness my baby—you win."

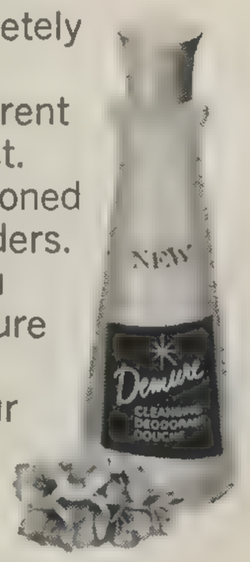
He kissed her admiringly, the point taken. "O.K., my treasure! Action, all of you! Roll 'em," yelled the Frog Footman. The camera moved in on a close-up, and the sad card-table scene was played in all its poignancy. There were no retakes. Lumet's voice was suddenly quiet. "Cut and print," he said, and Chekhov was snared.

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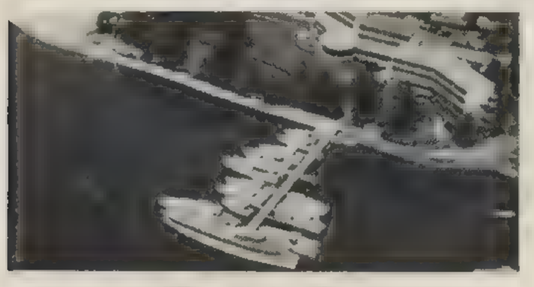


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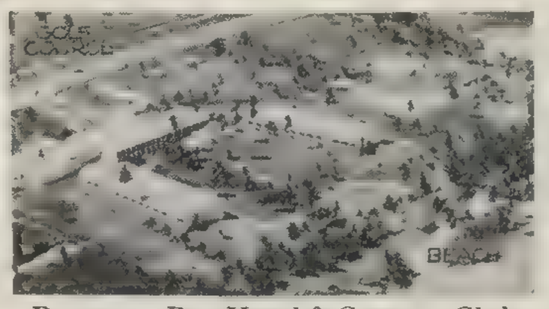
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Italian Heroines

(Continued from page 202)

subtle rhapsodist of a certain type of aristocratic Italian woman. Indeed D'Annunzio understood with a perfectly contemporary sensibility the Lady, Society, Style, while his Hero is now decidedly démodé, even ridiculous. (To reverse an epigram of Beerbohm's: D'Annunzio "may sometimes have overdone it beautifully, but he always overdid it.")

Thus, eighty, seventy years ago, thanks to his cultural and social snobbery and perverse literary ability, D'Annunzio prepared the script for rôles that many "extraordinary" women of Italian aristocracy are still interpreting faithfully. And yet, the last three or four Italian literary generations have impatiently refused to come to terms with an author both famous and unpopular—the more unpopular for being so annoyingly famous—and perhaps the most complex and mysterious. For D'Annunzio tried his hand at everything: novels and tragedies, lyric poetry and "artistic" prose, always overwritten, overdressed, with a greedy, devouring sensuality for Woman and the Word. He turned from pastoral naturalism to frenetic worldliness, from Mediaeval eroticism to Venetian decadence, from patriotic wars to the excavations at Mycenae, from adventurous flights in monoplanes to Franciscan monasteries, from exile to incest . . . and vice versa. From Whitman to Swinburne, Wilde to Nietzsche, Dante to Wagner . . . and vice versa. But the too picturesque character—hero, lover, and cad—has forever sealed off the Writer's face with his various masks of the Worldly Lover, the Daring Aviator and Yachtsman, the Effete Aesthete, the Penitent Ascetic, in a performance in which this Monstre Sacré played, in a grand manner of his own invention, all the rôles in a clamourous "Italian comedy."

Still, D'Annunzio's novels, like Puccini's operas, were the last product of Italy's recent cultural history capable of attracting all classes of readers: from the bookish adolescent to the jaded viveur, from the piano-playing young woman to the adulteress with her little suitcase ready. One has to jump from D'Annunzio and Puccini down to Federico Fellini in order to find that shrewd and morbid talent for reaching, seemingly without effort, such a universal audience—between the extremes of sophistication and naïveté—as Verdi, Dickens, and Balzac were also capable of commanding. Besides, several of D'Annunzio's novels were deliberately, programmatically meant to be read on different levels. His books look right both in leather binding and in the paperback editions on sale in small-town supermarkets.

D'Annunzio's aesthetic strategy was similar to that attempted by several of those very writers who disliked him so much: to single out some timely, pertinent themes in Italian culture that were also attuned to the international intellectual fashions. And his literary solutions were often the result of courageous and subtle evaluations.

D'Annunzio found himself functioning in a country that was offering the worst aspect of itself to the world: The performances of Italian intellectuals, architects, painters, as well as musicians and even politicians of that period were embarrassing, especially if compared to those of the six great centuries of Italian Renaissance culminating in the *gran finale* of the Age of Enlightenment and then the Romantic Era at the turn of the nineteenth century. Mysteriously and suddenly, toward the middle of the nineteenth century the Italian soul had collapsed and sunk into the marshes of the newly instituted reign of the Savoias, those unimaginative monarch-bureaucrats. As if national unity were the price for the stifling of any local genius under a coat of petit-bourgeois paint.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, by way of compensation, did not fantasize his being in Paris, he did not invent a British grandmother for himself nor think himself a Goethe: He faced his

country the way it was, attempting at the same time to mythify its humiliating aspects with the help of rhetorical imagination, as had those seventeenth-century engravers who etched immense Piazze Navone, huge aqueducts, and hyperbolic cupolas for their visionary Roman prints.

In keeping with his vision of Italy, D'Annunzio's personal ideal was incredibly high and megalomaniac, anachronistic and desperate; his favourite hero was "the ideal type of young Italian gentleman of the nineteenth century, the legitimate champion of a stock of gentlemen and elegant artists, the last descendant of an intellectual race . . . gifted with rare, privileged qualities: a taste for works of art, a passionate love for beauty, a contempt for prejudices, an avidity for pleasure." Logically then, the young hero's great love was Rome, "not the Rome of the Caesars but the Rome of the Popes. . . . He would have given the whole of the Colosseum for Villa Medici, Campo Vaccino for Piazza di Spagna, Titus's Triumphal Arch for the Tartarughe Fountain. . . . His great dream was to own a palace crowned by Michelangelo and adorned by the Carraccis, like Palazzo Farnese; a gallery filled with Raphaels, Titians, Domenichinos, like Palazzo Borghese; a villa like Alessandro Albani's, where the Oriental red granite, the white marble from Luni, the Greek statues, the Renaissance paintings, the very memories of the place would cast an enchantment over some divine love of his. . . ."

But then D'Annunzio, personally, was a short provincial man from Abruzzi, almost bald, with a too sharp chin, too thin arms, and . . . a little caddish. And Rome, a small capital surrounded by marshes, was undergoing a painful crisis of transformation from the sleepy, hypocritical Papal rule to the shabby, white-collar-style administration of the Savoias, who had just arrived from narrow-minded Turin to rule over the recently unified Italy. Even if some dukes had their shirts ironed in London, most of the impoverished Roman princes spoke dialect, ate fettucine, drank only orangeade and Marsala at the receptions held in their dilapidated palaces. They sipped only fruit drinks at Queen Elena's Sunday afternoon tea-dances, in the presence of the four unmarried princesses who sat in a row against the wall, and of the King, who occasionally sent word through his adjutant reminding the young aristocrats to dance with the spinster daughters of his personal physician.

Deliberately, D'Annunzio inserted a legendary component into his dealings with such unavoidable realities as the collapse of the Kingdom of Naples, the Italian participation in World War I, religious superstitions, and the real-estate speculations that were destroying Italian parks. As only a few writers after him were able to do, D'Annunzio immersed himself in the intellectual problems of modern Italy, at the same time creating a mythical gallery of desperately fragile, neurotic heroines: all his famous Isabellas, Ippolitas, Foscarinas, Aldoinas, Domitillas; those "huge crepuscular butterflies," or "sublime shy souls," "magnificent beasts," "unique, inimitable highbred creatures," fragile and sublime, shaken either by consuming passions or else made distraught by immense renunciations. The poet equipped them all with "unique" names, covered them with precious silks, and surrounded them with objects that invariably belonged to a Renaissance court: Ferrara, Mantua, Urbino, Naples. . . .

Really, D'Annunzio was capable of anything; to make use of the most shameless snobbery, to exploit every bric-a-brac of the Anglo-French-Middle-European Byzantinism of the turn-of-the-century in order to assemble his "exceptional" human specimens. Inhabitant of a depressingly provincial town, he was able to piece together a monumental encyclopaedia of decadent European taste, and quite often he stumbled into Poetry. But even in those pages from which Poetry had to flee screaming, D'Annunzio managed to construct a pastiche of the most chic elements in decadent aesthetics. However, it is not so much D'Annunzio the psychologist of elegance and preciousness but rather D'Annunzio the craftsman who shows a fineness of conception and execution worthy of Henry James. Avant-garde European scholars are now seeing him as a writer's writer, dealing with problems not at all dead, old-fashioned, or middlebrow.

And yet, amazingly, while Italian society savoured D'Annunzio with great gusto, twentieth-century criticism irritatedly rejected him. The consequence: the same thing that happens when we attempt to negate some of Italy's ineluctable characteristics, refusing, for example, to come to terms with Catholicism or Mediterraneanism. No matter how much negated, Vesuvius and the Leaning Tower of Pisa always manage to assert their presence to some extent. Similarly, D'Annunzio's style and taste—hated, insulted, neglected—mischievously intruded into the work of the most representative authors of the anti-Dannunzian generation: Moravia, Levi, Pasolini, Lampedusa, as well as Fellini and Visconti. Meanwhile, D'Annunzio's feminine characters—with names such as Alberica, Idaria, Lupa and Guelfa, Orsetta, Polissena, or even Verde, *tout court*—reappear on the Italian scene more and more frequently and they invariably come in models that are rigourously, intensely, almost painfully "exceptional."

What is the environment of the contemporary Dannunzian woman? For one, even if at the moment she is buying Wesselmanns and Motherwells or post-Pop at Leo Castelli's instead of dragging into the gardens of the Biennale a leopard on a diamond-studded leash, even if she no longer orders at Cartier's golden bells for the chapel in her country house, she still is con-

(Continued on page 266)



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(Continued from page 265)

scious of her uniqueness. Almost famous, she lives in quasi seclusion between her Roman palazzo and her villa in the country (or between her palazzo in the provinces and an apartment at the Grand Hotel). She makes only a few, memorable appearances at some parties, on some yacht, and frequently travels to Paris and London. She is intensely Italian, acutely aware of the presence of drama in the lives of Great Temperaments like hers.

Then again, take Roman society, for example. It is quite narrow-minded, routinist, too-well dressed, and with a strong sense of propriety. The Papal aristocracy [*nobiltà nera*] still speaks in dialect, drinks cheap wines, laughs at Alberto Sordi's films, and goes to sleep before midnight. Formal dinners are elegant, infrequent, pompous, and completely predictable. Cocktail parties are generally closed circuit—the mixed ones turn out disastrously—the clothes are chic and all alike, and there is never the excitement of a new face or the chance of an unexpected encounter that might end up in bed a few hours later. Formal balls are a rarity now: usually débuts of noble teenagers surrounded by rich and impeccable contemporaries and a choice of those friends of their parents who are sure never to have indulged in extramarital *trouvailles*. Anyone who dares to have an affair is generally excluded from these events, where the principal function is to congratulate each other on each other's excellent health. After that, the guests make arrangements for the next event, and then go home to sleep. For one must be wary of the outside world's vulgarity—the great enemy of the Dannunzian Woman, who is determined never to risk exposure to it at any time.

If the Dannunzian Woman goes out at all she goes to restaurants for dinner. But Italian restaurants are at best first-rate taverns, where one goes late, eats Tuscan peasant-style meals, and stays until quite late, because afterward there is no place to go, except to the movies (or, two or three times a year, to a theatre première, which every year grows more mediocre and boring). The Underground is non-existent. As for concerts, the Dannunzian Woman does not take them much into account, not even if Rubinstein is playing. The same happens with nightclubs: the chic *and* well patronized clubs number no more than two or three per season.

And those famous irresistible Italian men? In the last ten years, frightfully few of them are to be seen. The handsomest are readily bisexual, just like Englishmen; and those tall bald sunburned Fascists, great drinkers and sportsmen, incomparable in hand-kissing, are all over fifty now and have terrible liver complications that are killing them off.

So that social occasions are almost all *en famille*, and strictly foreseeable. A Massimilla arriving with a leopard on a leash today would risk being greeted again and again with "I am *so* happy to see you are well," or "Have you had coffee yet?"

On the other hand, the only real point of any party—small or large—is precisely the entrance, after which the evening does not develop. Ten minutes after the last beautiful dress's arrival, the first beautiful dress is leaving. The coiffures that have cost hours and millions, if they stay, stay on sofas, in rows, nursing cups of coffee. Therefore the Apparition (the dressing-up-plus-entrance) is a ritual that is an end in itself, splendidly gratuitous, rather than the medium or the preparation for some exciting follow-up. But then, here we are, back to the 1910 Dannunzian Woman who calculated the number and length of her appearances, limiting them to a few sensational occasions, even if this meant staying home alone for months, with the exception of her frequent expeditions to Switzerland, to the dentist, the gynecologist, and the hairdresser.

Long health sojourns in Switzerland are typical of the modern Dannunzian Woman: a few weeks in the reducing clinic, a few more in one for emotional problems, a checkup at the bone doctor, a brief visit to a nephew in a boarding school there. And then, of course, between January and February, she goes to St. Moritz where she meets all the other Dannunzian Women. Collectively they spend a few days there; collectively in the spring and in the fall they move to the Lotti in Paris and Claridge's in London for their languid-frantic shopping parties: to Dior boutiques, to jewellers, or looking for writing paper, darling little dresses for nieces; then to superb restaurants and, at night, to the lowest kinds of dives where they finally laugh, heartily.

Holidays: preferably a cruise to the Greek islands on the yacht of some friends, always new ones, but sometimes also visits to lesser capitals. Every Italian Embassy abroad, even if the space is limited, still reserves a room for the Travelling Dannunzian Woman. Then, she goes back home to a life—both national and social—that is incredibly plain, banal, almost rural. Food, relationships, amusements, conversation, and sex—all is down to earth, hopelessly "close to nature."

The contemporary Dannunzian Woman is often much richer than her original counterparts in D'Annunzio's novels. The latter were usually heiresses of ultra aristocratic families, squandered patrimonies, unproductive estates, and sixteenth-century palaces that until World War I had been on sale for almost nothing or were lost in a night, or two, of gambling, ending up in the hands of some bank.

But this was all before the resuscitation of Italian aristocracy through the many marriages with rich American heirs or heiresses and through the industrial boom of northern Italy. Their once crumbling *palazzetti*, though controlled by the Commission for the Preservation of Historical Sites, have been restored—a little marble here, a little wrought iron there—and rented at astronomical prices that can be increased any time . . . with judicious payoffs to the right municipal officials. Not to mention the wild beaches now parcelled and studded with tiny villas with their own private coves and a diminutive sporting club or the main villas, lived-in for the first season and rented off the following ones. And when they are through with masons and carpenters and plumbers, then with interior decorators, finally with tenants—all of whom take quite a few hours a day of patient, tiresome negotiations—the Dannunzian Women rest themselves by launching some new boutique.

As for the Dannunzian Women's private lives, these take up only a small part of their time. Their husbands neglect them; they often have terribly bland lovers, not even handsome, but they find them divine, and they suffer. When they grow old, they don't hide in dark, mirrorless rooms like so many archetypal Dannunzian heroines; rather, they surround themselves with a small, faithful group of friends. Once in a while they adopt a new friend no one knows, they proclaim him *simpaticissimo*, and they inflict him on their other friends. Patiently, they forever arrange marriages between noble girls and rich real-estate men. They follow with enormous interest the marital careers and problems of Americans, both men and women. They make peace with some former Scarlett O'Hara now as old as themselves, and more and more often seek the company of old girl friends—even former rivals—with whom they like to lunch near the sea, especially during sunny winter days when there is no one around. Their chauffeured cars wait on the street for hours.

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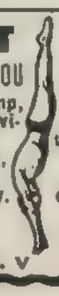
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Italian Heroines

(Continued from page 266)

herited by the grandes dames only, leaving the stage doors open merely to the *mezze calze* (half socks)—the unexceptional.

TRANSLATED BY SIMONA MORINI

THE AUTHOR: *Alberto Arbasino—a charming and elegant man with the manner of an eighteenth-century abbé—is known as one of Italy's most brilliant and entertaining new writers with an expanding wedge of international fame. Born in Lombardy, he studied biology and political science, once taught international law at the University of Rome, and eventually turned to writing. For his novels—among them,* Fratelli d'Italia, *a scathing and hilarious commentary on modern manners and morals—he is often referred to in Europe as "the young Proust of Italy."*

In our next issue VOGUE for APR. 15

A SPECIAL BEAUTY REPORT

new ideas for hair . . . face lifts for eyes

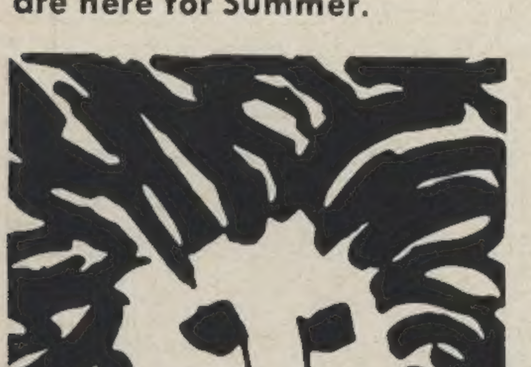
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Hair Colour

(Continued from page 232)

endowed a head with the unnatural "brassy" look that modern cosmetic science has just about abolished. (A melancholy example of the persistence of red can be seen in people struck by protein-starvation. Dark hair becomes red before it turns white, sometimes even at the age of six or seven. A happier illustration comes from the House of Revlon's Rose Reti, who observed that, "Just before hair turns grey, it often takes on a reddish cast—and now, instead of complaining, women seem quite pleased with it and ask to have it enhanced.") . . . ***Toners*** are the chief agents responsible for the disappearance of brass. Applied after bleaching, they give the hair some colour value beyond the pigment left behind, make it possible to develop something other than red after lightenings. . . . ***Drabbers*** counteract red with blue and blue-green. All toners have some drabbing qualities. . . . ***Streaking, highlighting, tipping*** call for a high-performance, fast-working bleach, generally applied to small sections of hair. Streaking—a good ash streak, say—implies a drabbing toner on strands of pre-lightened hair. In the salon, streaks usually go in via permanent colour, done either with ***oxidation*** or non-oxidation toner. Oxidation tints penetrate the cuticle layer of the hair, and are there oxidized or developed by peroxide to insoluble pigments.

It's in hair products that cosmetic chemistry has reached its height. Perhaps because of hair's similarity to fabric, some great science minds have been able to transfer their experience with textile chemistry to hair.

The hair-colour artists in salons are appreciative. "Bleaches have become much better. Time has been speeded up. . . . After a certain age, women should get away from dark shades—they're hard and unflattering, show up lines. Unless it's a very young head, it's always better to go from dark to lighter, rather than vice versa," said Elizabeth Arden's Theo Pierre.

Every head of hair is different, and so, to hear the hair stylists, is every colour-client. "Their reactions vary so much," said Rosemary of Kenneth. "Some literally sit and tremble, while others who've been my clients for fifteen years still tell me exactly what to do every step of the way."

"The majority," Rose Reti said, "have pretty strong minds of their own. For instance, one woman came to me all the way from Texas. She was a natural blue-black beauty, but she was determined to become red. I had to work on her for a week, but she wanted red, and by golly, that's what she got." But not every brunette should necessarily stay that way. I made a sun-streaked blonde out of a Cherokee Indian princess whose hair was naturally dark and straight. It made her skin look cleaner and fresher. . . . Nobody wants silver streaks as they once did. They like the look of sun, a golden look, not white blond or grey or silver. In fact, they often contradict themselves. They'll say, 'I want to be ash-blond like the Swedish girl on television—but *no* grey.' "

Leslie Blanchard of Saks Fifth Avenue said: "Hair colour is such a completely accepted fashion, that women are changing their hair colour each season as automatically as they change their dress."

But they don't switch allegiances in hair colourists that frequently. "The *bellissime* and the *quasi bellissime*," remarked one Italian *bellissima*, "have at least four hairdressers in their beauty address books these days. 1. To cut. 2. Shampoo and set. 3. Styling for special occasions. 4. For colour. The most crucial is the fourth, because colour is the key to the whole thing."

Blond or black, there's nothing about hair now that's bland.

Fellini—The Supernaturalist

The streak of otherworldliness that runs through Federico Fellini's work becomes a blinding magical flash in *Satyricon*—his latest epic now being filmed in Rome. A flash that explodes in the faces of the cast. For Fellini seemingly has created a new, disconcerting, and quite fantastic way of makeup—one that owes its being to the director's own preoccupation with the supernatural and his friend, set-designer Piero Tosi's knowledge and research into ancient Roman culture.

Part of the inspiration for the makeup comes from the Ravenna mosaics. Capucine—as Tryphaena—receives the copper-toned features and big, round eyes (dark above, light below) of the Empress Teodora in those mosaics.

Gold and copper is the preoccupation (foundations are panstick with watercolours, often copper, used to contour lights and darks over the base).

Donyale Luna (made up by Rino Carboni, makeup man for the film) embodies similar golden splendour with dark brown creamy shadows and a lighter brow to show up the jewel she always wears center forehead. (See page 237.)

It's not a question of making more beautiful but of exaggeration—as and where Fellini desires. (Tosi frankly admits he imagined the human being merely as a paper doll in order to create some of the maquillage—otherwise, he said, he wouldn't have had the courage to go on.)

Mouths get very red, intense lipsticks diluted with gold and brown. Also yellow-oranges mixed with bronze.

Eyes are drawn like half moons, upper eyelid curving, bottom one quite straight. The effect: a sinister, half-shut gaze. All blending of colour on eyes is done with eyeliner. Slim eyebrows frame the eye.

None of the characters get even coloured features—all are a play of lights and shadow. Mask-like makeups to underline character, enforce features.

The only character saved from devastating makeup is Lucia Bosè. As the suicide wife she is presented with a very pale, very softened, transparent face.

Very often faces are completely sexless—vehicles that mirror the wayward lives, the debauchery of their owners, rather than mask them. . . .

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